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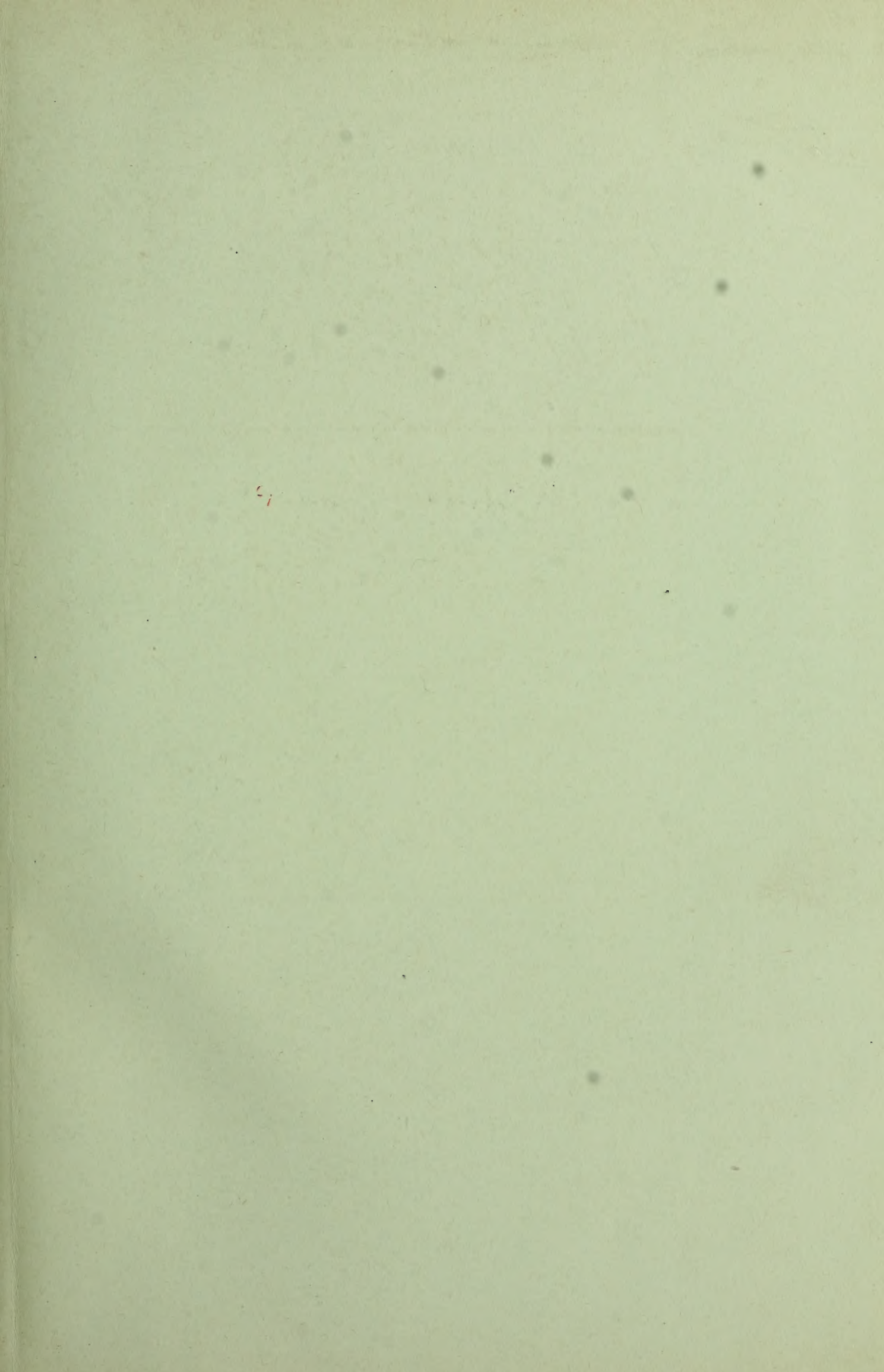
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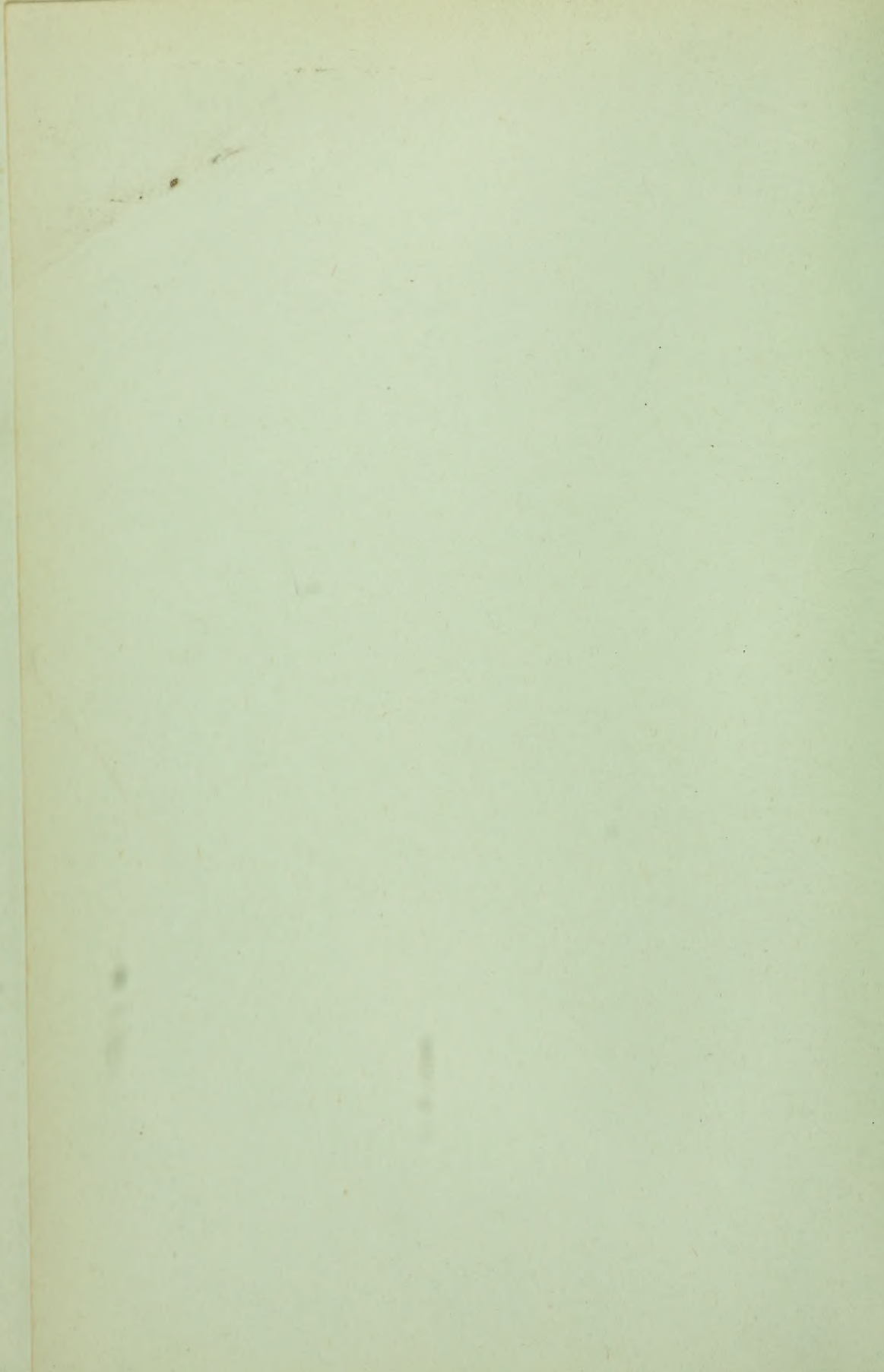
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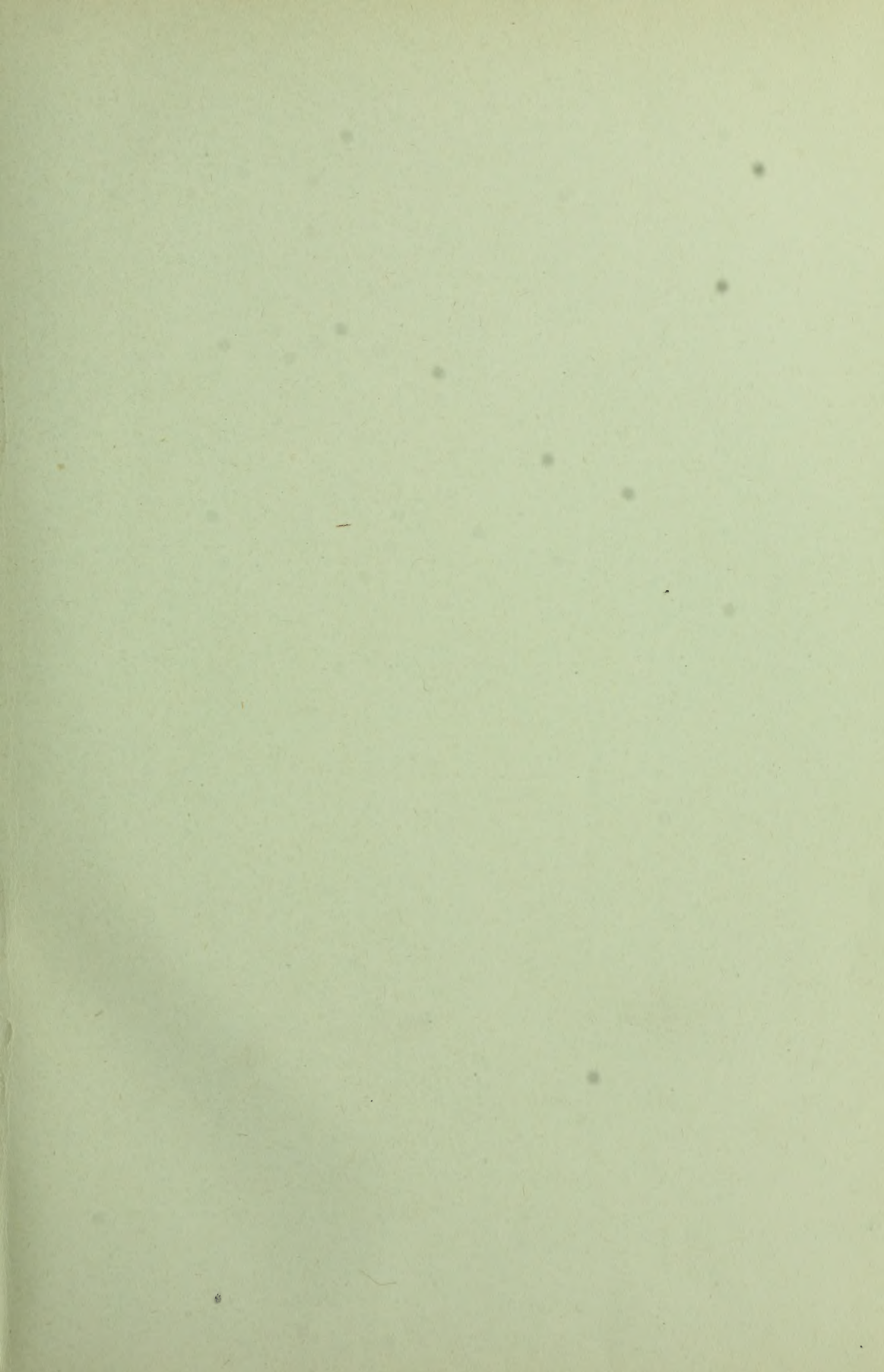
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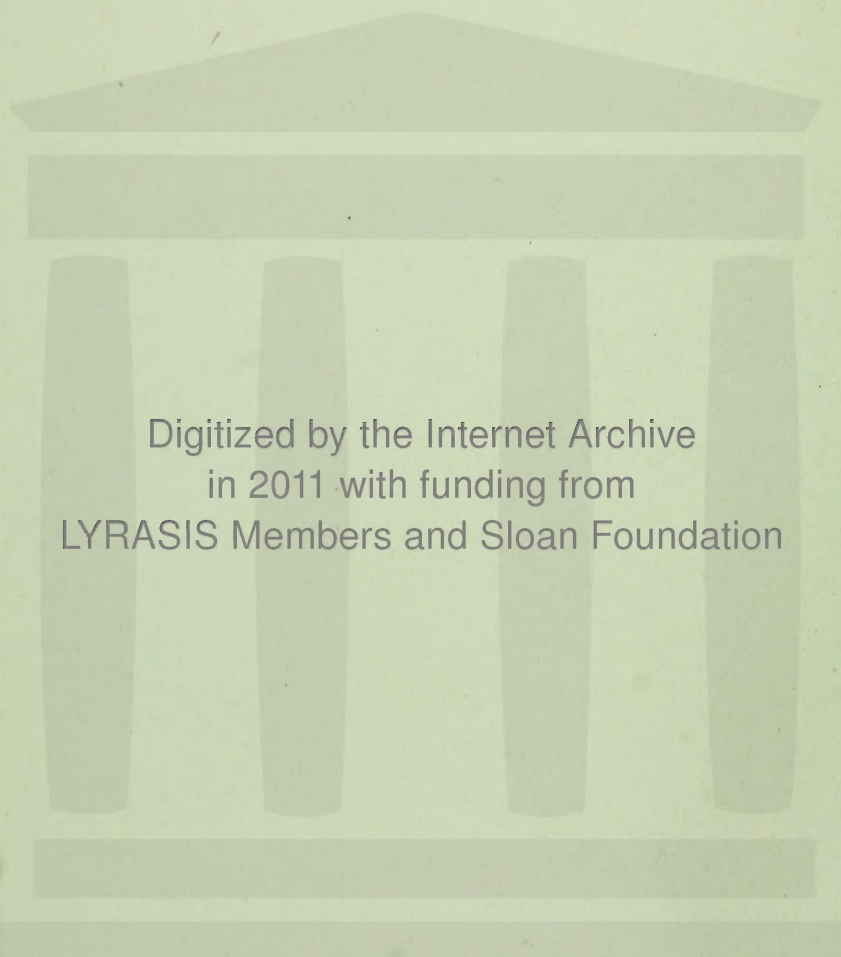
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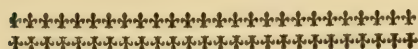
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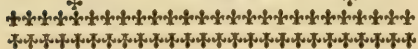
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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The Haverfordian

EDITORS

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THERE seems to be a custom more fixed than the fabled laws of the Medes and Persians, which requires a man upon the assumption of authority to make some formal kind of inaugural greeting to the world and then to dissert upon his new duties as knowingly as if he were his own predecessor. However, custom is custom, and must be observed by editorial boards as well as national presidents. As a new volume of THE HAVERFORDIAN greets us with its clean, bright page one, and all the possibilities that unwritten manuscript offers, from their dusty covers over there in a dark corner of the library, twenty-three yellowing volumes call upon us to repeat the same old story. Surely, we shall not disappoint them!

According to this precedent we might expatiate as far as the back cover upon the difficulties of editing THE HAVERFORDIAN with all its various interests. In that way we might excuse ourselves in advance for any possible short-comings and "cover a multitude of sins." Again, with all the ignorance and self-importance that a green board is heir to, after condemning the labor and opinions of our predecessors, sweeping away the old land-marks, we might turn this periodical into a *Harvard Lamphoon*, a "yellow journal," a *Black Cat*, a congressional record, a scientific review, a *Who's Who* of Alumni Notes—in fact into anything radically different. Finally—and this is far the best way—we may accept the difficulties as they are, respect the traditions of the past, and, proposing to ourselves definite ideals of harmonious improvement, we may strive with all our might to live up to them.

During the coming year the paper will be run upon the same conservative lines which the experience of nearly a quarter of a century has prescribed. The Faculty, Alumni and College Notes, including accounts of athletic and forensic contests, will perform the historic function. The Editorial and Exchange Departments will serve as a medium for keeping the editors in touch with their readers and contemporaries respectively. The rest of the paper, balancing but never curtailing, these regular requisites will collect the best literary contributions available, whether narrative, humorous, descriptive, critical, or poetical. More specific improvements, now only in an embryonic state, will be projected as means and circumstances allow. But

for any success whatever in their duties the board must rely upon every true Haverfordian to help them both by purse and pen.

AS a mark of the growing complexity of our college life, we have noted a rather prevalent tendency among us toward an increase of college emblems. Whenever a number of Haverfordians in semi-dishabille are gathered together as for example on the foot-ball field, or skating pond, or at the less public "feeds" they present such a variety of articles of masculine apparel, adornment and display as few pawn shops can boast of. Beside the ordinary articles of common possession, the vast number of distinctly collegiate ones is astonishing. For the sake of a record to future generations and for the enlightenment of our own eyes THE HAVERFORDIAN would like to enumerate in detail those emblems, significant either of college, class, society or team, which may accrue to the ownership of a single fellow in this year of grace, 1902 A. D., viz:—2 caps, 1 hat, 6 sweaters, 4 jerseys, 1 pair of trousers, 1 blazer, 2 pipes, 2 pair of socks, 1 sash, 1 cane, 1 watch fob, 3 pins.

Fortunately, however, very few students in college have to choose from this entire category, or their toilet would often lose them a breakfast. Yet at any small college like Haverford, where a few fellows have to represent the college in a great many fields, the possibility of a single wardrobe of college colors almost as large as the above is not inconceivable. In a large university an even greater number of emblems may exist and be scarcely duplicated on any one person. But at Haverford an unchecked multiplication of emblems must inevitably depreciate the significance of each individual one and lead to a lamentable loss of glory for the Scarlet and the Black.

DURING the great sleet storm which ravaged this corner of the earth on February 21st, no place seemed to be a greater object of Jack Frost's wrath than the Haverford campus. Limb after limb succumbed to its icy burden, while a hundred able-bodied fellows were compelled to be the helpless and sorrowful witnesses of the destruction going on about them. Beside the damage to wires and poles which a day has repaired, nearly every tree on the campus, common or curious, great or small shows the scars of many broken limbs. Although the college has employed the best horticultural skill available to care properly for the injured trees, it is doubtful if they can entirely cover the damage. As old friends endeared by many associations, we bewail these mementoes of the college as an irretrievable loss.

THE Inter-Scholastic Meet held under the auspices of the college occurred upon the same memorable evening; and the elements seemed to have conspired to frustrate all the expenditure of labor and money which a number of our most loyal supporters had made upon the event. But Haverfordian spirit is not thus easily dampened or congealed. If the later adoption of similar plans seemed to attest to the feasibility of the scheme as first conceived, the enthusiasm shown in its execution certainly confirmed the first opinion. The college was brought in a very favorable light before a number of the best preparatory schools of the country, entertaining their delegates and giving substantial rewards to the best performers. The meet recommended itself as one of the most pleasing and least ostentatious ways of advertising Haverford among a large number of possible Haverfordians; and its success under such unfavorable circumstances is certainly an omen which would warrant its repetition in future years.

AN UNPUBLISHED ADVENTURE.

(With apologies to Mr. A. Conan Doyle)

FEBRUARY, 1893, was destined to pass into history as a memorable month for the people of London. A week of uninterrupted snow-fall had hidden away all the filth and dirt of the narrow city streets and crusted over the smoky stone-houses with a ragged layer of ice. On the morning of the thirteenth all good citizens had been delighted at sight of a typical London fog, accompanied by a substantial rise of temperature; but by nightfall a strong wind had lifted all signs of fog away, and banished all hope of release. Malvern Row was deserted, save now and then for a half-frozen clerk, hurrying along with ulster-collar stuffed into his ears and visions of a glowing hearth and steaming supper bobbing up and down before his eyes.

In a second story front room of No. 1507 two men were stretched back in easy chairs, filling the room with the smoke from their pipes, until the ruddy glow of the fire seemed to grow milder and mellower from the thick blue vapor in the room. One of those occasions when two hearts instinctively draw nearer and nearer, when two eyes read in two others perfect harmony of mood though not a word be exchanged.

The reverie was broken at length by the fall of a live coal through the grating to the ash-pan beneath. The taller of the two men cautiously removed the pipe from his mouth. "Brown, what do you think of the Merriweather case?" he began. "Don't know as I've heard of such a case," from the shadow. "Strange. The morning papers are full of it. Rather interesting case, to tell the truth. I expect a summons from Scotland Yard sometime to-morrow morning," Brown thought a moment. "Newsboy fell into a drift over our way this morning, and I haven't taken the trouble to go on the hunt for another. Anything out of the ordinary?"

Sherlock Holmes straightened himself up in his chair, poured out a glass of brandy, and was ready to proceed. "Yes, it is out of the ordinary; not so much the case itself as the parties concerned. It appears that one Professor Merriweather, a morbid old scientist living at No. 2 St. John's St. was brutally murdered yesterday afternoon by some person unknown, who rifled his safe and made good his escape." "No clue?" interrupted Brown in a disinterested fashion. "None, whatever," answered Holmes. "At least none has been discovered so far. The only other inmate of the house is an old woman, who cooked for him. According to her story, which no one suspects; she went upstairs last evening as usual to serve him his supper in the laboratory, and upon receiving no response to her knock, she opened the door and found Merriweather stone dead in the middle of the floor. She called in the police at once and they made a strict search of the premises but came upon nothing of importance. Furthermore the old man was an inventor and dabbler in electrical machines generally. There were signs of an awful struggle. The body was slashed through and through—apparently with a short-bladed dagger, and in the old fellow's hands was clasped a bed-slat, with which he had tried to beat off the assassin. A safe, flung wide open, with no sign of having been forced, had in it a few receipts, mostly from your own firm of Buchanan and Brown. That's why I thought you might be interested," he finished.

"Yes," said the other, "Now I come to think of it, we have often had dealings with an old crank of that name. He used to stop in and look over our electrical supplies, was greatly interested in an improvement on Edison's phonograph—had a better kind of stuff for the rolls, I believe, and was trying

to read the sound marks."

"It's strange, to say the least," put in Holmes, "that you should have been in the office all day without hearing of the murder, when you have dealings with the man. Steady! Pick it up again; here's a match. Man, you aren't cold, are you? What! your nerves! Here, take another glass of this."

* * * * *

True to Holmes' prediction, a well known detective called before breakfast to ask him to go over the scene of the murder. After taking a cup of tea the two stepped into a cab and were driven away to No. 2 St. John's St. "No evidence after the unknown left the house, I suppose," said Holmes as they ascended the high stone steps, and were met by an officer who doffed his hat to the two at the door. "No, sir," replied Detective Dougherty, "the snow covered up all foot-prints right off." They entered the laboratory, which had not been disturbed by the police, "No ordinary work, this," muttered Holmes, as he took in with a glance the scene before him. "Hm," he added, as with the methodicy of a professional his eye swept the room until it fell on a dark stain about six inches from the floor on the woodwork of the wall near the safe. "Our friend was a man of medium stature, bilious complexion, with a short square jaw, thick lips, and one eye-tooth missing on the left side." "How in thunder did you make that out!" put in the startled Dougherty. "A bagatelle," came the growl. "Don't you see that mark, made by Golden Knight plug? The break on this side shows that a tooth was missing, just far enough round to be an eye-tooth. The rest is no harder, my friend; I shan't bother you. By your leave I shall make a closer inspection of the room alone."

The detective was so taken back by Holmes' unusual faculties of deduction, that he granted the request and retired. Once alone the famous detective laughed out loud. "What a stupid lot of

beasts these Scotland Yarders are anyhow! Strange, though, that I have a faint idea of just such a man—not long ago, either—let's see; medium height, bilious complexion, tooth missing—ha! ha! ha! that will be a good one on old Brown when I tell him what a villainous double he has!" Holmes now turned to the other articles in the room. On a long bench by the wall were several scientific instruments lying round in careless fashion, seeming to show that Merriweather had been engaged in some experiment when surprised. A complicated cylinder drew Holmes' gaze at once. "One of those phonographs, that Brown said the old man was so interested in, but it's different from any I've ever seen before. The roll looks as if just filled, but this lever arrangement is something new." He seized a short handle projecting over the wood-work and pushed it back as far as it would go. The cylinder began to revolve at a high rate of speed. He turned the lever part way in the other direction and the motion became slower. Suddenly it took voice:

"To be, or not to be: that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die—"

The tremulous voice ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Holmes shivered with expectation. Could it be that the old man had been reciting Shakspeare to the phonograph and had stopped to listen as the foot-steps of his assassin became audible on the threshold? All at once a shriek rang out, followed by a series of pitiable screams. "My God! Brown—the safe's unlocked—you're killing me!" A sound of banging chairs and a thud followed by a moan. "Dead men tell no tales," growled a deep voice. A pallor crept to Holmes' face while from the phonograph came the heavy sound of footsteps, a clank, which betokened the opening of the safe door, other confused noises and finally more

foot-steps and the bang of a door. For the second time the curtain had fallen upon that awful tragedy! Holmes took a drink from a flask he drew from his pocket, then stepped nervously forward, drew the tell-tale roll from the cylinder, packed it in a box lying near, stuffed it into his pocket, and left the room. "Nothing at present," he replied to the chief detective, who was waiting for him; then entered the cab, and drove home.

* * * * *

A few evenings later the two friends were again sitting and smoking before the fire in the upper room of No. 1507 Malvern Row. Though the ruddy glow lit up the features of both, neither betrayed by any sign of uneasiness, what must have been uppermost in the mind of each. This time Brown broke the silence. "Any developments in your latest case, Holmes? I hear you searched the Merriweather premises the day after we were talking about it," and he turned his chair until his face was hidden in the shadow of the fender. "No. The man was too clever for me. He went about his work in a systematic cold-blooded way that left no tales. Oh, by the way," he went on, "you were right in saying that the old man had discovered a new substance for his phonograph. I brought a roll with me from

the laboratory; thought it might interest you; perhaps an idea for the firm. It makes the sound wonderfully distinct. Just listen."

Holmes stepped to a table in a dark corner of the room and fumbled around with his fingers. After a moment of silence a tremulous voice began to repeat:

"To be, or not to be: that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die—"

and once more there rang out that terrible cry of agony. "My God! Brown—the safe's unlocked—you're killing me." The unmasked man was leaning forward in horror with brow flushed and swollen. His fingers trembled, his face twitched convulsively, his whole body quivered with fear and rage. Suddenly, like a wild beast, he sprang at the detective, only to recoil before the other's steadfast gaze of condemnation and to fall in a heap at his feet. "Mercy," he shrieked, "Holmes, I was mad when I did it, and drunk—they'll hang me if you tell." The great detective gazed down at him with a look of inexpressible sorrow. From behind a curtain stepped forth Dougherty and two deputies in uniform. "I arrest this man," he said, "in the name of God and the law."

Goethe's Faust I, 211-223.

There was one time, a monarch;
A splendid flea he had;
He loved the little insect
As though he were his dad!
He called unto his tailor,
The tailor came a-dance;
"Here, fit me out this youngster
With stockings and with pants."

So now in silk and velvet,
Was clothed this famous flea;
Mid ribbons all a-flying—
A splendid cross you see;
And soon they made him minister;
A big star wore he then;
His brothers and relations
At court became great men.

At court, the men and women
Were tortured and were bit;
The queen and all her ladies
Were sent into a fit!
Alas! they dare not crack them,
Lest there should be a muss.
We crack them and we whack them
When they get after us!

D. L. B., '04.

SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY.

I. As a Satirist.

PROBABLY no man is more talked about and less read in our modern cultured society than Thackeray. Yet the very fact that his name is on every one's lips and his works among the classics of our literature indicates qualities which deserve the most reverent consideration. Pedestalled upon his pinnacle of fame (and no mean eminence it is) he reveals the many aspects of his genius in bold relief. Few men ever attempted so many fields of achievement and fewer with such signal success. He was a clever artist, a king of humorous poetry and a searching critic of life and literature. Yet it is on his novels that his name and fame rest and with them he will either live or die.

A quality of Thackeray's novels which all critics have pointed out, whether to his praise or his blame is his abundant use of satire. Its spirit pervades every page of his work. Every act, every situation, every character is described in its terms; every soliloquy of the author reveals its mood. It offers a running commentary on human foibles and failings, a sermon in disguise, a well of pleasantry and humor. Take, for example, "Vanity Fair," which, though not so perfect as "Henry Esmond" is, perhaps, the greatest of his novels. Thackeray had just published the "Book of Snobs," that masterpiece of satire, and this fact may have made the satirical element especially pregnant in his mind. Yet as a kind of archetype of his novels—for all of which this title would be equally appropriate, no more representative one can be found than "Vanity Fair." From start to finish this book has but a single vein, a single theme, a single standpoint. *Vanitas vanitatum!* Faith is vanity, life is irony, love is sarcasm. Never since "the Preacher," three thousand years ago, set forth the

vanity of human wishes, has a more eloquent exponent of this religion appeared. Against this great background of the fair of human life are loosely mounted a group of most perfect portraits, each with its own phase of earth's sarcasm. There is Rebecca, the ingenious, unscrupulous schemer; Amelia, weak and sentimental, yet lovable withal; Jos Sedley, the type of the lazy, old bachelor; the wealthy, apoplectic Mrs. Crawley with her affectionate relative and fortune-seeking parasite, Mrs. Bute; and that greatest of all satirical characters, old Dobbin, whose very name tags him as the old faithful family horse. Miniatures in the same gallery are Mrs. Major O'Dowd, a sort of female grenadier, the most pompous and bragging of Irish women, bent on ruling the regiment and marrying the bachelors, willy, nilly; Miss Briggs, an old companion, born to receive insults, to make phrases and shed tears; the Doctor, who proves to his scholars that write bad Greek, that habitual idleness and bad construing lead to the gallows—and hundreds of others overflowing with satire and vividness and realism.

The realism of Thackeray needs especial emphasis in this connection as it is a vital point in the criticism of satire. Satirists in general have assumed a certain author's license of exaggeration. They do not aim to reproduce the images of life but to paint them all over in darker colors. Whether such caricature can obtain in point of literary legitimacy is an open question; yet we may observe that Thackeray has maintained a very conservative attitude toward this question. To be sure his characters are not the conventional normal types of the Augustan Age, they are but the faithful representative of natural, though not abundant, classes of men. His favorite expression for his

novels is "histories;" and the verisimilitude of the novelist is just as painstaking as the veracity of the historian. There is nothing to which the author seems to have devoted more attention than to this. There is nothing which adds more to his charm. Says one critic: "Thackeray was a serious observer of life and of the play of the passions, without the least tendency to melodrama. There are no plots in his novels, any more than there are in Balzac's. His fictions are, as a rule, perfectly adapted to reason and to the general aspect of life. He depicted society as he saw it, with supreme truthfulness—that is, so far as he dared. There were sides of it which he dared not depict, unlike Balzac, '*qui cherchait et osait tout*,' as George Sand truly said. His observation is conducted with so fine an art, that one hardly knows where reality ends and fiction begins. It is not the likeness of mechanical copying, such as the photographer gives, but the luminous and captivating picture of an artist, who creates."

This testimony to the art of Thackeray is especially valuable in consideration of another charge against him, which M. Taine has voiced for a multitude of less able critics, namely of having converted the novel into satire. This characteristic French writer after contrasting the English tastes with those of his own countrymen, states the overworked law of "art for art's sake" in connection with fiction and shows

how satire violates it. Whether Taine is here stating the French ideal of art, or not, there certainly does exist a far different impression. Art, it seems to me, is the representation of truth for a moral purpose. That Thackeray is true to life has already been claimed, a claim to which every reader's conscience will bear witness. And it is just for this other quality of the moral purpose that Taine finds fault with Thackeray. "The studied presence of moral intention," says he, "spoils the novel as well as the novelist;" and he goes on to make a comparison between a character of Thackeray, the satirist, and Balzac, the artist, with the result that Becky Sharp, "the greatest character in fiction," sinks into insignificance beside a magnificent personage called Valérie Marneffe.

This in brief is Taine's indictment of the moral element in a novel and he appeals to Balzac as his proof. Taine is quite right in attributing to his fellow countryman more genius and talent than to Thackeray. Surely then, this Balzac of his can give a fairly weighty judgment in regard to this case of ethics versus art in fiction. Let us see what he says. "The law of the novel," he wrote "is to tend to the *beau ideal*," and again, "To moralize his epoch is the end which every literary artist should propose to himself." Judged by such standards as these, on the score of art at least, highest praise should be ascribed to Thackeray the Satirist. H. J. C., '03.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

The Alumni Dinner.

NOW I take it for granted that every Haverfordian is proud that he bears that name. He must of necessity be so, especially if he is jogging down that all-too-short pathway which leads to the end of his fourth bright college year. But I feel sure that none of us, who went in from Hav-

erford to attend the fifteenth annual dinner of the Alumni Association on the evening of February the thirteenth at the University Club, ever felt a thrill of greater pride than when, from our places at the lower end of that long line of tables we cast our eyes around the room and saw the strong, vigorous, successful men there gathered, and re-

alized that we were sons of the good old College even as they were.—It was a delightful experience, this first Alumni dinner that we have known. There were many men there whose names have come floating down the tide of years, each name bearing its individual halo of renown for such and such a performance in class room or on athletic field; and at these men we stared with all due reverence and awe, as indeed it was fitting that we should. Then there were men who, though out of college, are, nevertheless, almost as closely associated with her as an undergraduate, helping her over the rough places, cheering her when she wins and doggedly determined to lift her banner on high even though it should be for a time trailed in the dust by an antagonist. It was a company the influence of which makes an undergraduate a stronger and more loyal son of Haverford and therefore it was good for us to be there. And, after the coffee had been served and we boys of 1902 had rendered a couple of songs to give the company a few moments breathing space and prepare it for "The feast of reason and the flow of soul," which is a sort of second dessert, there came a series of tributes to Haverford which set us all a-tingle with pleasure and, at times, a-roar with laughter. It would be folly to attempt to review what these speakers said, but I will simply tell who they were and let the names speak for themselves. First came President Sharpless, as was right and proper, on "Haverford—Its Present: Its Future." Then Joseph G. Rosengarten, Esq., told us of "Haverford in Penn's Commonwealth," he being followed by Walter Wood, '67, on "Haverford for Business Men." Benjamin H. Lowry '73, then spoke of "Haverford for Professional Men," and Parker S. Williams, '94, brought forth shouts of laughter and rounds of applause by his spirited address on "Haverford for Non-Quakers." John A. Lester, '96, delivered the last

address, taking for his topic "Haverford for the Athletic Student." Meanwhile we youngsters sang songs from time to time which the company seemed thoroughly to enjoy. So the evening wore to a close and we finally departed, bearing with us memories that will not pass away for many moons.

Those present were:

Guests of honor—Dr. J. A. Babbitt, Dr. E. W. Brown, H. H. Collins, Jonathan Evans, Dr. L. B. Hall, W. P. Henszey, J. G. Rosengarten, Richard Rossmassler, N. P. Shortridge, President Sharpless.
 '48—E. P. Morris.
 '50—C. L. Nicholson.
 '51—P. C. Garrett.
 '52—Francis Stokes.
 '54—J. W. Cadbury.
 '56—Joel Cadbury, W. B. Price.
 '58—W. G. Tyler.
 '60—T. H. Morris.
 '61—Edward Bettle, W. B. Bromall.
 '63—W. H. Morris.
 '64—Albin Garrett, J. P. Thomas, J. M. Zook.
 '65—A. C. Thomas.
 '66—R. M. Gummere.
 '67—I. W. Coles, N. B. Crenshaw, Benj. F. Eshleman, R. M. Jones, L. J. Levick, J. T. Morris, Walter Wood.
 '68—Dr. Louis Starr.
 '69—Henry Cope, B. T. Longstreth, E. B. Taylor, W. S. Taylor.
 '70—J. S. Brown, J. E. Carey, T. K. Carey, Howard Comfort, T. A. Hilles.
 '72—R. T. Cadbury, F. B. Gummere.
 '73—T. P. Cope, Jr., J. C. Comfort, B. H. Lowry.
 '74—James Emlen.
 '76—H. G. Taylor, F. H. Taylor.
 '77—G. G. Mercer.
 '78—A. L. Bailey, E. T. Comfort, C. S. Crozman.
 '79—W. C. Lowry, J. B. Newkirk.
 '80—Samuel Mason.
 '81—Walter Brinton, W. H. Collins, L. T. Edwards, I. T. Johnson, A. L. Smith, J. C. Winston.
 '83—L. O. Whitney.
 '84—J. H. Bartlett, George Vaux, Jr.
 '85—M. C. Morris, E. H. White.
 '86—W. P. Morris, H. E. Smith.
 '87—A. B. Clement, W. H. Futrell, H. H. Goddard, F. H. Strawbridge.
 '88—W. D. Lewis, J. W. Sharp, Jr.
 '89—Thos. Evans, F. B. Kirkbride, D. C. Lewis, L. J. Morris, J. S. Stokes.
 '90—W. G. Audenried, D. P. Hibbard, W. P. Simpson, J. M. Steere.
 '92—Benjamin Cadbury, H. L. Davis, Jr., W. H. Detwiler, J. W. Muir, W. H. Nicholson, Jr., W. N. L. West, S. R. Yarnall.

'93—A. V. Morton, C. J. Rhoads, Edward Rhoads, J. G. Taylor.

'94—J. P. Haughton, W. W. Comfort, C. B. Farr, J. T. Rorer, Jr., F. B. Ristine, H. W. S. Scarbrough, W. J. Strawbridge, F. J. Stokes, P. S. Williams.

'95—F. H. Conklin, E. B. Hay, A. C. Thomas.

'96—D. H. Adams, J. A. Lester, P. D. I. Maier, J. H. Scattergood.

'97—C. H. Howson, W. G. Rhoads, C. G. Tatnall.

'98—W. W. Cadbury, Samuel Rhoads, A. G. Scattergood, F. R. Strawbridge, Thomas Wistar, R. D. Wood.

'99—F. A. Evans, H. H. Lowry, E. H. Lycett, Ralph Mellor, J. P. Morris.

'00—H. S. Drinker, F. M. Eshleman, J. T. Emlen, Christian Febiger, W. S. Hinchman, H. H. Jenks, W. W. Justice, F. C. Sharpless, A. G. Tatnall.

'01—J. W. Cadbury, Jr., W. E. Cadbury, J. K. DeArmond, A. E. Freeman, Richard Patton, E. C. Rossmassler, W. H. Wood.

'02—E. H. Boles, R. M. Gummere, W. W. Pusey 2nd, Percival Nicholson, C. L. Seiler, E. E. Trout, Caspar Wistar, A. C. Wood, Jr. A. C. W., Jr., '02.

Notes.

'43. Thomas Estlack, Jr., the son of Thos. Estlack and Eliza Shinn, was born in Philadelphia on July 30th, 1823. He entered the introductory Department of Haverford "School" in 1836 and left at the close of his Freshman year in 1839. He then attended the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and secured his Ph. G. in 1844. For almost 60 years he has carried on a very successful drug business. He married Sarah Watson on March 24th, 1847. He died on February 24th, 1902.

'73. Alden Sampson delivered two lectures in Alumni Hall February 27th and March 6th upon "A Visit to the Ruins of Palmyra." Full accounts will appear in our next issue.

'73. George M. Warner has been "recommended" a minister of the Society of Friends.

'79. Francis Henderson, formerly a member of the firm of Ross, Henderson & Co., of Philadelphia, has formed a

new partnership with D. A. Lindley and others for the transaction of a brokerage and banking business under the name of Henderson, Lindley & Co.

'81. Isaac T. Johnson has announced his engagement to Miss Lida M. Kimball, of Hartford, Conn.

'82. Professor George A. Barton, Assistant Professor in Biblical Literature and Semitic Language at Bryn Mawr College, has just completed a work in which he traces the social and religious evolution of the Semitic peoples from the earliest times until that period when the various national Semitic religions were fully developed. The title of his book is "A Sketch of Semitic Origins, Social and Religious." It seeks to determine the influence of environment upon Semitic social organization, and the influence of social life upon religious ideas. It is published by the Macmillan Co., New York.

'85. Theodore W. Richards, has been made Professor of Chemistry in Harvard.

'87. Dr. Henry H. Goddard, Professor of Psychology in the West Chester State Normal School, recently delivered an interesting lecture before the Friends' Insitute Lyceum of Philadelphia, on "Brain Paths," on Feb. 7th.

'90. Robert R. Tatnall is associated with Dr. Henry Crew in the publication of "A Laboratory Manual of Physics," by Macmillans. He is Instructor in Physics in North Western University.

Ex-'90. George T. Butler was elected a member of the Borough Council of Media, Pa., at the recent election.

'92. Wm. E. Shipley has just returned from a six weeks' trip to England.

'94, '95. Frederick P. Ristine, '94, and Frank H. Conklin, '95, have formed a partnership under the firm name of Ristine & Conklin for the purpose of selling bonds and investment securities, with offices in the new Mariner and Merchant Building, corner 3rd and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. Mr. Conklin has been a teller for several years at the Girard Trust Co., and Mr. Ristine has held a similar position with the Real Estate Trust Co., of Philadelphia.

'95. Walter C. Webster has been appointed Assistant to the Second Vice President of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, New York. This position is one of great responsibility, involving direct touch with the principal contracts upon the execution of which more than nine thousand men are engaged.

'96. Milton Clauser was President of the Psycho-Manual Section of the Colorado Teachers' Association at Denver, in December last.

'96, '98. At a recent meeting of the Friends' Educational Association John

A. Lester and Alfred S. Haines read papers.

'01. Eight members of the class enjoyed an informal reunion in the rooms of W. E. Cadbury, Lloyd Hall, on New Year's Eve, 1901.

Ex-01. R. S. Wendell has announced his engagement to Miss Caroline Schofield, of Essex Fells, N. J.

Francis E. Bond, ex-'89, and Parker S. Williams, '94, have been elected trustees of the Polyclinic Hospital. Nathaniel B. Crenshaw, '67, and Franklin B. Kirkbride, '89, are also trustees of the same institution.

At a meeting of "The Ramblers" at Moorestown on February 19th, J. S. Stokes, '89, spoke on "Glimpses of Irish Home Life," and S. R. Yarnall, '92, on "Impressions of the English Lake Country."

At a meeting of Friends' Institute Lyceum held February 21st. D. H. Forsythe, '81, Geo. Vaux, Jr., '84, and J. H. Bartlett, '94, spoke on "Tuskegee and Negro Education."

VERSE.

The Milky Way.

From Sully Prudhomme.

One ev'ning I addressed the stars,
"You do not seem to dwell in happiness,
Your light in th' endless darkness wears
A look of grieving, sadden'd, tenderness.

Methinks I see up in the sky,
A mourning veil of white by Virgins borne,
Who hold tomb-tapers numberless
And follow on,—slow,—lanquidly,—forlorn.

Then are you e'er engager in pray'r?
Or are you, tell me, wounded stars instead?
For those, indeed, are tears of light—
Not rays—which you up there above us shed.

Yes, you the stars,—the ancestors
Whom gods as well as animals do own,—

Have dimming tears within your eyes."
And thus they answered me: "We are alone.

Each one of us is far, far, off
From sisters close to him whom distance
blinds;
Her clear and gently-stroking light
Within her land no single witness finds.

The inmost heart-warmth of her fires
In skies indifferent dies out afar."
I answered them, "I understand,
Like souls of men in truth I see you are.

Just as with you, from sisters far,
Who seem to be near-by, each sheds its light:
Alone th' immortal solitaire
Burns on in silence through th' unbroken
night."

A. G. H. S., '02.

Epistle to Nicotina.

Most honored dame, whose perfume mild
 Delights your simple careless child,
 Incline your ear; this poem is styled
 "Defence of Smoking,"
 And may the critics, tame and wild,
 Eschew their croaking.

A frosty night, when Winter's spell
 Has made his mark on hill and dell,
 When Founder's mournful lecture-knell
 Has ceased its ringing;
 Then Nicotina weaves her spell
 And sets us singing.

Our chairs we draw before the fire,
 True friends, whose wit and soul inspire
 One's heart, whose accents never tire,
 We spin our woof
 And mortal guile and mortal ire
 Stand far aloof.

Sir Walter Raleigh used to smoke
 And by its fumes Apollo spoke,
 And far-famed Sherlock could evoke
 His victim's swag,
 Inspiring Surgeon Watson's joke
 By smoking shag.

So when in politics we fight
 Or shout for shares with all our might,
 Let's mark that brave December night
 At dear old College,
 And hold it in a higher light
 Than worldly knowledge.

R. M. G., '02.

A Haverford Miss.

Just tender enough for submission,
 Just sober enough to be grave;
 Just proud enough for ambition,
 Just daring enough to be brave.

Just handsome enough to be charming,
 Just pleasant enough to please;

Just tricky enough without harming,
 Just roguish enough to tease.

Just thoughtful enough to be clever,
 Just cautious enough, so beware.
 And to kiss her, oh, no, no, no, never!
 'Twould be naughty; and then,—she might
 care (?).

O. B. M., '03.

Skating.

With a dash
 And a slide
 Off we glide
 O'er the ice through a flurry of snow.
 Just we two,
 She and I,
 How we fly!
 With a rhythimical rush as we go.

Now we sway
 Now we swing,
 While the ring
 Of our skates gives a musical note.
 And the flakes
 As they swirl
 As they whirl
 To her raven black hair gently float.

There they gleam
 With a light
 Soft and bright
 In the depth of those glorious tresses,
 While her cheeks
 Deeply glow
 Where the snow
 Dares to touch them with chilly caresses.

You that prate
 Of the spring
 Have your fling,
 But I'll tell you old Winter's no churl.
 For 'tis then you may race
 With the wind in your face
 Hand in hand with a laughing girl.
 C. W. S., '02.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

I fail to believe that there ever has
 existed, since the time of the lone-
 ly creature who got into trouble
 with the lady of the green-eyed snake
 and forbidden apple to the present gen-
 eration of sinners, a man, woman or
 child, who was one day a saint and the
 next a hardy disciple of the devil. Draw
 in a long breath, friend, and try to see
 what I am driving at. What I mean to

say is, that no possible influence can
 come into a man's career which will
 totally change his life.

I suppose you have often heard of a
 person getting up in a religious meet-
 ing of some sort and declaring that
 henceforth he intends to lead a changed
 life. Why, at times I believe that re-
 ligion is nothing more than a case of
 overworked nerves; and anyone who

says a thing like that is striving after the impossible, just as much as an extinct ichthyosaurus would be if his fragmentary remains should rise up from their mouldy dust and cry out: "Go to, I will be a bull frog!" Not that I mean to say that we cannot change to a certain degree—that would certainly be too radical—but let us try to steer a common sense middle course. As to myself, I can remember no event which has made a greater impression on me than the great railroad accident a few summers ago near Atlantic City. At that time I happened to be holding a decidedly minor position on the staff of an Atlantic City daily, and as soon as the news of the accident was wired to our office I was sent off to the scene of the disaster. If you read the papers, you will remember that one engine struck the centre car of the other train squarely in the middle and, as both were running at high speed, the natural result was a mix up for all parties concerned.

When I arrived about half an hour after the collision everything and everybody was in the wildest confusion and excitement imaginable. Women with torn clothes and wild bloody eyes were scrambling over the wreckage, shrieking out the names of their children, who in all probability were lying dead as stones beneath tons of twisted steel. I had intended to sit quietly by and take notes on the proceedings, but the need for able bodied men proved too great and I was presently turned into a trained nurse and went to work in dead earnest. Two doctors, who had come out of the wreck uninjured, were rapid-

ly transforming a cow-shed nearby into a hospital. Another man and I found an old water soaked ten inch plank and used it as a stretcher. The first patient we tackled was jammed in between two seats of a day coach and the iron railing of the back platform, which had somehow moved twenty yards further forward. It was impossible to get him out. All we could do was to sit by and help him die like a man. I am afraid I shall never forget those quivering, blue lips with the thick red blood running out one corner of the mouth. As death drew near his blood somehow got into his lungs and every time he drew in a breath it rattled like dry leaves in the wind. That was the first violent death I had ever seen and it made a fearful impression on me. Well, we worked all morning with the blazing sun flaring down on dead, gray faces, with staring eyes, until the wreckage finally took fire somewhere around the engine and finished the work of the great god Death.

And now you ask, why did that fatal Sunday have such an influence on my life? The only answer I can make is to ask you to call to mind the calm death scene of some well-loved friend, when the little birds chirped merrily outside the closed blinds, and the wind sighed softly through the trees, and in the place of all this peace substitute the roar of escaping steam and the agonizing half-heard groans of the dying and see if it does not open up to you a new conception of that "still sad music of humanity" which shall swell and roll onward till the crack of doom.

J. B. D., '03.

SKETCHES.

The Bug.

He had no more romance in him than an onion. They had been sitting for half an hour in the light of a beautiful full moon beside a stream

that cried out with all its clear little voice: "Love, love now and forever!" And yet all he had spoken of was mere cruel, cold, common sense, while she wanted him to pour out "honeyed

nothings" to infinity, and provided only he kept on talking, it made no difference to her whether he really said anything or not. She was certainly puzzled, and almost beaten! How often had men fallen down before the flash of those great, dark eyes, yet here he sat in spite of all her beauty as cold and unmoved as the white marble steps in the distance. Things were rapidly reaching a climax. She looked down at her small white hands and decided to give her eyes one more chance. A shiny, black bug started to walk across his coat sleeve and she looked up with bright enticing merriment flashing from under the long lashes. He rose, and holding out his arm so that she could get a good view of the innocent little crawling insect said: "Try it on the bug!" J. B. D., '03.

A Farewell.

I had not seen Ethel for two years. All the time she was at boarding school, I knew her only by the fond imaginings which lingered in my memory, and which conspired to picture her, if possible, even more lovely than she had really been. Suddenly, without warning, I met her. She was no more changed than might have been expected; but my thoughts had persisted in seeing her as I used to know her, a graceful, slender girl with sunny hair and dark, timid eyes. As she stood before me she seemed to have blossomed forth in a single night like some magic flower. She had been beautiful, she was now bewildering. Her figure was queenly, her features delicately perfect, her eyes, more brilliant than ever under their canopy of light brown hair, had still a suggestion of womanly tenderness. Then I realized that the old Ethel was gone. Farewell, dream of my boyhood; farewell, star of my youthful ambition. And yet I would not recall you. The new Ethel beckons me on to nobler thoughts and man-

lier deeds. She is no phantom of vague longing, but a woman therefore to be won. C. W. S., '02.

A Songsparrow's Vespers.

That afternoon at Sunbury, just above the dam we forsook the broad, "riff-haunted" Susquehanna, and entered the quiet waters of the canal. It was like passing from a strenuous life into a half-waking dream. We were come into a land where it seemed "always afternoon." The westering sunlight lay here and there in golden patches on the silent face of the water; and the only sound to be heard was the rhythmically monotonous dipping of our paddles and a gentle ripple at the bow. And then from a low bush by the canal-side came those exquisite minor notes of the song-sparrow. The purity and sweetness of the song fell on our tired spirits like a soothing balm, and coming at the end of an almost eternal summer's day it seemed a vesper benediction from good Mother Nature herself.

R. P. L., '04.

Two's Company.

Just to think that they two were three long miles from anybody and everybody, with only the great, laughing, sympathetic, old ocean to look on! This in itself was bliss! He sat down beside her and started to dig a hole in the sand with a clam shell. Neither of them said anything and I have my sincere doubts if either of them even thought anything. Presently she looked up and the bright blue eyes laughed merrily, but said nothing. A great wave of happiness swept over him and he wanted to stand up and shout from mere joy; but that would take him farther from her, so he sat still and was silent. Same old story, wasn't it? J. B. D., '03.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless)

THE most important change noted in the new catalogue is the revised course for Sophomores. Instead of having the four sciences, mathematics, chemistry, biology and physics on the list as required subjects, the Sophomore will take two of them only and give increased time to each. If he desires, the other two may be brought up as elective subjects in later years. This makes each course a serious one of considerable importance.

The whole number of men who have received degrees from Haverford is 758 of whom 628 are alive. Of these 29 have also received the degree of Ph. D., 32 of LL. B., 47 of M. D., 137 of A. M. and 71 of A. B. from other colleges.

The Reading Room of the new gymnasium is supplied with a beautiful equipment of furniture by the class of '87 at a cost of nearly \$800, and by a set of appropriate periodicals by George Wood, '60. The class of '98 has in charge one of the alumni bedrooms.

On Second Month 6th the Faculty adopted the following:

1st. That a Faculty Advisory Committee be appointed, of which the President shall be an ex-officio member, which shall represent the Faculty in its relation to student athletics and maintain Faculty supervision.

2nd. That this Committee shall have the power to censure, and, if necessary, withdraw from participation in athletics, a student who is doing notably poor work at the time of his athletic training, or is deficient in the work of previous terms. Neglect to take advantage of the first opportunity offered for making up college deficiencies shall be considered especially culpable.

3rd. That the managers of the various athletic teams shall be required to submit preliminary plans for game schedules to this Committee before arranging same, and must receive the final endorsement of the Committee before publishing the schedule of each season.

4th. That this Committee shall have jurisdiction over the absences required by the manager and team, both prior to and during each season, and shall have discretionary power in the interpretation of the above rules.

The committee consists of the President, Dr. Babbitt, Dr. Barrett, Dr. Reid.

The destruction produced on the lawn by the recent sleet storm, has induced the Campus Club to issue an appeal for funds to attempt a renovation. Expert direction will be secured and the most will be made of what is left. Any one disposed to contribute should send in a check to the President, who will thankfully acknowledge it.

LECTURE.

ON the evening of Friday, February 6th Dean Briggs, of Harvard College, lectured in Alumni Hall on "Mistakes in College Life." He remarked that in this college there were few errors of the worst sort, and that in any college there was always a body of solid,

clean men. Even our location does not entirely do away with temptation. "Temptation," says Thackeray, "is an obsequious servant, and has no objection to the country." But college is the time to try one's strength. Mistakes are dangerous, but at college one is more

shielded from their consequences than in the outside world, and the mistakes which make us men, are better than the inaccuracies which keep us children.

For many boys college is the first step into the outside world. For the first year or two they are very apt to be wild and undisciplined. There is no necessity for getting heartily tired. People say "Boys will be boys," and consider that an excuse for stealing trades people's signs and laboratory instruments; while if a street-mucker sneaks into a student's room and steals his neckties, no punishment is too severe for him. But if a student steals the sign which a poor tradesman has bought and paid for, it is only his fun. A thief is a thief, even at an institution of learning.

Responsibility to parents is a side of the question often overlooked by college boys. Whenever they get into trouble they display much filial solicitude, fearing that the news of their scrapes will be too much for their mothers, who are threatened with nervous prostration, or for their fathers, who are in imminent peril of heart disease. They

do not seem to realize that the best thing to do is to show trust and affection by confiding their misdeeds in their parents before the college authorities inform them. There is great danger in the idea that a young man ought to "see life" (meaning all that is most low and base in life). Many a young man who has gone to some disreputable place simply to look on has been stained for life.

Again there is the responsibility to our work, since we must spend most of our lives working. We must love work, or be unhappy. A right-minded student will see the opportunity for profitable work. Too early specializing is to be avoided. It is well to get a broad and general survey of the field before deciding on any particular line of work. It is an excellent thing to have a regular time-table for your work. This saves many an odd moment. And don't be a loafer! In some occult manner, cigarette smoking seems to be connected with loafing. Loafers do not succeed even socially.

INTER-CLASS DEBATES.

Sophomores vs. Freshmen.

THE annual Sophomore-Freshmen debate, held under the auspices of the Loganian Society, took place in Alumni Hall on the evening of February the 12th. The question was, "Resolved, That the policy of excluding the Chinese by the United States is justifiable." Dr. Hancock acted as moderator, the judges being Drs. Barrett, Mustard and Pratt. The Freshmen had the affirmative. The line of argument followed by the affirmative was that Chinese immigration is undesirable from moral political and economic causes; and that exclusion is the only remedy. The negative argument was based on the fact that

exclusion is contrary to fundamental American principles, treaty obligations and constitutional enactments, that immigration is not economically dangerous and that exclusion is morally and religiously wrong. The Freshmen introduced a greater number of facts into their arguments, while the Sophomores excelled in the way they handled their material. The debate was decided in favor of the Sophomores by a majority vote of the judges. The teams were as follows: 1904, G. K. Helbert, D. L. Burgess, W. M. Wills and H. N. Thorn, alternate; 1905, H. W. Jones, H. G. Cox, H. N. Slonimskey, S. G. Spaeth, alternate.

Seniors vs. Juniors.

ON Thursday evening, Feb. 20th, an enthusiastic gathering of students took place in Alumni Hall, to hear the annual Senior-Junior Debate. The "honorable judges," Dr. Pratt, Dr. Reid and Dr. Hancock, took their seats, and all was ready for the struggle. The question was: "Resolved, That United States Senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people."

H. A. Dominovich, '03, as first on the affirmative, showed that the conditions have so changed since the present system of election was inaugurated, that a popular election becomes necessary. He urged that whereas 34 states have demanded a change, the proposition should be seriously considered. For the negative W. P. Philips, '02, called attention to the fact that the burden of proof rested upon the affirmative.

A. J. Phillips, '03, gave as reason for a popular vote the corrupt methods used by ambitious men to gain admission to the Senate so that honorable and qualified men cannot and will not become candidates. J. S. Fox, for the Seniors, replied that there is a tyranny of a majority as well as of a despotic minority. Adequate representation is secured only when the minority are represented proportionally, as well as the majority. G. Peirce, '03, showed the pernicious and destructive effect of the present system of election in several ways, especially in the confusing of state and national issues. The first speeches were concluded by H. Newman, '02, who defended the negative by showing how the present system of electing Senators can alone properly represent the wealthy class. The rebuttal speeches followed. The judges decided in favor of the Seniors, by a vote of two to one.

INTER-SCHOLASTIC MEET.

An Inter-Scholastic Indoor Gymnasium and Athletic Meet was held under Haverford's direction in the gymnasium on February 21st, 1902. The unusual inclemency of the weather prevented a very large audience from enjoying the entertainment; but a goodly number of contestants from the various schools were present and displayed some first class form and ability. Ten schools competed, viz: Cheltenham, De Lancey, Episcopal, Haverford Grammar, Horace Mann, Lawrenceville, Penn Charter, Swarthmore Preparatory, Trinity, and Yeatts Academy; but the contests were individual, the winners of first and second places in each event securing silver cups as prizes. The summary follows:

20 Yard Dash—S. Rulon-Miller, Haverford Grammar, 1st; A. Cellar, Horace Mann, 2nd. Time, 23-5 seconds.

Fence Vault—S. L. Miller, Trinity, 1st; S. Atlee, Lawrenceville, 2nd. Height, 6 feet 6 inches.

Shot Put—White, Penn Charter, 1st; J. Alondifer, Cheltenham, 2nd. Distance, 40 feet 11 inches.

Flying Rings—S. L. Miller, Trinity, 1st; M. Harris, Episcopal, 2nd.

220 Yards Dash—S. Rulon-Miller, Haverford Grammar, 1st; A. Cellar, Horace Mann, No time.

High Kick—S. L. Miller, Trinity, 1st; E. R. Sharwood, Haverford Grammar, 2nd. Height, 8 feet 6 inches.

Side Horse—W. Leech, Episcopal, 1st; L. Smith, Swarthmore Preparatory, 2nd.

Indian Clubs—L. Smith, Swarthmore Preparatory, 1st; W. Edwards, Episcopal, 2nd.

Horizontal Bar—E. C. Butler, Trinity, 1st; S. L. Miller, Trinity, 2nd.

High Jump—Moorshead, Penn Charter, 1st; G. Nobles, Swarthmore Preparatory, 2nd. Height, 5 feet.

Parallel Bars—P. L. Thompson, Lawrenceville, 1st; J. Baker, Episcopal, 2nd; S. L. Miller, Trinity, honorable mention.

Tumbling—E. C. Butler, Trinity, 1st; J. Burns, Episcopal, 2nd.

COLLEGE NOTES.

ON the evening of Feb. 11th, the Scientific Club listened to a very interesting and instructive lecture on the "Mercury Arc," by Dr. Edward Rhoads. He showed the relative effects of the carbon arc and the mercury arc, by the stereopticon and exhibited the spectra, and showed the effect of the new light on various colors.

At the Indoor Athletic games held in the Academy of Music by the "Evening Bulletin" on February 27th, Haverford had several entries. J. W. Reeder, '02, won second place in the half-mile, and T. T. Bausman third place in the mile.

A monthly meeting of the Classical Club was held in the Y. M. C. A. room on Monday evening, February 10th. Dr. A. S. Bolles gave a very interesting lecture on "The Roman Roads." He spoke first of the seven or eight more important military roads that radiated from Rome, describing their origin, method of construction and subsequent history. He then mentioned the ways of travel, places of lodging, bridges and tunnels during the older days of the Eternal City.

At a meeting of the Campus Club, on February 5th, J. D. Carter, '99, gave an

interesting talk about the birds that frequent Haverford Campus and vicinity.

Mr. Robert E. Speer addressed a large meeting of the Y. M. C. A. in the Collection Room on February 19th.

C. Wistar, '02, W. M. C. Kimber, '04, and J. M. Stokes, '04, were sent as delegates of the Y. M. C. A. to the Pennsylvania President's Convention, held at Warren, Pa., February 19th to 24th.

G. Peirce, '03, A. J. Phillips, '03, and A. H. Hopkins, '05, went as delegates of the Y. M. C. A. to the Conference of Student Volunteers, held at Toronto, Canada, February 26th to March 2nd.

The Loganian Society has chosen the following team to represent Haverford against the Philomathean Society of Pennsylvania, to be held in College Hall, U. of P., April 4th; W. P. Philips, '02; H. Newman, '02; H. A. Dominovich, '03, and George Peirce, '03, alternate.

J. W. Reeder, '02, and J. K. Worthington, '03, represented Haverford at the annual meeting of the I. C. A. A. A. A., held in New York, February 22nd. Reeder was elected Honorary Vice President of the Association.

A recent chess tournament at the college resulted as follows:

Bonbright, '04.....	Stork, '02.....	} Stork, 2-0.....	} Stork, 2½-1½.....	} Stork, 2-0.	
Lee, '05.....	Megear, '04.....				
Tilney, '05.....	Bonbright, 2-1.....	} Tilney, default.....	} Stork, 2½-1½.....		
Philips, '02.....	Tilney, default.....				
Thomas, '02.....	Thomas, 2-1.....	} Thomas, 2-1.....	} Crowell, 2-1.....		
Ohl, '05.....	Spaeth, 2-0.....				
Spaeth, '05.....	Crowell, '04.....	} Crowell, 2-0.....	} Crowell, 2-1.....	} Stork, 2-0.	
Peirce, '03.....	Gummere, '02.....				

EXCHANGES.

WE have chosen as a matter of especial notice during the past month the question of the inter-relations of college periodicals. And though a note about exchanges in this column may seem as inexplicable as the "wheel within a wheel," we hope our comment may be the worthy result of some little experience. We know how hard it is to make an exchange department interest the general reader and at the same time perform its functions of criticism, but we believe that this should be the aim of every aspiring ex-man. The column in the February *Georgetown College Journal* is a good attempt at this ideal. But as a rule we find merely a list of brief notes mentioning singly each paper with a comment which is usually favorable. Now we would not be considered pessimistic, yet it seems to us that this practice of indiscriminately praising every magazine, although it may conform to the Golden Rule, conforms just as well in appearance, if not in motive, to the selfish law of "Do to others what they would that you should do to them in order that they may do even so unto you."

We have taken it upon ourselves from time to time to speak of the faults we have observed in our exchanges without mentioning "names and tales both" and hoping that whomever the shoe would fit would wear it. As a rule, however, those for whom the criticism was intended either excused themselves or altogether disregarded it while others were incensed because they thought that it referred to them. The *Bowdoin Orient* is a notable exception and one worthy of imitation. In an anonymous way our January issue referred to the antiquity of the alumni notes in this paper. In the following issue of the *Orient* the editor came forward in a special note and manfully acknowledged the justice of our criticism. Thank you!

It is with deep regret that we notice the decided deterioration in the external appearance of the *Penn Chronicle*. We should think that every student and alumnus of Penn College would burn with (alma) matriotic shame to think that such a retrogressive step was caused by the lack of their support.

The local columns of some of our friends deserve more praise for their mathematical accuracy than for depth of meaning. A number of sublime and expressive words and phrases are selected by the editor and arranged according to length in an exact arithmetical progression. The following is an example:

Oh!
Ink!
Whiz!
Fudge!
Spring!
Foul ball!
Night time.
Striker out!
Down you go!
Lots of new faces!
Maple trees in bloom.
Our coal bill isn't large now.
A wren is building in the big oak.
O quanta significatio, o "curiosa felicitas!"

Book Review.*

Messrs. Hinds and Noble have recently brought out a handsome volume entitled, "Songs of the Eastern Colleges." It contains the songs peculiar to most of the more prominent colleges and universities of the east, and also many perennial favorites which are not perhaps, strictly college songs. The workmanship and general get-up of the book is excellent. On page 170 there is a Haverford song, "It's a Right Little, Tight Little College," by Dr. Francis B. Gummere, '72.

*"Songs of the Eastern Colleges." compiled by Robt. W. Atkinson, Harvard, and Ernest Carter, Princeton. Hinds & Noble, Publishers, New York, Pp. 198 Price \$1.25.

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APRIL, 1902

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CHORUS. — U-pi-dee-i-dee-i-da! etc.

Her voice is clear as a soaring lark's,
And her wit is like those trolley-car sparks!
When 'cross a muddy street she fits,
The boys all have conniption fits!

The turn of her head turns all ours, too,
There's always a strife to sit in her pew;
'Tis enough to make a parson drunk,
To hear her sing old co-ca-che-lunk!

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THE public press and another column in this paper have related more fully the circumstances of the munificent donation to the college by Mrs. Charles Roberts, in accordance, we believe, with the expressed wishes of her late husband. It remains for us here simply to voice, as far as expression of such sentiments is possible, the grateful appreciation of the gift on the part of those who are to receive its greatest benefits. Of all Haverford's loyal Alumni there are few to whom she owes as much as to Charles Roberts. By keeping his name and life ever fresh in our thoughts and the generous devotion to the college which prompted this as well as many previous offerings Robert's Hall should inspire us daily to strive to emulate such loyalty and honor to Haverford as it represents.

IT is very true that the man who must constantly be goaded on to achievement, like a stubborn mule, is not likely to make any great progress. If we are constantly waiting to get up steam, or running back to make a fresh start, we would reach our destination more quickly by turning about and circling the earth in an opposite direction. Yet even to the very best of us there come times of lethargy and relapse, when we seem deaf to all our old resolutions and desires, though duty calls us with a blast like the last trumpet. The mere *pensee de derriere le tete* is beyond our energy. Thus it is just now, when the first breath of spring infects us with its virulent fever, opening the windows, stripping off the coats, melting away ambition like winter snows, and leaving our wills and purposes just as soft as its own rich mud; while with its charms it beguiles every one of the senses, and finally transports us, in spirit, if not in body, from our thumb-worn volumes and half-gnawed pencils, to some rich sleepy nook on the campus where fancy roams by Lethe and sweet Asphodel "to sport with Amaryllis in the shade." 'Tis then that we are tempted to shut off the throttle of our impetus and glide gently down the grade of ease and sloth, forgetting that but three laps of the race are run and that we need all the grit for the home stretch.

In such a period as this we may do well to consider the various responsibilities which can arouse our dormant energy. In the first place, there is that debt which we owe as human beings to our Creator, to our families, past and future, and to our individual selves. In

these particulars every one can find a tremendous impulse for striving. Especially during college days, while ideals are high and our life blood flowing fast, our individual responsibility rests heaviest upon us.

But in this individual responsibility, which is as universal as it is important, there are two phases of indebtedness which belong specially to us as a class. The first is our responsibility as college men. We may read the statistics to show of the wonderful prominence of college men in all the fields of activity throughout our country and be kindled at the story of their individual successes, and we may reverently thank our horoscope for our luck in procuring for ourselves this magnifying boon of a college education. We may feel that a desultory attendance at college is all that is needed to follow in the step of these great ones; that an A. B.'s general express elevator which will carry us up to the top floor just as a matter of course. And so we may settle down comfortably in our little shells and idly wait until in the fullness of time this huge incubator shall hatch us out full fledged prodigies, capable of soaring high above the heads of the *vulgus profanum* to a ready-made niche in the temple of fame. But unfortunately this simile does not hold good when applied to the great men of the past or to those of the present day who hope to imitate their deeds. College never was an automatic multiplication machine in raising to the *n*th power men who do nothing for themselves. Evolution in biology, as in algebra, is an expansion, and expansion is no external process or treatment. It was on no "couch of ease," whether we use the words literally in reference to the loafers' cushions in the dormitory, or in their figurative sense, that President Roosevelt and men of his stamp rose to their success, but through the daily, faithful observance of the "strenuous life." To us also the same paths lie open, our opportunities are even greater, and the

whole world is anxiously watching us in eager expectation, as we race for the immortal garland which it will bestow on those who win. With such handicaps as we have, shame on us if we fail.

Very similar to this responsibility to colleges in general but far dearer and stronger and closer and nearer is the love and duty we owe to our own Alma Mater, the responsibility of being a Haverfordian. Here, too, are the high standards of the past; here, too, are the greater opportunities of the present; here, too, are the future alternatives of success and failure. The spirits of the Past, the Present and the Future, all three, must live and abide in us ever, calling us daily from shame and sloth to live and labor for the college we love.

WITH this month Gymnastics make their exit from the stage of college life to leave it for the fresher sports of the crease and track; but we cannot let the departure be without applause. The management have undertaken and successfully carried out this year a longer schedule than ever before. Our non-competitive exhibitions with Columbia and Pennsylvania were no detriment to Haverford's previous gymnastic reputation. By a strange coincidence both our dual contests, with Rutgers and with Lehigh, resulted in ties, which at least gave an interest to the progress of the contest, if not satisfaction in its results. The Inter-scholastic Gymnasium Meet was one of the most novel as well as most successful events of the year's work. Our performance at the Inter-collegiate contest was in every way creditable for so small a college. The cordiality and respect with which we were treated that evening by our larger brothers was a sign of good feeling which made up, if necessary, for our smaller number of points. We believe there is no branch of sport in which our inter-collegiate relations are more friendly than in this.

Especial mention must be made of the work of the second gymnasium team, which has not only served its main purpose of training men for higher positions, but has added a prominent feature to our exhibitions. We may rely on this source of material together with the promising regular members of the team to make up, as far as possible, for the loss of several good gymnasts with the Senior Class, and to form a nucleus for another successful team in 1903.

NOW that the cricket season is almost upon us and the bats are beginning to click in the nets during the lengthening afternoons, we instinctively turn to our cricket bags and, taking out our trusty weapons of last season's warfare, look them fondly over, wondering meanwhile how much use we will make of them this year and what kind of a team we are going to have, anyway. Too great optimism is a fault. Therefore we will not indulge in rapturous outbursts. However, we think we can say with all sincerity that the prospects are brighter for a thoroughly active and successful cricket season than we have ever known them at Haverford. There are several good men competing for positions on the first XI,

while the number of candidates for the second and third XI.'s makes the Ground Committee shudder at the thought of picking and choosing between them. Two full fledged second XI.'s will be on the field this spring, and there will be practically no difference in their respective powers, while the third XI. has an amazing amount of good material from which to draw. Regular fielding practice has begun, and it does one's heart good to see fifty-four able-bodied youths dashing about over the rough turf catching and dropping high flies and letting fast grounders shoot between legs spread well apart, but, for all that, improving steadily day by day and showing excellent spirit withal. Therefore, we say, the prospect for a good season is encouraging, and we sincerely trust that the college will have every cause to be proud of the teams that will represent her.

AS a result of the recent competition for the vacancies on the HAVERFORDIAN board it becomes our pleasant duty to announce that D. Lawrence Burgess, '04; A. Glyndon Priestman, '05, and Sigmund G. Spaeth, '05, have been elected editors.

SONNET.

On Seeing the Statue—"Venus de Milo."

On thee rich laurel we would fain bestow,
Who wrought with an inspired and godlike
hand,
This perfect form—a glory of the land
Where o'er thy unmarked grave soft breezes
blow,
Murm'ring in sweet cadences and low
Thy praise, re-echoed from the shell-strewn
strand:
Born of the waves that lash thy native sand,
Kind Aphrodite rose in lustrous glow—
A love-embodiment of lucid grace—
Her brilliant beauty swelling large thy heart:
Her splendour lifting up thy soul among
The treasured realms of Ion's gifted race:
Then noble as thy work we deem thou art
And dare not let thee drop to death unsung.
E. H. B., '02.

THE SAME OLD STORY.*

I.

IN one corner of a rich, tastefully furnished room, of one of those aristocratic looking old houses, for which Boston is so justly famous, sat a tall, striking looking girl with her head sunk deep in a big, silk cushion. She was pale and evidently utterly tired out; but every now and then the half closed eyes would light up with thoughts of something past and somebody gone who—but what business is that of ours? She knew well enough who the big quiet-looking fellow was, who had danced the last dance with somebody else, but who had suddenly appeared from nowhere, and put her in her carriage, saying good-night in an embarrassed way that she knew well enough he never had when he was with anybody else but herself. And wasn't that a little thing to make such a calm, self-possessed society belle sit up for half an hour just to gloat over, and every now and then say to herself, "Ah Esther, I knew you'd win!"

But had she won? To be truthful, way down in the bottom of her heart she didn't know whether she really did love Jimmie Matthews or not; but if she didn't, she often spent a good many of her idle moments, and a lot too that ought not to have been idle, dreaming about a solid broad back and a pair of cynical blue eyes, forever laughing about some little joke that never came up to the surface. Poor old Jimmie, he had about come to the conclusion that as a student he was a pretty poor effort. He had often in the last half year formed hazy ideas of throwing the whole thing over, and starting all over again, away off some-

where where nobody knew what a failure he had been. What was he getting out of college? The only part of the work he took any real pleasure in were the shops and his father didn't seem to approve of his developing this mechanical twist in his nature. But every time he thought of leaving Boston, a pair of flashing dark eyes, with long, sooty lashes half hiding them, would stand up before him, moist with tears, crying out to him to be a man where he was and not run off like a whipped dog.

But things had at last come to a crisis. A cold formal little order was waiting for him, when he returned from the dance to his rooms, asking him to call the next morning at the Dean's office. As it was then half-past four of the "next morning," he did not undress, but after setting his alarm clock, called the "Infant Tintinnabulator," threw off his dress coat and lay down on the lounge for a few hours' sleep.

Promptly at 8:30 the trusty little bell started to ring, but the stiff white shirt never moved. Presently, however, roused by its persistence, a long right arm reached out and silence was again restored. Ten o'clock, eleven, a quarter of twelve, and at last the broadcloth trousers have come to life. On a chair beside him lay the Dean's letter and, as his eyes caught sight of the signature, a little word of four letters began to form on his lips. But the innocent Dean was saved from damnation by the entrance of a liveried coachman carrying a little, blue envelope. Jimmie motioned him to lay it on the table and went on filling his pipe, but as soon as he heard the front door close, he jumped for the table and tore it open with his heart beating ninety-five to the minute.

"Dear Jimmie," it ran, "If you have nothing better to do, come around this afternoon and take me sleighing. Papa says he doesn't like me to drive with

*Note.—We regret that owing to our limited space we are unable to insert this story as a whole. The remainder of it will appear in the May issue.

the coachman, as he is too good-looking. Not that I mean you're ugly, but everybody knows you never do anything seriously, so how could you?

In haste.

ESTHER.

Would he go? Why, you couldn't have kept him away with a team of oxen. What good could a logic lecture do him anyway? He knew she never talked of logic, so he added one more cut to his list which was already far beyond the prescribed limit and, after hastily cramming down some hot soup and a soggy piece of apple pie, swung on the back of a trolley and was swept away toward Paradise. After about ten minutes ride he jumped off in front of a handsome gray stone house, with a little plate on the door bearing the name, "Mr. Joseph Newbold." As he rang the bell something went wrong inside him and he had a crazy longing to jump down the steps and run. But even the most trying circumstances must end sometime, and so, when this six foot, seemingly self-contained, young man was in the most rattled condition imaginable the door opened and well, the next thing he knew, he was standing beside the library table carelessly glancing over the last edition of the *Crimson*. Presently a door opened upstairs and the soft rustle of a skirt came closer and closer until, after what seemed ages to him, a quiet little laugh with which he was so familiar in the hall and the voice broke out, "Well, Jimmie, if you won't take enough trouble to come out here and help me on with my coat you can go back to your old wheels and things and I'll go driving with John." He came to her and held out his hand, but she looked the other way and pretended to be hunting for her gloves.

Some sleigh bells jingled merrily in the street and he felt so happy that he wanted to cry out from pure joy, but just then she glanced up and their eyes met. Both were silent, but ah, the things that silence said! He drew

in a long breath and tried to pull himself together again. And then the soft brown eyes looked away and he was on the point of falling down and worshipping them, when the door opened and that "damn blue liveried ass of a coachman," as Jimmie ever afterward called him, said respectfully, "Miss Esther, the sleigh is ready."

II.

And so these two dashed off through the crowded streets and out into the open country. Every now and then the girl by his side bowed pleasantly to a little group of college students, gathered on one of the corners, and Jimmie would laugh silently with his blue eyes, at the thought of where he was, and they weren't. After a time the grey stone houses were left behind, and both cast aside the restraint of prim Boston and again became their natural selves. The keen young thoroughbreds tugged at their bits, the friendly old sun smiled knowingly down, the air was crisp and full of life and well, each knew what the other was thinking, so why shouldn't they be happy? Finally Esther broke the silence:

"Jimmie Matthews, you're the most contrary person I ever met! You know well enough I didn't come out here just to watch you drive. John can drive better than you can anyway. Now go ahead and talk to me."

Having thus given her orders, she settled back in the furs like the queen she was, and waited with half closed eyes.

"Esther, you're young and foolish, and each of your remarks should be taken with two grains of salt."

A little smothered laugh crept out from under the big black hat, and then softly, "Jimmie, why didn't you take me out to supper last night? I wanted to ask you something. Mildred told me you jumped in the river yesterday and pulled a little mucker out and that you

fainted when you got in. Is that true?"

"No, I didn't."

"Didn't what? Faint?"

He shut his teeth, and looking straight out over the horses' heads, said:

"No, I didn't faint or pull any mucker out either."

"Jimmie, don't be foolish. You know well enough I know you're fibbing. You can't look me in the eyes and say that."

"Miss Newbold, when I look in your eyes, I'm not responsible for what I say."

"Oh, don't jolly me. You're generally so sensible. I suppose pretty soon you'll say you never jumped off the pier after me. They told me afterwards I almost strangled you. I don't care though, it served you right. I had a black eye for a week afterwards. I should think you would have been ashamed to hit a girl, Jimmie."

"Well, what's a fellow to do, when he's trying his best to work for two, and a girl persists in squeezing him so hard around the neck, that even the people on shore notice it. I think you're the one that ought to have been ashamed, Mademoiselle. For my part I should have been only too happy to have gone to the bottom in such an affectionate position, but I was afraid the people might talk, so I hit out, and as a result you stayed home and bathed your eye for a week and wouldn't see anybody, not even your humble servant, J. H. M."

"Jimmie, look out!!"

But it was too late. With a gentle little heave the sleigh struck a log buried under the snow and turned over. Both landed hard on the beaten road, but Jimmie was as tough as a nut and scrambled to his feet unhurt, just as the sleigh disappeared around a bend in the road. Esther had been the first to go out, and was sitting up rubbing her ankle, and, as Jimmie drew near, he noticed the corners of her mouth twitch with pain.

"You're not hurt, are you?" He asked.

"Yes, I'm—afraid—I am," and with

a sob she fell back fainting. A sparrow lit on the fence nearby chirruped noisily as the tall young man bent silently down and, lifting the girl in his strong, young arms, started back along the road for Boston. He looked in her pale, sweet face with the long, moist lashes trembling with returning life. And so it was his carelessness that was making her, of all the world, suffer so! He swore under his breath and, with a look of infinite love and pity, hesitated a moment, and then kissed her gently on the forehead.

III.

The black eyes opened slowly and looked wonderingly up in his and then began to flash with a dangerous light. He walked on doggedly silent waiting for the storm which he felt was about to break. Now that he was in his senses he would have given his right hand to be able to wipe out forever that one long, sweet kiss, but the past was gone, and he was still dreaming of the touch of her soft hair when a cold far-away voice said:

"Jimmie, did you kiss me?"

"Yes, but I couldn't help—"

"I wish you would put me down and go get a wagon. I thought you were a gentleman."

She could feel his muscles harden and quiver, but he beat back his pride and broke out with a strange trembling intensity in his voice, "Oh, Esther, forgive me! I didn't know what I was doing. And you looked so beautiful that it—"

"Will you please put me down and ask that man if he can drive me back."

He obeyed and was going to help her in, but when he held out his hand she looked him straight in the eyes and said with cold, heart-breaking firmness:

"Mr. Matthews, if I ever want any help from you, I shall ask it."

And there he was left with no company but his own black thoughts. He lit his pipe and went and sat on the

fence to think things out. Behind the still, snow-clad hills the sun was slowly sinking in all its glory, but he heeded it not. He could only see the cold light in her dark eyes.

"My God," he cried, "She said I wasn't a gentleman," and he bent his head on his arms and sobbed like a child. When he looked up again there was a strange determined light in his blue eyes. He climbed down and started off briskly for Boston.

Some two hours later, a young man with the glow of healthy exercise in his cheeks, jumped quickly up the Newbold's steps and rang the bell:

"Will you tell Miss Newbold that Mr. Matthews wants to see her a moment if possible."

The footman bowed and hurried upstairs. He returned bearing a sealed envelope with one of Jimmie's cards in it. On the back was written:

"You told me once that a man who kissed a girl without being engaged to her was a contemptible cad."

He read it slowly and then quietly put it in his pocket and hurried out. When he reached his rooms he found his roommate curled up on the lounge asleep. Without waking him he threw some things in a dress suit case, took two pictures off the bureau, one of them his mother's, and then sat down and wrote:

"Dear Old Billie:—The game's up. I hate to leave you and all the fellows, but

I've decided to buck up and make a man of myself. Don't try to find out where I've gone, because you can't do it. I am going to leave that pipe of mine you like on the table beside this. When you smoke it think of me.

JIMMIE."

"Dux femina facti." "P. S.—If my guardian kicks up a fuss tell him to mind his own business and that I said I was old enough to take care of myself."

The next morning Esther Newbold sat propped up on a lounge reading her morning mail. As she finished the last letter a maid entered carrying the morning edition of the "Crimson." She opened it carelessly, but started back with wide open eyes as she caught sight of the headlines set in large black letters:

"James H. Matthews, the Varsity stroke, has disappeared. Left note for his roommate saying he was going but gave no reasons. An element of mystery attached to the whole affair."

She glanced at the column that followed in praise of his character, giving his brilliant athletic history; then she turned so pale that the girl came running with a basin of cold water to bathe her face, but she motioned her back.

"Never mind, Mollie, I'm all right now. But my ankle does throb so every now and then." J. B. D., '03.

Hydrogen's Tale of Woe.

I come from haunts of H_2O ,
All lonely in distortion;
With oxygen I gladly mix,
In multiple proportion.

When zinc, and H_2SO_4
Come into close relation,
Ah! then it is that I'm set free,
Prepared for oxidation.

They free me here, they force me there,
With acids, sparks and wrenches,—
They mix me up with elements
That make most awful stench.

The life I live is sad indeed—
But live it well, I try to;—
Besides, the ones who work with me
Dislike it more than I do.

D. L. B., '04.

THE SACK OF DENBIUM.

AND Zeus, son of Cronos, heralded a council of the gods, and all the Olympian ones were assembled together save oxide Athena. For she had gone to the fragrant drug store to buy some powder, even that famous "Household Burnisher" good for the complexion, teeth and silver, for her shining aegis had become tarnished. The other gods, meanwhile, sat in the halls of Zeus, and laughter-loving Aphrodite spoke and thus she addressed the ever-livers:

"Long has the antifussing Athena been striving against me, seeking to prevent sacred marriage upon the ocean-girt earth. For by theses and orals and ten o'clock rules and wiles she has essayed to estrange from matrimony the hearts of her long-robed priestesses that dwell on the sloping hills of Brinmaria. Therefore let us join words concerning these things if we may escape her notice in beguiling these stubborn maidens."

So Aphrodite, daughter of the sea-foam, spoke; and all the council was hushed in silence. And finally Ares, the warrior, answered his fair spouse and said, "Truly, Athena does long wage war against maiden-loving men. Lo, this is the fifteenth year that the well-greaved Haverfordides have in vain besieged the hearts of her votaries in Brinmaria. But they in obedience to their divine mistress' injunctions keep their hearts ever relentless in their bosoms. But now the day has come, brought on by the winged Fates, that she must yield." He spake and Cronides the high ruler shook his ambrosial locks and all the gods sounded their assent. Then they rose from their seats and departed. But Hermes, of many stunts, descended to the all-nourishing earth, having assumed the human shape of an evening caller, and came to the low

lying hills of Brinmaria. By the rocky walls of Denbium the winged messenger passed; and all the rooms lay in darkness, and sweet sleep held the Denbians. And straightway far-seeing Argeiphontes drew forth from his vest pocket a huge brand of sulphurated pine pitch, and having kindled therewith his cloud-compelling cigar hurled it mightily upon the well roofed hall of Denbium. Then the shining Hephaestus began to devour these sacred beams. And the Denbians of the flowing tunics and unsaddled ankles arose from their couches and fled in terror. Just as when in the budding spring the youngling chickens with various notes hold converse unto one another in shrill-toned words, even so did the long-tressed Denbians raise their cry unto the all enveloping sky; and the confusion was great.

But meanwhile swift-footed Aphrodite leapt down the heights of snowy Olympus and planted her feet in the land of Haverford, rich in horses. And with the voice and semblance of the Ardmore fire bell she stood beside each lusty Haverfordides, and thus she spoke winged words in many-a-one's ear: "O thou hard studying son of Haverford, hasten thee quickly to the burning citadel of Brinmaria, for there shalt thou find much doing." And they obeyed her one and all, saving those unhappy ones whose eyelids Morpheus had closed, and they followed the goddess fleet of foot across the many ridged field.

Sing not to me, O Muse, of their names or glorious deeds, for they are recorded in the columns of those yellow parchments, beloved by Hermes, the deceiver, and Apollo, fond of the lyre. Bravely they fought that day upon the low-lying hills of Brinmaria, even the fair maids of the chorus of Pallas and the well-greaved Haverfordides.

But when the flames had almost done their devouring deed, oxide Athena returned from the fragrant fountains of the drug store, and in her right hand was her shining aegis and in her left a five mina package of the famous "Household Burnisher," good for the complexion, teeth and silver. And she assumed the form and appearance of the Ardmore Fire Company and she walked angrily along the pike. For she perceived that she had been duped by the crafty Hermes and her mighty ten o'clock calling rule and sacred citadel of Denbium had been destroyed. And she swore by the father of gods and men because she had come too late, and her speech was strong and mighty as befits an angry goddess. And when she saw the flame about to cleave upon the high-turreted temple close by, even Tailorium rich in books, she went to Aeolus, ruler of the winds, and comfortingly put a buzzer in his ear. And straightway he sent forth fiercely blow-

ing Zephyrus and turned aside the flames from the many roomed fane of Tailorium.

Then Hephaestus ceased, and limping along betook himself to the rumbling forge of Enceladus; and all the streets lay in shadow. And the fair haired maidens assembled together and brought out ambrosial food from their well-stored cracker-boxes and crowned bowls of nectar for the well drenched Haverfordides, even the ground bean of the coffee tree. And Aphrodite, lover of merriment and Cupid, with his well laden quiver, was in the midst enchanting both men and maids. And when the Haverfordides had raised their lusty Paean to Ares, lover of sports, and protector of well-shinguarded cricketers, they returned to their dormitories carrying off rich booty of raiment and gold. And their fame shall be for a reproach to their fellows who did not go with them, but a glory among the generations of men that shall be. H. J. C., '03.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless)

D OUBTLESS all the readers of THE HAVERFORDIAN have heard of the interesting donation made by the wife of Charles Roberts to Haverford College. He had often had it under consideration to aid in the building of an Assembly Hall and a place to store his valuable collection of autograph letters. It is in the fulfillment of this wish, though not by the direction of her husband, that the donation is made. She has intimated her intention to the Board of Managers to pay over the sum of \$50,000 and the collection of autograph letters. The latter is in itself extremely valuable, being probably one of the three best in the United States. To illustrate its historical value, a few years ago Charles Roberts

read at the house of the writer of this note a connected history of the Revolutionary War, all of it being taken from signed letters of prominent participants. There are also many letters of English literary men from Dryden down.

The architecture of the hall has been placed in the hands of Cope & Stewardson, who have, perhaps, had a larger experience in College architecture of recent times than any other firm in the country. The interest of Charles Roberts in colonial matters suggested the style, which will fit harmoniously the surrounding buildings. In determining the site it was necessary to consider the convenience of the people approaching from the station, and also of the residents of the college. The hall will there-

fore be placed about 100 feet north of Barclay Hall and will face Lloyd Hall. Its longest direction will be nearly east and west. In the west end, where the main entrance will be, will be placed the college offices and a fire proof room for the "Charles Roberts Collection of Autographs." The whole east end will be an auditorium capable of seating nearly a thousand people. One important result will be to permit the whole of the present Alumni Hall to be used for Library purposes,—a demand which our rapidly increasing number of books makes imperative. Should the necessary funds be provided, reading tables and cases will be supplied, and a new arrangement of books will follow.

Another expense which will have to be met is the increase of the heating and

lighting facilities of the college. These were strained to their utmost point by the new gymnasium. Additional boilers, engines and dynamos must be added and ducts made connecting the various buildings with the central plant. There are thus various opportunities for the friends of Haverford to indicate their continued loyalty.

This donation is rendered doubly valuable from the fact that it comes from a Haverfordian, and one of the most devoted believers in the college. "It is all," as another good friend of the college said to me, "good, clean Haverford money." It represents a sentiment which as it becomes general will insure an enlarged and prominent future for the college. I. S.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

'62. Samuel Parsons has been appointed Landscape Architect of the New York Park Board. Commenting on the election "Harper's Weekly" says:

"Our Park system could not have a better protector than Mr. Parsons. He is resolute, accomplished, experienced. He knows the parks and knows all the wiles of their assailants. He has been their vigilant defender before, and with him as the Park Board adviser they are safe."

'78. '82. J. M. W. Thomas, '78, and Dr. H. M. Thomas, '82, were at the college on Sunday, March 2nd.

'85. Rufus M. Jones and Elizabeth Bartram Cadbury were married at Twelfth Street Meeting on March 11th. The ushers were Benjamin Cadbury, '92, J. Henry Scattergood, '96, L. Hollingsworth Wood, '96, W. W. Cadbury, '98, A. G. Scattergood, '98, and J. Paul Morris, '99.

'90. J. Stuart Auchincloss, who has been for several years in the auditing department of the D. L. & W. R. R. Co. in New York, has left the employ of that company and is now with the banking firm of N. W. Halsey & Co., Wall street, New York.

'98, '01. We have just received from W. H. Kirkbride an interesting account of his western experience from Lewiston, Idaho, where he and A. G. Varney, '98, are settled on a ranch.

'01. We recognize a familiar name in the following account of a celebration at Bootham School, York, England, clipped from *The Friend* (London), for Second Month, 24th: "A gymnastic Exhibition was also given in the gymnasium under the direction of Mr. Dewees, who afterwards gave a clever display of club swinging, concluding with a wonderful torch swinging feat."

The following was crowded out of our last issue:

Class of '69 Reunion.

A very artistic and delightful lunch, given by William S. Taylor, to his old classmates, was the occasion of a reunion of '69, on February 13th, at the Union League, Philadelphia. Many of them had not met for twenty years or more; and the few hours seemed all too short to recount to each other Fortune's smiles and frowns during the third of a century past, and to recall memories of their happy Haverford day-adventures and night escapades! Memories also of four of their number, who have, alas, "gone before"—Estes, Evaul, Kaighn and Walton. Of the twelve living members nine were present: Pendleton King, for many years in the diplomatic service, both at home and abroad, and now one of the chief officers in the State Department in Washington; Henry Wood, for the last twenty years Professor of German in Johns Hopkins University; Edward B. Taylor, who after thirty years service in the Pennsylvania R. R., is now one of the Vice Presidents of the company in Pittsburg; Johns H. Congdon, the head of one of the largest iron companies in New England, in Providence; B. T. Longstreth, for over thirty years with Morris, Wheeler & Co., in Philadelphia; Wm. H. Randolph, for a long time in the Water Department at Atlantic City; Lindley Haines, Stock Broker, in Philadelphia; the host, who after being in several railroad and financial companies, is now prominent in a manufacturing trust, his headquarters being in New York; and Henry Cope who, when he is not following his normal calling of licensed beggar for Haverford, or leading Haverford cricket crusades in England, usually resides in Germantown. The absent were: Walter Wood, the class poet, of New Bedford; James G. Whitlock, in business in Richmond, Va., and George

Pearson, at one time secretary to ex-Governor Beaver, and now Prothonotary in the Courts at Pittsburg. All but W. Wood, Whitlock and Cope have married; King and H. Wood being widowers, and the Taylors and Haines grandfathers! King and the Woods took post-graduate courses at Berlin, Estes at Ann Arbor, E. B. Taylor at Polytechnic College, and Pearson at Harvard. King, Estes, the Woods, Evaul and Kaighn have all "played the Pedagogue," and with marked success.

The class of '69 is well remembered for the mark it made at Haverford, and it left an honorable record in many ways. More than half of them had a reputation for solid and thorough scholarship, which will average with any that the college has produced. Nearly all were very active in the literary societies of that time—the Loganian, the Everett and the Athenaeum, which each held weekly meetings. In athletics some were also conspicuous; several of them (especially Congdon) being among those first good cricketers, who laid the foundation for Haverford's subsequent international reputation. The student of to-day owes more than he has any idea of to some of these "men of old;" when at one time the total members were hardly more than the present Seniors, their faithfulness in a few things (under Gummere, Chase and Hartshorne) made possible our beloved Alma Mater of to-day; and they also set the type of the *bona fide* "Haverfordian," the ideal loyal son of our honored and cherished college.

That the members of a class should after thirty-three years show that they have proved themselves true men, and are, each in his community, good citizens and sons worthy of their Alma Mater, ought to be an inspiration to the rising generation. May you of the Present live up to the best traditions of the Past!

"Epoc."

THE LONG NIGHT.

ON the steps of St. Fillans' Kirk, which nestled comfortably under the lee of sturdy Ben Comri, stood two men; one was bent with years, though his kindly face, wrinkled with lines of joy, showed no trace of sorrow's chastening hand; the other was a young man, erect and muscular, with the essentials of a strong character showing in a clean face and a manly poise. "We're a wee bit sune, Weelum," said the old man: "but I dinna think they'll be lang. An' it's a happy day for Kitty, the bonnie lass. She's kenned a deal o' sorrow."

"Aye," responded the younger, "but he's no the man for her. Yet they're to be married this day. But why doesn't he come? He was to meet you here early to fix the papers. Something must be wrong, altho' he always was unprompt at engagements. Ah, Andy Campbell's not the man that loves her." His aged companion turned to look into Macpherson's face, and said softly: "Weelum, a ken, it's yoursel"—God help ye—man I remember—"Whist, here comes Peter Miller,—wi' ill news, na doot," interrupted Macpherson, relaxing in his earnestness into the brogue of his country. And then Peter was upon them. "Maister Macgregor," he burst out, throwing himself down on one knee before the old man: "Andy's merit your Belle, an' skipplit awa—aye, an' Kitty hes gone, off on th' brae, we dinna ken—an'—" "Ye lie!" cried the minister, who forgot his weakness, and raised his cane to strike, his face wrought into knots of agony. While Peter cringed in fear, Macpherson stepped to Geordie's side, and steadied his tottering form. At his touch anger left the old man, and he said, hoarsely: "Weelum, she's ma ain lass's girl—and noo—Andy's got her—and Kitty—Peter, wha is thet lass? gang hame, man;

hunt your seester: up, man, ye're no to blame; end yer bletherin'."

Peter started to his feet, and vanished like a hunted hare. Both men stood silently for a time, Macpherson with his left arm supporting the worn frame of his minister. The morning sun, now half way to his noon mark, showered on the pair his full summer warmth; a light breeze stirred the elder man's grey locks; but there was no other motion. "Come, Maister," said Macpherson; "let's to hame." "Na, na, na!" exclaimed Geordie, suddenly drawing himself out of the young man's arm. "But coom wi' me, Weelum, ma lad, till Mac-burdie's glen, for Kitty."

And they went, in cruel silence, the old man grieving for the pet and comfort of his failing years, his handsome grand-child; the young man burning with a quickened zeal, and buoyed with fresh hope, his heart filled with a love that tried to burst his bosom. Kitty had said "no" a year since, and had taken Campbell; but Andy Campbell had wealth and a witty tongue, two things which had eclipsed the sterling character of Macpherson in Kitty's eyes, who regarded the exterior of the present, and not the deep interior of future worth, just as many estimable women do to-day. All the tenderness of which a man is capable welled up in Macpherson's heart, and many times had he taken her in his strong arms, and countless times had he kissed her in the half hour the pair walked slowly down the dusty, rocky road. Geordie breathed heavily, and they paused often to rest. At length they turned down a damp, mossy stream, and each, with furtive glances at the other, watched the bank for footprints, and the laughing water for signs of death. Macpherson started suddenly at the sight of a dark object floating on the edge of a deep pool.

"Hoot! man!" exclaimed Geordie: "She's no in th' water. She'll no drown hersel'. Be blythe, Weelum; we'll hunt a wee." A little further along they halted, for they were in the woods now, and progress was more difficult for Geordie and his cane. "Look to yon tree!" cried Macpherson, pointing toward a large bog-oak, at whose foot lay a woman. "Aye, we hef her the noo; weel, weel," said the old man, who had seen her first, but who had waited till Macpherson's eyes had found her. The young man jumped ahead, and when Geordie came up, after pushing his way through the worst part of the thicket, Macpherson was bending in trembling tenderness over Kitty's unconscious form, bathing her face with water, and crying out sacred Scotch endearments to ears that heard them not. Geordie's experienced hand loosened her bodice, and made more abundant use of the cold mountain water than Macpherson dared to do. Then she stirred, and sighed. But for several minutes she still remained unconscious, wrapped in the folds of her amber colored wedding gown, her white silk bonnet, with strings to match the dress, lying where Geordie had carefully placed it, beneath a whin bush.

When Geordie saw signs of returning life he stood up, and rested against the tree, gazing down with the conscious pity of seventy years into the bloodless face of the young woman. Her features were plain, but the beauty of a tender, noble soul was stamped indelibly upon them. Even in the distortion the prolonged faint had caused, there was no alteration in that expression. Macpherson continued kneeling at her side, his eyes seeming to draw the blood to her cheeks by the very intensity of his gaze. Her lips moved in a faint murmur, and he bent his head to listen. Suddenly she opened her eyes—"It's— no— Andy?" she asked, dazed and faintly. "Na, not Andy, but—" "Andy?" she repeated questioningly. "Aye, 'tis Andy—a kenneed you wad coom to me—I didna

belivit what fouks said. Andy, me ain true luvie;" and putting her hands about his neck, she fell asleep, exhausted, in his arms. ——— "She doesna ken ye, Weelum," said the old man, after a long pause. "Let her slep a wee—an' then we'll gang hame—I'll gang the while to Macburdie's, for hees horse and cairt."

William Macpherson was no fool, although he was vibrating with the intensity of a strong man's love, and rejoicing in the feeling of a protector, as he held the exhausted girl in his arms. He was not hurt because Kitty had not recognized him, although in his walk with Geordie when searching for her, he had imagined a greeting more romantic and thrilling than this. Yet he knew, had she received him as his heart longed to be received, he would have doubted her fidelity. And as he gazed passionately into her face now flushed, as with fever, and felt her restless twitchings, he began to wonder how she could have come into such a condition in three hours. But before he had been able to solve the problem to his satisfaction, Geordie hobbled up the brae with Christy Macburdie, saying nothing, but showing in his face a thousand things. Christy and Macpherson carried her out to the road, where a rough cart stood, half filled with straw from Christy's new byre. Placing Kitty carefully on one side, they helped Geordie to climb in beside her, and the two young men walked together at the horse's head.

They had not gone far when Geordie, who had watched the face and movements of the girl beside him, called to Macpherson. "Weelum, rin for the doctor—Kitty's no weel, a'm thinkin'." Macpherson paused a moment, to look at her, then without a word climbed out of the road, and was off over the downs on a run.

At the little home in St. Fillans', down by the edge of Loch Cassi, the cart stopped. Peter, who was hiding behind an old skiff, now used for a flower bed,

was sharply summoned to Macpherson's aid. The old mother, with unwilling tears creeping down her cheeks, held the gate open while Kitty was carried through, and passed after her into the house. Geordie stood irresolutely in the doorway, watching the deepening lines in Mrs. Miller's face, as she tried one and another simple restorative without gaining the wished-for result. He followed her into the kitchen, as she went to mix some household remedy. "Ye'll no greet mair, Marget," he said, comfortingly. "She'll coom up alricht. Th' young are queek to heel." "Aye, Geordie Macgregor, but the torn hert ne'er heels," was all she said. Geordie lifted the kettle for her with palsied hand, and replied sadly: "Aye, Marget, ye's aye richt."

There were many things the doctor discovered when he examined Kitty. One was that she had taken poison—but how? He touched his forehead, and looked at Mrs. Miller significantly. "Na, na, doctor," she exclaimed; "she was greeting sair when she read his writin', but she was no daft." Bye-and-bye they found the letter Andy had sent her on that wedding morn, and in it were three

bits of paper. Mrs. Miller puzzled over the words while the doctor picked up the slips of paper, and smelled and tasted of them. Mrs. Miller pulled his sleeve. "Doctor, whut's these? A dinna ken the sense." It stood written there, in cruel irony, that the little powders were his last gift, and that she must swallow them if she wanted to remember him. This poison she had taken innocently enough, but —none but God knew the end.

Years passed, until nearly sixty had gone, during which Kitty lived a babbling idiot, whom insanity had relieved of sorrow. Not a month went by but she donned her amber wedding gown, and the white bonnet with amber strings, in patient expectation of Andy's return. One day William Macpherson was alone in his Edinburgh parsonage, when a letter came, telling him that Kitty was dead. He gave back the letter to his brother who had brought it, and said: "Man, it's not so. Kitty died sixty years ago, and....." After a long pause, he added in a low voice, "She's waiting in Heaven for me the while."

W. V. D., '02.

Drinking Song.

From Bacchilides.

'Tis now our sweet necessity
To fill each glass with sparkling wine,
For Bacchus' art can make the heart
Submit to Cupid's power divine.

Bacchus inspires the highest thoughts
That blossom in the poet's mind.
He overthrows our fellest foes,
And makes us kings of all mankind.

And now he builds us magic halls
Inlaid with gold and ivory,
While galleons great bear precious freight
With purple sails across the sea.

C. W. S., '02.

THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY.

NO, Dick, I won't marry you. I like you—" she paused, a misty film spread over her dark eyes.

"I love you—better than any man I have ever met; but marry you, never! You would be miserable and so would I. I have always had my own way in life, and I mean to until I die,—afterward, too, if I can. I had often thought

that you would ask me, and now it makes me feel so happy that you have. Oh, say something," she exclaimed a little impatiently, "do say something. Don't be so submissive. There you sit, a splendid specimen of manhood, but as docile as a kitten, no matter what I do or say. Dick, you are too irresolute."

"Well, perhaps I am, and perhaps I am not. Would you love me better if I were more firm?"

"I would respect you more. Every woman needs some one to sling her around, jam her into a corner, or sit on her if necessary, when she is rebellious."

"I'm afraid I might sling and slam and sit on with no avail in your case."

"Dick, you are the most provoking man I ever met."

"I'm glad of it," he said good-naturedly; "I'll not need any practice to stir up those domestic squabbles you have determined upon,—after we are married."

"I have told you we would NOT be married. Aren't we soon going to fish, Dick? You are sailing so far to-day; but it's delightful, where—"

"We will try large fish to-day, and are going to the shoals."

A strong wind carried them rapidly along and soon they were skirting the edge of rocks. Dick jumped to the bow, slipped the chain through the steeple in the rock, inserted a lock in the links, held the key in his hand a moment for her to see, then with all his power threw it far away into the sea.

"What did you do that for?" she asked, her voice filled with surprise.

"We are going to stay right here; chained to this rock, key ten fathoms deep, until you promise to marry me before the autumn leaves fall. I may lack firmness, but remember, I lack a key also, and we are fifteen miles from shore. I have provisions for two months. Now let's fish while the tide is right."

Margaret's dark eyes rested upon him ominously.

"There's no hurry," she said with a grim smile. "There will be plenty of time and no fish left before I promise you,—remember. When you are ready we'll begin."

For two hours they angled. The sun was going down. Across the water the wave crests looked crimson as though they were set with coral. Meanwhile

Margaret glanced at him restlessly. Now and then she lost a fish; as it darted off, she darted upward. "You know Dick," she remarked, "I have several very important engagements to-night."

"I glory in your popularity, but our engagement will be the most important one you have for to-night."

"Richard, I want you to understand that I too have firmness," she said with a slight touch of defiance in her tone. "Get that key this instant." He skillfully landed a fish.

Without hesitating she leaned over the side of the boat and called pleasantly, "Please get my line loose, Dick. It is fast upon the bottom of the boat."

Courteously he went to the side to investigate. She gave him a wicked shove and he fell head-foremost into the water. "Get the key! Swim for it! Dive for it! Get it!"

Dick's hat floated upon the surface of the sea. She looked at it for a time with glaring eyes.

"Oh, Dick! Dick! Heaven, what have I done!" she screamed aloud. "I have drowned him! Oh, Dick! I loved you! I would have submitted! Dick, Dick! so kind, so true, so loving! I forced him to this! I would marry you to-night if you were—"

"Would you really, Margaret. I'll just take you at your word." The calm voice sounded from under the bow of the boat. "I was detained in loosening the line."

Margaret shrieked with joy as she rushed forward.

"Forgive me?" she sobbed.

"For what?"

"Pushing you overboard."

"Why certainly. It was a good joke."

"Where did you stay all the time?"

"I only remained under the bow until you offered such a liberal reward for my return."

"Then you heard?"

"I will give you until September." He drew her close and kissed her.

"But how can we unlock the boat?"

"I have another key in my pocket, dear."

They looked into each other's eyes

through the dim twilight. A solitary star watched them from above.

D. B. M., '03.

LECTURES.

"A Visit to the Ruins of Palmyra."

ON the evenings of Thursday, February 27th, and Thursday, March 6th, we listened to an illustrated lecture on Palmyra and its ruins by Alden Sampson, '73. He described very graphically the difficulties of the expedition owing to the disturbed condition of the country. At first the authorities refused their permission, but at last their consent and a sufficient guard were obtained. Then came the long march across the barren desert from Damascus to the ruins of the ancient city of Palmyra. The most impressive thing, perhaps, about the ruins was their great extent. The sand stone was of a bluish color, and many of the sculptures were painted in rainbow hues. The most noteworthy ruins are those of the burial towers, great structures fifty feet and more in height, the aqueducts, and the magnificent colonnade, which stretches through the city for over a mile. The most obvious fault of the architectural plan of the city is the lack of attention to proportion, and the over exuberance of florid decorations.

The lecturer then gave a brief outline of the history of this wonderful city and of its great Queen, Zenobia. Vividly he portrayed its death struggle, the last stand of expiring Hellenism against the overwhelming might of Rome.

"Educational Conditions in Porto Rico."

On Thursday, March 20th, Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh, of the University of Pennsylvania, lectured to us on the conditions he found in Porto Rico during his term as United States Commissioner on the island. He said that the five chief industries were the production and exchange of sugar, coffee, tobacco, tropical fruits and Panama hats. As an ex-

ample of the plentiful supply of fruit, he said that oranges sold for twenty cents a hundred and pine-apples for three cents apiece. The soil is exceedingly rich and fertile. The population consists of Indians, white laborers, or Peous, colored people and whites, chiefly from Spain. This last class furnishes the professional men and planters, and during Spanish rule was, most unjustly, entirely free from taxation. The taxes fell entirely on the consumers, on the man who bought a quarter-pound of meat, and not on the man who owned a thousand head of cattle.

In establishing a reasonable government on the Island a great body of Spanish tradition had to be done away with, and the bitter and virulent party spirit, so deeply rooted in the minds of the people, had to be eradicated. There had been a very corrupt judiciary under the Spanish regime. A great deal was done to remedy this evil by the passage of a law giving an accused person the right of demanding trial by jury. After the dreadful cyclone, thousands and thousands of homeless people were fed by the United States. Thirty-four million rations were distributed in sixty days. Then they came to depend upon this charity. Great distress followed. The death rate at one time reached the terrible figures of two hundred and eighty-six in a thousand. An epidemic of small pox threatened still further to aggravate the destruction, but was stamped out in six weeks.

In dealing with this people the great danger lies in delaying action. The people are excitable and fond of jumping at conclusions. One great source of hopefulness in the situation is the eagerness with which all educational facilities provided by the government are welcomed. Many touching incidents could be cited

illustrative of this fact. The idea is prevalent that the Porto Rican is lazy and shiftless and given to loafing. (The truth of the matter is this, in two or three days he can earn sufficient to satisfy his needs for a week. For centuries everything he has laid by has been extorted from him by corrupt and

greedy officials and he has thus no motive for saving. We must teach him confidence in the government, and we must educate his tastes, so that he will not be satisfied with a mere animal existence. Then he will desire some better thing, and with that in view, will do more faithful work.

FOOT BALL TREASURER'S REPORT.

James B. Drinker, '03, in account with the Haverford College Foot Ball Association :

DR.	
From former treasurer.....	\$ 317 23
From dues for last year.....	3 00
From dues for the class of 1902.....	58 00
From dues for the class of 1903.....	35 00
From dues for the class of 1904.....	52 00
From dues for the class of 1905.....	72 00
From season tickets.....	43 00
From ball for the Swarthmore game	4 30
From guarantees and gate receipts..	829 16
From Swarthmore Game.....	296 98
From skating pond, 1900-1901.....	125 00
From contributions of under-graduates	121 11
From money loaned	186 75
From account of profit and loss....	7 51
Total Receipts	\$2151 04

CR.	
To Coach Minds	\$ 300 00
To medical supplies	99 75
To foot-ball supplies	566 83
To printing and advertising.....	54 60
To George Wooley, trainer.....	44 85
To Travelling Expenses of team....	410 09
To guarantees	300 00
To expenses of manager.....	26 58
To gate change	53 00
To tickets to Harvard-Penn game..	36 00
To megaphones	10 00
To mending clothes	8 20
To Sundries	52 00
To money loaned	186 75
Balance on hand April 1, 1902.....	\$2 39

Total Expenses

Examined and found correct.

HERMAN NEWMAN, '02,
JUSTIN E. BROWN, '02,
Auditors.

GYMNASTICS.

Haverford-Rutgers Meet.

THE fourth annual exhibition contest between Haverford and Rutgers colleges took place in the Haverford gymnasium on the evening of March 1st. Both teams were eager for victory, and Rutgers was anxious to square accounts for last year's defeat in their own gymnasium. Besides the regular inter-collegiate events the high kick and twenty yard dash were added to the program. Points on these events were equally divided however; the former going to Haverford and the latter to Rutgers. The mando-

lin club assisted in enlivening and breaking the monotony of the contest. The summary:

1. Parallel Bars—Won by Brown, second, Garrett, of Haverford; M. Young, C. L. Williamson, of Rutgers.
2. Horizontal Bar—Won by C. L. Williamson, second, N. N. Williamson, of Rutgers; Duerr, Dean, of Haverford.
3. Tumbling—Won by C. L. Williamson, of Rutgers; second, Seiler, of Haverford; Hotaling, of Rutgers; Jones, of Haverford.
4. High Kick—Won by Reeder, second, Simkin, of Haverford; Jennings, Booth, of Rutgers.
5. Flying Rings—Won by Jones, of Rutgers, second, Haig, of Haverford; Herbert, of Rutgers, Duerr, of Haverford.
6. Side Horse—Won by Garrett, of Haver-

- ford; second, Young, of Rutgers; Jones, of Rutgers; Brown, of Haverford.
7. Club Swinging—Won by Philips, of Haverford; second, Lipman, of Rutgers; Wilbur, of Rutgers; Bonbright, of Haverford.
 8. 20 Yard Dash—Won by Elmendorf and Van Nuis, of Rutgers, tied; Thorn, Eshleman, of Haverford.

First place counted five points and second place three. The result was a tie with 32 points each. The banner was kept by the home team owing to last year's victory.

Haverford-Pennsylvania Exhibition.

A joint exhibition was given in Witherspoon Hall by the teams of Haverford College and the University of Pennsylvania. The program was arranged with the exception of the horizontal bar so as to draw no comparisons, this exception being due to the instability of the apparatus on the stage floor and the time necessary to erect it. The music was furnished by the Haverford Mandolin Club. The program was as follows:

1. Parallel BarsHaverford
Brown, Garrett, Fox, Thomas, Haig, Pearson.
2. Horizontal Bar
Eliason, Bloch, Roe, Williams, Brunker, Fortiner and McConner, of Penn; Duerr, Jones, Spiers, Dean, Haig and Morris, of Haverford.
3. High HorseHaverford
Garrett, Jones, Winslow, C. C. Morris, H. H. Morris, Brown, Ritts.
4. Parallel BarsPenn
Eliason, Bloch, Fortiner, Williams, Brunker.
5. Club SwingingHaverford
Philips, Cookman, Scott, Cadbury, Bonbright, Kratz, Evans, Spiers, Downing.
6. Baton SwingingPenn
Tomlinson.

MUSIC.

1. Club SwingingPenn
Hildebrand, Somerset.
2. BoxingPenn
3. Torch SwingingHaverford
Philips.
4. Parallel BarsPenn
Eliason, Bloch, Fortiner, Brunker, Williams, Roe.

5. Tumbling Haverford
Seiler, Jones, Garrett, G. H. Thomas, J. R. Thomas, Duerr, Grant.

Haverford-Lehigh Meet.

The Haverford team met the Lehigh team in the gymnasium of Lehigh University on March 15th. The contest started with a gloomy aspect for the visitors, but when the end was reached the second tie of the season had been scored. Only the regular inter-collegiate events were on the program with first, second and third places, counting five, three and one points respectively. The banner was won by Lehigh on a toss up. The judges were R. S. Taylor, of Bethlehem; W. H. Rogers, of Mauch Chunk, and W. J. Cromil, of Easton, Pa. Summary:

1. Horizontal Bar—Won by Terry of Lehigh; second, Duerr, of Haverford; third, Evans, of Lehigh; Jones, Haig, of Haverford.
2. Side Horse—Won by Lord, of Lehigh; Second, Garrett, of Haverford; third, Fuller, of Lehigh; Brown, Thomas, of Haverford, Mervaine, of Lehigh.
3. Tumbling—Won by Seiler of Haverford; second, Erb, of Lehigh; third, Garrett, of Haverford; Isert, of Lehigh; Drinker, of Haverford.
4. Club Swinging—Won by Lord, of Lehigh; second, Philips, of Haverford; third, Bruner, of Lehigh; Bonbright, C. Evans, of Haverford; Seipt, of Lehigh.
5. Flying Rings—Won by Terry, of Lehigh; second, Duerr; third, Morris, of Haverford; Erb, Esponda, of Lehigh; Haig, of Haverford.
6. Parallel Bars—Won by Garrett; second, Brown, of Haverford; third, Terry, of Lehigh; Fuller, Farabaugh, of Lehigh; Fox, of Haverford.

Score 27 to 27.

Inter-Collegiate Meet.

At the annual meet of I. C. A. A. G. held in Philadelphia March 21st, Haverford was represented as follows:

Parallel Bars, S. Brown, '02, and G. S. Garrett, '02. Side Horse, S. Brown, '02, and G. S. Garrett, '02. Rings, O. E. Duerr, '03, and C. R. Haig, '04. Club Swinging, W. P. Philips, '02; H. J. Cadbury, '03, and W. P. Bonbright, '04. In this last event Philips won second place, thus winning for Haverford sixth place in the meet.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Chess Team has played several matches with varying success.

Dr. Brown kindly gave the team some preliminary practice by playing seven boards simultaneously against them. The team won four games out of the seven. A week later the West Philadelphia club defeated Haverford by the score of 3 1-2 to 2 1-2. The following week Haverford defeated the Gambit club 5 to 1. An eight board match will be played with the University of Pennsylvania, and a four board match with Drexel Institute. A Round Robin Tourney is at present being played to determine the standing of the players.

On February 15th the Association Foot-ball Team defeated the hitherto unconquered Belmont eleven by the score of 1 to 0. The field was covered with ice, which rendered accurate playing very difficult. This victory leaves Haverford with a final record of 4 games won and 1 lost.

During the last month the Y. M. C. A. has been three times addressed by members of the alumni, the speakers being Prof. W. W. Comfort, '94, Mr. R. J. Burdette, Jr., '00, and Mr. R. H. Patton, '01.

The gymnasium emblems have been officially awarded to Brown, '02; Jones, '02; Garrett, '02; Seiler, '02; Phillips, '02; Duerr, '03, and Haig, '04.

The broken trees on the college grounds are rapidly being put in order by a skilled company. The grounds now present a much better appearance, as most of the debris has been removed.

Outdoor cricket practice has been begun, the candidates being divided into five fielding squads, as follows:

1st XI—Wood, '02, (Capt.); Cookman, '02; Gummere, '02; Roberts, '02; Scott, '02; Drinker, '03; C. C. Morris, '04; H. H. Morris, '04; Pearson, '05.

2nd XI. (A)—W. E. Cadbury, '01, (Capt.); S. Brown, '02; Cary, '02; Longstreth, '02; Garrett, '02; Stork, '02; Bevan, '04; Folwell, '04; Kimber, '04; Lowry, '04; Thorn, '04.

2nd XI. (B)—Trout, '02, (Capt.); E. W. Evans, '02; Spiers, '02; S. P. Jones, '02; Bonbright, '04; G. H. Thomas, '02; Haig, '04; Stokes, '04; Hopkins, '05; Peirce, '05; Priestman, '05; E. M. Evans, '05.

3rd XI.—Duerr, '03, (Capt.); Seiler, '02; H. J. Cadbury, '03; Peirce, '03; H. H. Cookman, '05; Downing, '05; Boher, '05; Libby, '05; Wheeler, '05; Winslow, '05; Spaeth, '05.

Extra 3d XI.—Wistar, '02, (Capt.); Barr, '03; Bradley, '04; Burgess, '04; Helbert, '04; Hilles, '04; Lester, '04; Megear, '04; West, '04; Wills, '04; Ritts, '05.

Athletic Outlook.

THE Spring Sports will be held this Spring on two separate days: Trials, Saturday, April 12th, at 2 p. m., and finals, Friday, May 9th, at 3 p. m.

Prizes will be awarded as follows:

(1) A banner to the class showing the best and most conscientious work from the beginning of training, Tuesday, March 18th to Saturday, April 12th, (daily work from 4 to 5:45, except Saturdays and Sundays).

(2) A silver cup to the individual doing the best and most conscientious work during the same period.

(3) A pewter cup to each man winning a first in any final heat in the spring sports.

(4) A loving cup to the class winning the most points.

(5) A cup to the class winning the Relay Races on Wednesday, April 9th.

The following events will probably be contested in the Spring sports:

One mile run, half mile run, quarter mile run, 220 yard dash, 100 yard dash, 120 yard hurdle, 220 yard hurdle, putting shot, throwing hammer, throwing cricket ball, kicking foot-ball, high jump, running broad jump, standing broad jump.

The inter-class competitions will serve as a criterion for selecting contestants in the dual meet with Lehigh University, held at Haverford, and in the regular inter-collegiate meets.

R. J. Ross, '02; J. K. Worthington, '03; C. C. Morris, '04; T. F. Bausman, '05, have been chosen captains of their respective class teams.

W. W. Pusey, 2nd, '02, Manager.

EXCHANGES.

THIS month's crop of exchanges is singularly fruitful of literary articles. Some of these exhibit a suspicious lack of originality. More enjoyable and at least as profitable reading are the short stories. Worthy of especial praise is "Castle and Company, Love Makers," in the *Nassau Lit.*

Three or four of our exchanges devote considerable space to accounts of the Student Volunteer Convention at Toronto.

In the *Uppingham School Magazine*, one of our English exchanges, there is a very clever Latin versification of Cardinal Newman's famous hymn, "Lead Kindly Light."

In the *Delaware College Review* there is a story called "Retribution." Prominent among the *dramatis personae* of this thrilling tale are "the most beautiful girl that ever walked this earth," a lunatic, and two black panthers. The hackneyed trick of having phantoms continually pursue the unpunished criminal is resorted to. While the story is not without a certain sort of interest, it would be better placed in some such periodical as the "Fireside Companion" than among the so-called "literary articles" of a college paper.

The *Viatorian* contains two articles of considerable interest, one on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and another on the Spanish Inquisition, in which the author endeavors to shift the blame from Rome to the Spanish Government.

The *Dickinson Lit.* comments favorably on the last issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN. A note of appreciation from this source is very welcome.

The *Earlhamite* has devoted an entire number to debating. While we recognize that to have won an Inter-State Debate is something of an achievement we really think that some of the breezy self-laudation might well have been omitted. We are forcefully reminded of the scriptural injunction, "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

Will some disinterested exchange editor please explain what it is that Columbia has against the Barnard Maids? For many months these unfortunate persons have served for the *piece de resistance* of the Jester's sarcasm; and as yet no counter blast has made its appearance. Have the *dear girls* really nothing to say in their own defense?

The *Bucknell Mirror* comments on the lack of literature about college life in its exchanges. This same number of the *Mirror* contains one story, one literary article and two poems. In none of these is there the slightest mention of college life.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the Lecturer, "on those sultry days of July 2d and 3d thousands of Union and Confederate men were slain—"

"Awfully warm weather for slaying," remarked the Fresh Youth in the front row.—Ex.

Assistant—Why were you late to your last conference, Mr. Baskinson?

Baskinson—I overslept, sir.

Assistant (with ghoulisn glee)—Overslept! Allow me to inform you that your conference was set for 1:30.

Baskinson—Yes, sir, but I had a philosophy lecture at 12.—Ex.

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THE
HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIV, No. 3

MAY, 1902

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IT again becomes our sad duty to record the death of one of Haverford's very loyal alumni. Benjamin H. Lowry was an example to us all, not only in his devotion to the college, but also in the high ideals which he maintained in the profession to which he belonged. Very fortunately he phrased these ideals in words before his death in an address which he delivered before the Alumni Association last February, and no eulogy from the pen of another could be more fitting than this expression by himself of the high standards that he lived under all his life. Therefore, besides the regular obituary note, we are glad to be able to insert this address in full, and would commend it to the consideration of all his fellow-

collegians, who look forward to a like career.

WHATEVER other knowledge the college man may acquire, he usually learns pretty well how to loaf. Not that he spends too many hours in the company of his comrades; for a friendly chat with a class or college-mate often results in a mutual broadening of characters. But it is those hours of exclusive meditation, from which ninety-nine times in a hundred, he arrives at no conclusion, and remains only more dissatisfied with himself than before. How much better that time were spent, would he pick up almost any book or paper and explore its pages. Or, if he be tired of books, let him sit at his desk and write an extract containing the gem thoughts of the last he read. However light the reading may have been, he will find some aspect true to life in it. And there can be no better way of impressing them upon himself than by writing them on paper. He will have to form the sentences containing these thoughts, and the sentences he forms will always be more forcible to himself than any he may read. It is a time-worn saying that the proper book is the best companion for our weary hours. But we never know which the proper book is until we have read it. It may be a matter of chance, but the odds are in our favor. Some one has said, in substance, that books are the means of telling their readers in a short time what it has taken their authors years to learn. Those books that tell of experiences like our own naturally have the greatest interest to us, but the truly energetic mind is always seeking something new.

THE annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, on April 9th, marked the close of a most successful year. As shown by the President's Report, which we print elsewhere, the work of the association has been steadily progressing along its many lines of interest. The mission work, especially, has very much developed during the past year. We feel sensible of the powerful influence making for good which this organization has exerted in our midst, and of its importance as a factor in forming that type of Christian manhood which is the ideal Haverfordian. To the new cabinet, with its duties and responsibilities and cares, the progress of the past, and the status of the present predict a bright future.

THE sweet strains of the Musical Club, which have been ringing in our ears for several moons are slowly dying away, hushed by the click of the cricket bat and the more poetic music of nature. But their lingering echo serves still to recall—as we make no hesitation in declaring it—the most successful season that our good old Haverford College ever witnessed. Every kind of musical ability has been given free play. The glee club, in particular, has made itself famous, both at home and abroad. With only the reward of merit and the favor of the fair—those most fleeting and unsubstantial remunerations—the members of the clubs have striven to represent us most worthily in this field of college activity. We feel constrained on this occasion to violate both precedent and practice, and make a single personal comment in these august columns. It is to give especial mention and praise to the work of Mr. Carlino Linn Seiler, 1902, whose distinguished services in the cause of music have rarely been equalled by any one man in any college interest at Haverford. In losing him and several of his classmates the association will suf-

fer severely, but earnest effort next year will as always succeed.

PROPOS of the close of the musical season, it might be appropriate to bring forth two little ideas that have been gathering dust in one of the pigeon holes in the editorial brain—(with all due respect to the brain in this house-cleaning season). We shall not enter into any long eulogy on the power of song, such as we doubt not can be bought among the handy publications of our worthy advertisers, Hinds & Noble, but merely say a few words in favor of college singing—not select and specialized singing like that of the Glee Club, but unanimous college singing such as kindles our enthusiasm once a year for the Swarthmore game. Traditions of the alumni relate that it was their custom in the “good old days” during the long spring evenings to gather on Founders’ steps and sing over the old college songs in the fading sunset and twilight. Such a custom, could it be revived, would not only serve as a good dessert to strawberries and iced tea, but would bind more tightly the bonds of college-brotherhood and make our cup of happiness, already full, quite overflow.

The second thought, which is partly inspired by the first, is concerning a Haverford College Song Book. Generation after generation has lived and sung within our Quaker walls. Of both singers and songs some still live, while others are, we fear, almost forgotten. To collect the best songs of each period and preserve them from complete oblivion would be the duty of such a book, which, judging from our present repertoire, we doubt not, would be a very creditable one both in size and quality. For any Haverfordian there could be no dearer memento of college days than the old songs which he used to sing. These two thoughts are offered merely as sugges-

tions. The former rests only with the undergraduates, the latter would need the editorial and perhaps financial co-operation of the alumni.

JUST now at the outset of the athletic and cricket seasons it behoves us as Haverfordians to recall to our minds something of the true sporting spirit. We were told not a great while ago that "whether we lose or win the game's the thing," and whether much or little depends on it, we must show fairness to all comers. And this same fairness should not be a thing of which to boast. It should be a thing sacred and apart, seldom referred to, yet an instinctive part of our nature. Besides being fair to our opponents, we should be fair to ourselves. The fellow that plays on the third eleven should try just as hard as the fellow that stars on the first; and he should be satisfied or dissatisfied with himself only in measure as he feels that he has done or failed to do his very best. The fellow that enters a race in which he knows he cannot gain a place should stop run-

ning only when he has crossed the line. Whatever else he is, the true sportsman is never a quitter.

IN offering this month a selection of verse translations and adaptations from other languages we merely put into practice our belief that it is often more helpful for the young poet to tether his Pegasus in the narrow limits of some rich, though well grazed pasture, than to let it wander freely about in search of "fresh woods and pastures new," only to perish on the deserts of literary barrenness where "there is nothing new under the sun." Every good original thing that is written nowadays is either "borrowed," or "imitated," or "adapted," or "translated," or "plagiarized," or "stolen" from somebody else so that it may be a relief to have something which forestalls this complaint by frankly confessing its source beforehand. If they are not original, neither are these effusions "spring poetry" and they may strike a chord in the heart of the true lover of the classics.

HAVERFORD FOR PROFESSIONAL MEN.

IN order to speak on this subject, it will be necessary to enter into some definition of the two terms which compose it.

In the first place, what is Haverford? In the original outline of the plan on which Haverford was founded, we read: "The members of the Society of Friends have hitherto labored under very great disadvantages in obtaining for their children a guarded education in the higher branches of learning, combining the requisite literary instruction with a religious care over the morals and manners of the scholars"

Originally the students were confined to members of the Society of Friends,

but afterwards the benefits of Haverford were opened to all.

In the second place, who are professional men? What is a profession? A profession, as defined in the Century Dictionary, is "a vocation in which a professed knowledge of some department of science or learning is used by its practical application to affairs of others." This Dictionary further states: "Formerly theology, law and medicine were specifically known as *the professions*."

The term profession has been extended to apply to many callings. We have professional dancers, professional base ball players and tonsorial artists. While we cannot agree with all the extensions,

we would probably be united in considering teaching, music and architecture as entitled to be added to theology, law and medicine.

Now Haverford is not a University which has courses and gives degrees on professional lines. It was established to secure education in the higher branches of learning, but not a professional training. A moment's consideration will show that it could hardly have been contemplated that the students of Haverford should afterward go into *some* of the professions. No School of Divinity is known among the Quakers, and no degree from any such School is recognized by them. And while sons of Haverford have died for their country in war that conscience approved, there are very few who have adopted the army as a profession.

Then take the law: The Quakers have not had much use or sympathy for lawyers. "Now, therefore, there is utterly a fault amongst you, that ye go to law one with another." This text and the example of Nicholas Waln have been frequently quoted to the youth of Quaker descent who have contemplated entering the law as a profession. As a matter of fact, I have looked up the history of Nicholas Waln, and find that he was a well trained, intelligent young lawyer coming into a large practice when he received what he believed to be a real call to religious labor, and laid aside his profession just as he might have laid aside any business or occupation in which he was engaged. It certainly is no reflection upon the business of fishing that Peter and Andrew, at the command of their Master, "straightway left their nets and followed Him." This view is confirmed to my mind by the fact that Nicholas Waln was a man of means at the time that he received his call, and seems never to have engaged in any other active business.

Medicine did not come under a similar ban to theology and law, although many of the old worthies felt that in the pur-

suit of the study of medicine, their sons would be exposed to the influence of "corrupt principles and evil communications," and did not desire them to enter the profession. Haverford has produced a number of distinguished Doctors of Medicine, among whom may be mentioned Hartshorne, Levick, Tyson and Starr.

From the nature of the Quaker profession and the Quaker life, it is evident that the profession of teaching would naturally be most attractive to its members, and so it has proved. Haverford men are found as teachers not only in their own Alma Mater, but in Harvard University, Johns Hopkins and the University of Pennsylvania and in very many other places; and in the profession of teaching, they have taken a front rank. I will only refer as an example to what has been done at Penn Charter under Haverford leadership.

What can Quakers have to do with music? It was excluded from their worship and was not looked upon with favor in family or social life. No doubt some of you will remember the warning issued by the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting against its members going to hear "that singing woman Jane Lynd," whose musical accomplishments and gentle spirit endeared her to many of the world's people. It may be suggested that a change on this subject has come over the spirit of our dreams; for if any testimony was issued by Isaac Sharpless and John B. Garrett against the members of Haverford Meeting going to hear that singing man, David Bispham, I have not been informed of it.

The development and study of architecture in this country in the last thirty years has naturally attracted some of the later generation of Haverford graduates; and when it had a Gymnasium to build, it found a number among them whom it was glad to ask to compete for the work.

The fundamental idea of Quakerism it seems to me, was the fundamental idea

of Christianity, of the Declaration of Independence and of the cry of the French Revolution for liberty, fraternity and equality. It was the recognition of the fact that the equalities of men are very much greater than their inequalities. It was the giving of dignity and importance to the individual, no matter how humble or unlearned. Everyone was regarded as a possible minister in the Temple. Abstention from a thousand and one worldly things and moderation in all things were advocated and practised, as I believe, so that there would be as little as possible to make artificial distinctions among the members. But in avoiding Scylla, it is very difficult to escape Charybids. The feeling of being directly under Divine guidance sometimes gave confidence in an opinion formed on insufficient data and consideration. In avoiding creaturely activity, creaturely inactivity was fallen into. While the uses of wealth were limited, there was not always a limitation on its accumulation, and this may have developed an evil love of money. There was a tendency to narrowness and torpidity. The spirit of doubt and struggle and the effort for development is necessary for the race. The spirit of exclusion could not continue. The unity of all truth must be admitted. We must recognize that development may legitimately take many forms and not attempt to exclude certain realms altogether. As Emerson says:

"Always the seer is a sayer. Somehow his dream is told; somehow he publishes it with solemn joy; sometimes with pencil on canvas; sometimes with chisel on stone; sometimes in towers and aisles of granite his soul's worship is builded, sometimes in anthems or indefinite music."

In the progress of time, Haverford has greatly widened and broadened, and many of her sons have gone into the different professions. The advantage that I think Haverford has in the training it gives for a professional man is in its effort to impress upon him the fundamental truths which are the basis of

Quakerism; and into whatever field he may go afterwards, the principles which he has imbibed at Haverford will probably have a leavening influence upon him. As long as Haverford shall firmly maintain and enforce her regards for these principles, I think that she has a mission. She must be careful not to become too worldly minded, not to let the desire to be civilized overcome the desire to be saved.

In conclusion, it may not be out of place, in view of the rank which he attained in his profession, and his unflagging interest in Haverford, to refer to our late fellow member, Edward P. Allynson. It was he who conceived and brought into being the Pennsylvania Bar Association, which to-day has a very high standing and is his monument. In the course of this work, he was brought into contact with lawyers and judges from all over the State. The meeting of the Philadelphia Bar after his death was one of the most remarkable in the variety and nature of the tributes paid to him that I ever remember; and at the meeting of the Bar Association last summer, additional eulogies were delivered; among others, one by Judge Simonton, whose work as the President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Dauphin County has made his name familiar throughout the country. With your permission, I will close my remarks by quoting from this address:

"Much has been said in the press and on the platform, in recent times, on 'success in life,' and the means of attaining it; and many meanings have been put on that phrase. Very recently, too, we have read the addresses of certain gentlemen whose claim to public attention, in their own eyes even, has been the fact that they have accumulated immense fortunes; and in some instances they have more or less clearly implied that they themselves are examples of what success in life is. No doubt it may be in a sense success in life for a man to amass a large fortune, if he properly

employ it. But it is the unfortunate—would be unfortunate—if the idea should take possession of the youthful mind, as it is very apt to do, that the highest type of success is to be attained in that direction; and we need such examples as that of Mr. Allinson to counteract an influence of that kind. There

are those—and he was one of them—who believe that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth.' He had higher ideals than these. He gave his life for other things than these. And in that he set a noble example, and did a noble work."

BENJAMIN H. LOWRY, '73.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

(Concluded.)

IV.

TWO years have passed, causing great changes in two lives. After Jimmie Matthew's disappearance Esther had gradually drawn herself out of the dizzy whirl of Boston society and started to work in earnest at her violin and the art school. Somehow or other, now that there was no chance of seeing him there, all the dinners and dances seemed inexpressibly worldly and hollow. She longed with all the deep passion of her noble, womanly heart for one more laughing glance from his blue eyes. At times she could feel his strong arms around her and hear his frank, manly voice pleading for forgiveness. But he would never come again. Perhaps she had been wrong, and after all it was as much her fault as his. She knew too well that she had been far from unconscious, when he bent down and picked her up so tenderly, but then the joy of nestling close under the protection of his big sympathetic shoulders had run away with her right—but ah, it was all long past now and gone forever with the future staring at her, blank and hopeless.

As for Jimmie, he had gone out into the world with his teeth set hard for victory. His new born hatred for the over-civilized east and an inborn love for all that is glorious and uplifting in the works of nature, had led him to the Rocky Mountains. There he had settled down in a

little out of the way railroad centre and begun his long, hard struggle for success.

Alone, and without a friend within two thousand miles, life had for a time been unbearable to him. Thoughts of all he had left behind almost drove him crazy, but he was not the man to put his hand to the plow and then turn back. With his college education to help him, he had climbed by slow degrees from rubbing down the great, sweating engines, when they returned to the round-house, to the position of fireman, until after two years hard struggle he had at last been made driver. His success had seemed wonderful to him and he often thought that perhaps he had an unknown friend helping him along, but, as he remarked to his fireman, "as long as things keep coming my way, I'm not going to raise a kick." It is true that some of the older men had looked rather jealously at his rapid promotion, but he had a lovable disposition, so they slapped him on the back in their hearty western way and wished him luck.

At last one evening in June, when he returned home a letter was waiting for him from his guardian. It was business like and to the point and read as follows:

New York, June 13, 1901.

My Dear James:—

I sincerely hope by this time you have come to know that a young man of twenty-four is not always blessed with an over-supply of common sense. It took me just three months to find out where you had hidden yourself and after careful consideration, I decided to let you have your fling, just to see what kind of stuff you were made of. I am glad to see that you are

not afraid of hard work. Some of the managers of your division, who are friends of mine, have kept their eyes on you for the last year and all their reports concerning your work have been decidedly favorable. But my dear boy this has got to stop. You know as well as I that your father would never have been satisfied to have you spend your life pulling trains across Colorado. If you will come East and report at my New York office some time next week, I can offer you a position on a new line we are building through the Southern West, where we can make use of your educated, practical knowledge of engines and you can perhaps find something to do with the cold six thousand dollars which would be your salary for the first year. It may be of interest to you to know that your friend, Miss Newbold, has left with the Clarks on their private car to make a tour of the West. Your old room-mate told me she has not been well lately.

Your Guardian,
KARL E. MASON.

P. S. If you don't come East next week, you can expect me in Opal the week following.
K. E. M."

Jimmie slowly read this letter through three times, and then leaned back in his chair and smiled sadly. Then he reached over to his bureau, took a picture off it, and looked at it steadily for five long minutes, until finally he turned it over and read something written in pencil on one of his cards pasted on the back. He shut his eyes and puffed silently at his pipe. He could see her just as clearly as though she stood before him, her head thrown back with the great black eyes flashing proudly, and then those cold bitter words came ringing in his ears, "Mr. Mathews, if I ever want any help from you, I shall ask it."

"And yet they say love can die," he murmured.

Just then a knock on the door brought him back to life. A man of about thirty-five years entered clad in dirty overalls and with his face black with coal dust. Jimmie stuffed the letter in his pocket and stood up.

"Hello, Charlie! What's up now? The Old Iron Clad didn't break down again did she?"

"Oh no. She's all right. But I've got bad news for you. Sam Wells has something the matter with his heart, so the

old man told me to come up here and tell you you'll have to take No. 83 to-night."

"The devil he did!" said Jimmie, as he picked up his hat and went out with him, "he must think I like nothing better than working overtime. Charlie's not bad is he?"

"I don't know, this is the second time he's had it now. I'm afraid it will take him off some day. Well, I guess I'll turn off here. Good night old man."

"Good night."

When Jimmie reached the round house his fireman had everything ready, so they backed out and down below the station for water. The tank was almost full when the express came coasting slowly in, with a long line of coaches trailing out behind.

"About ready, Ned? You know we've got to be coupled up and out of here in——"

Jimmie had looked up carelessly as the Pullmans rolled by almost within arm's length. As the last one drew near he noticed that it had steel rails and on the front platform a party of young people were laughing around a box of candy. One of the girls sat with her back partially turned to the rest, looking out silently at the queer little town. But Jimmie had seen enough to know who it was. As the car swung past he leaned down out of sight to pick up a piece of waste and heard one of the girls say:

"Esther, don't you want some——" and they were twenty yards off and stopping at the station.

"All right! She's running over. Let her go Jimmie." He backed down and coupled up, more from force of habit than anything else. He could hear the ocean roaring in his ears. Just as they were going to start, the yard master came running up.

"Jimmie, those snobs on the private car have an order from the general superintendent for two of them to ride on the engine with you from "Haply" to "Sixford." I thought I'd tell you so you'd be ready for them. Guess you're

going to have a black night of it."

Jimmie was thinking too hard to answer. It was half an hour's ride to Haply, and an hour and a quarter from Haply to Sixford.

V.

The long train started off slowly, gradually gaining speed as it drew out of the yard on to the long, level stretch of plain extending to the base of the mountains barely discernible in the fading twilight. Jimmie leaned out the cab window and drew in long breaths of the pure night air. He was getting his nerve back. To think that the girl he had come all the way to Colorado to avoid, was within a hundred yards of him and would be for the next three hundred miles.

"This little game they call life's a queer thing," he said to himself as he took his hand off the air-brake to blow two short whistles for a crossing.

His fireman swung up along side him.

"There aint going to be room for more than one of them on my side. I guess you'll have to put the other up in front of you."

"All right. But they'll have to keep still. We can't have them fussing around here in our way. Something might happen."

The fireman climbed down again and Jimmie put on brakes for Haply. As they came to a stop he went forward to oil up, just as a tall girl and a square built young fellow came hurrying up over the cinders from the rear. As they passed the baggage car the light from the windows fell full on them. It was Billie Peters, Jimmie's chum at Harvard, and Esther Newbold. The fireman was waiting at the steps to receive them. Jimmie in a kind of dream heard the old familiar voice ask:

"I beg your pardon but are you the engineer?"

"No, sir. He's up front, but it's all right. We got our orders about you before we started. Climb up please, we can't wait long."

"All right, Esther! Up you go! That's

right. Now, where do you want us?"

"You come over here with me, sir. And you, Miss, get up front on the other side. There you are. Now stay still please."

Jimmie's hand trembled so that he dropped the oil can. He wanted to run off up the mountain side and hide himself in the darkness, but just then he heard a short, sharp "fsist," the starting signal, and the instinct of duty called him back. With a tug of his right arm he was standing on the steel floor in the full light of the engine lanterns. Billy was so occupied asking questions and trying to make himself comfortable that he didn't notice him, but Esther, with a woman's curiosity, glanced down over her shoulder. Before she could see him clearly he was up behind her and with a shove had thrown back the reversing lever and had opened the throttle. In doing so he hit her a hard blow on the arm. She looked round. Jimmy had suddenly become his old cool, self-possessed self and said quite naturally:

"I beg your pardon, but I had to start when I got the signal."

She drew back blushing to the eyes. The engine roared on up the mountain side through the rain, which was falling in great, warm drops. On the other side of the high boiler, they could catch a murmur of men's voices, mingled with the strange groans and creaks of an engine running at full speed.

Esther had turned round again, and was looking at the bright rails stretching ahead of them. She felt sick and faint. As for Jimmie, the dark hair waving in front of him was having its old effect, so that the fingers of his left hand twitched nervously over the cold steel. In a dim, hazy way he began to think that perhaps she hadn't recognized him after all, so he decided to try and live it through on his nerve.

"Ever ride on an engine before?" he asked, with his voice harsh and unnatural.

"No. I suppose you've been doing it all your life."

"Almost. I've been on this line about twenty years now."

"Did you ever run over anybody?"

"Yes. At this next crossing we're coming to. A young fellow and a girl in a sleigh. It killed him dead, but they say she's all right now."

Esther started again and Jimmie smiled to himself in the darkness.

"Heart feel funny?" he asked. "The high air does that. Mine used to be that way when I first came out here."

He knew she was looking at him but the light only showed the outline of his left arm. Just then he heard the grate of a shovel on coal, so he shut his teeth and looked over his shoulder.

With a ringing clash the door of the fire box flew open and a broad beam of light lit up the whole interior of the cab. Esther's eyes opened wider and wider as she stared at him. All she could say was, "Jimmie, Jimmie, I knew it was you," and then they were left in the darkness again.

A long silence followed, broken only by the roar of the engine as it raced by the stations, and the distant hooting of tree-owls. The rain had ceased and every now and then the moon shone brightly out and then disappeared again

behind the hurrying clouds. Two or three times Esther had started to speak but faltered and remained silent. At last she broke out with a barely perceptible tremble in her voice.

"Jimmie, two years ago you came to my house to ask my pardon for something that was as much my fault as yours, and I acted as no lady should. If you only knew how I've suffered I know you'd forgive me. Can't you do it now and think of me as——" and she began to cry silently.

"Ah Esther, don't, please don't. It was all my fault, and for these two long years you've been the one thought of my life. I tried to forget you but I couldn't. You've been with me day and night, sometimes laughing in your old sweet way and then again still, and proud, telling me to make a man of myself. And it's always been you, only you. Esther, I've found life's not worth living unless you're near. You won't ever send me away again, will you?"

For answer she smiled up at him through her tears and said softly:

"Jimmie, I think it would be perfectly proper for you to kiss me now."

J. B. D., '03.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE Y. M. C. A.

WE have striven earnestly, enthusiastically and persistently to do the work that God has given us, and above all we have tried to bring into Haverford life more of the spirit and mind of Christ. Never before has a Cabinet had such a high standard to live up to, as was set by its predecessor. But never before has the student body united so loyally and helpfully in aiding in this phase of Haverford life.

Our policy this year, with two or three exceptions, has been exactly the same as last year. Religious meetings have been held every Sunday and Wednesday evening during the months of the college year. While the average attendance

has been somewhat higher than last year, nevertheless we do not wish to make any comparison, but simply to testify to the especial help which many of us have received from these meetings. Besides the regular student leaders we have been very fortunate in getting many interesting outside speakers: President Sharpless, Mr. Comfort, Dr. Charles Wood, Dr. Floyd Tompkins, Mr. Beach, Education Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement; Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mr. Miller, Student Secretary for Pennsylvania, and quite a number of our loyal alumni. Our Sunday evening meetings have, perhaps, been more interesting this year, because of their variety. We have,

once in three weeks, asked one of the interested Alumni to address the meeting, and have found this innovation of great benefit.

Four Bible classes, with student leaders, have been conducted weekly. The total enrollment is 96, and the average attendance is 69. These classes have taken the course of study laid out by the International Committee. The Seniors have been studying a new course this year, "The Teaching of Jesus and His Apostles;" the Juniors, "Old Testament Characters," paying especial attention to character building; the Sophomores, "Studies in the Acts and the Epistles," and the Freshmen, "The Life of Christ."

The Missionary Department of the Association, both in the home and foreign field, has done by far the most energetic work. The Mission Study Class has continued its meeting this year with an interest unknown before in its history. The books studied have been of unusual interest and this in part accounts for the increase in attendance. The books studied have been: "Introduction to the Study of Missions," by Lawrence, and "The Geography and Atlas of Protestant Missions," by Mr. Beach. At a meeting held on Thursday, December 12th, led by Mr. Beach, \$210 was promised to Foreign Missions and since that time \$48.41 more has been promised. We expect to give about \$100 to Bible Readers in India and Japan, and \$100 to the school in Ramallah, Syria.

But our efforts have not been only in the foreign field. Realizing that as we help others so we shall be helped ourselves, we have taken up several branches of Home Mission work.

We have taken charge of the Sunday evening meetings of the Galilee Mission, at Ninth and Vine streets, and we realize as never before how much this means not only to some of the men whom we see from time to time turning from a life of sin and vice to one of Christian manhood, but we also feel that it has put be-

fore our Y. M. C. A. a higher ideal and gives us more the spirit of Christ, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

Through the efforts of some of our earnest Alumni a small gymnasium was started at 922 Locust street, and during the fall we became much interested and decided to help in every possible way. One of our fellows has taken charge of the drills and the shower-bath afterwards (which is a very necessary feature), one evening each week. As a Cabinet we want to emphasize this part of the work, and to recommend that it be carried on to its fullest extent.

Toward the end of the foot-ball season several of the fellows became interested in the Christian Endeavor Society at Coopertown, and the Cabinet decided to give its support to the work. We regret very much that the fellows have not taken more interest in this work, but we sincerely hope that the interest may grow, and that in coming years this work may be a great blessing to the Y. M. C. A. Those of us who have gone to Coopertown have not been at all discouraged by the results. We have tried to bring before the people a deeper feeling of personal responsibility, and in so doing we have found ourselves wonderfully helped.

Several weeks ago we were asked if we would take charge of the Sunday evening meetings at Preston. It was only after considerable thought and discussion that the Cabinet decided to add one more department to its already large store. We feel we have been very fully justified in our decision, and we recognize what a splendid opportunity it is to do some work at our very door.

The finances of the Association have always been its weakest point, but this is not the only Association that needs money. Through the excellent management of the Finance Committee the Y. M. C. A. has been enabled to spend much more money than usual and still come out with a creditable showing.

Our Room Committee has done all in their power to make our meeting room comfortable, but it is too small for our present needs. We should like to suggest an enlargement, if possible, in the coming year.

As was urged by last year's Cabinet, we have striven to be well represented at the different conventions. Our Association was represented by fifteen delegates at Northfield last summer, and we hope this year for a still larger crowd. The results of such a convention can only be seen in character. The effect of those happy days spent on the hills of Northfield can never be estimated, except as we see the careless vacillating, unconcerned fellow turning into the energetic, rock-like Christian man.

At the State Convention, at Warren, held during February, we were represented by three delegates. The report of these men gave us a great impetus to do more real personal work, and let us see the great work which is being done in this State alone.

The Student Volunteer Convention, which meets once in four years, held its session at Toronto, from February 26th until March 2nd, to which we sent three men. This was one of the greatest conventions of its kind ever held, and three thousand students, with such visions of the world's need before their eyes, with such calls from the Lord sounding in their ears and with such a passion for Christ, stirring their hearts cannot disperse among the colleges without bringing things to pass. Many of us have no doubt gotten an entirely wrong idea of missions, and especially of this Convention. Let me quote what Dean Sanders, of Yale University, said: "The Toronto conference was memorable for breadth, dignity, earnestness without emotionalism and impressiveness. It brought to a host of students a fuller sense of their personal responsibility for the up-building and extension of God's Kingdom, who would otherwise have been satisfied by a conventional recognition of

their obligation. Every effort was made to keep out all that was spectacular, that Christ and His Work alone should be seen." We are very thankful as an Association that we had a share in such a conference, and we feel that our representatives have brought home with them impressions which will not die, but bear much fruit in years to come.

There are two or three lines along which the Y. M. C. A. has branched out this year, and which we especially wish to emphasize. The Fall Campaign Committee, when its duties were over, instead of being discharged, was continued as the Membership Committee. Surely no committee is so well fitted for a Membership Committee as this one, which presents the purpose and design of the Christian Association to the new men and solicits their help and support. Through the co-operation of the Athletic Annual we have this year, for the first time, made an effort to start the publication of a Year Book. While this book leaves much to be desired, because of lack of money, and while it is far short of many other colleges, yet we feel it is a step in the right direction. We hope that in coming years this may grow and be a source of great benefit to the Association and its influence. Last of all, we want to urge very strongly the importance of our Home Mission work. We have undertaken a number of branches, and yet we feel the great help it has been; for it is only as we do for others that we come to realize our fullest and highest self and learn what real unselfish, Christ-like manhood means.

We feel that the Association has this year made a great gain in getting more of the spirit of helpfulness and unselfishness, into its work, and we earnestly trust "that forgetting those things that are behind and reaching to those which are before we may press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

The Christian Association has a great future before it, and yet the only suc-

cess lies through collective and individual support. That the coming years will be the most successful ones in its history we have no doubt, and we humbly

pray for God's richest blessing on the administration and its work.

A. S. COOKMAN, President.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless)

THE following regulations relative to the choice of electives have been made by the Faculty:—

1. The Registrar is directed to prepare a printed schedule of classes for the required courses and the larger electives before Fourth month, 15th, in which he shall place as many large classes as possible in the Seventh day morning hours.

2. All students must regulate their choice of electives in conformity with this schedule.

3. All students must hand in a list of their electives by Fifth month, 15th. The Freshmen, before giving these lists to the Registrar, shall submit them to the President with some general indication of the line or lines of study they expect to follow in the Junior and Senior years. The President will advise them personally, or will refer them to interested professors.

4. The Registrar is directed to prepare the complete schedule of classes by Sixth month, first.

5. Any changes which students may desire to make after Fifth month, 15th must be made in accordance with this complete schedule, and reported to the Registrar. No change of electives shall be permitted after the opening of College, except by permission of the Faculty.

6. The President shall appoint annually from six to eight members of the Faculty, to each of whom, at the beginning of the year, he shall assign a group of Freshmen. It shall be the duty of these professors to cultivate intimate relations with the students assigned to them, and to assist them in any way possible.

The appeal for money to put our trees in order after the sleet storm brought in about \$650, which has all been spent. The Arbor Day exercises of the Penn-

sylvania Forestry Association on our grounds brought with them a present of about twenty-five valuable trees from Stuart Wood.

The Haverford fellowship for 1902-3 has been awarded to William Pyle Philips, of West Chester. This fellowship—the highest honor open to the Senior class—is of the value of \$500, the holder being required to spend a year in post-graduate study in some American or foreign university. In his Junior year Mr. Philips was awarded the Alumni prize for composition and oratory, and during his Senior year he has been editor-in-chief of THE HAVERFORDIAN. His principal studies have been English, German and French. An additional Fellowship of \$500 has been provided by a friend for next year and has been awarded by the Faculty to Edgar Earl Trout.

The class of 1890 proposes to place in the corner of Walton Field a memorial stone to their classmate, Ernest F. Walton. It will be a large boulder, on which will be a tablet with a suitable inscription, "Walton Field," followed by a statement that to him the original construction of the field was largely due.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

1900 Reunion.

ONE by one on the afternoon of Saturday, April 19th, members of the class of 1900 could be seen coming across the lawn toward Lloyd

Hall. Those that came before the hour set for the class meeting amused themselves with the cricket ball, or with races and "stunts" in the gymnasium, and with a glorious swim. As it grew dark there

was a general move to Lloyd Hall. Here President Cope called the class to order for a short meeting. The most important business transacted was the decision of the class to take care of one of the alcoves in the wing of the Library shortly to be built.

Soon after 7:30 twenty members sat down to the second class dinner, and a most enjoyable dinner it proved, too, in more ways than one. Between the courses, there was hearty singing of the songs that we all used to sing, and then when the coffee was passed around and cigars began to glow, the Toastmaster, Frank Cope, arose and spoke to class seriously for a few minutes. With much feeling he urged upon those about him the necessity of throwing one's whole soul into the work that he undertakes, and of keeping to the high ideals with which Haverford has richly endowed us. Then in more humorous vein he called upon the next speaker, W. W. Allen, who told of his varied experiences with "Fairies and Ferries." Abram G. Tatnall responded to the next toast on "Recollections of Freshman Year."

Various members of the class were then called upon for speeches; there were songs and college cheers, and class cheers and more songs. We finally adjourned to Lloyd Hall, where Howson sang some fine old songs, and Drinker gave us some good classical piano music, and Burdette read a poem, commemorating the "Reunion," all of which were greatly enjoyed. Only too soon did the time come for some of the members to leave for their homes. Ten of the class stayed over night, and before the lights went out we managed to have a fine swim in the gymnasium pool, which Mr. Collins had kindly had filled and warmed for us. Next morning the Sunday Breakfast Association met as of old, and cooked eggs and made chocolate.

The whole reunion was a great success, and served to make firmer than ever the ties of friendship in the class. Those present were C. J. and W. W.

Allen, Burdette, C. H. and J. P. Carter, Cope, Drinker, Emlen, Eshleman, Feibiger, Hallet, Howson, Jenks, Justice Levick, Lloyd, Mifflin, Moorhouse, Sharpless and Tatnall.

H. H. JENKS, Secretary.

Notes.

'73. Benjamin Howard Lowry was born in Philadelphia, on November 4th, 1855, the son of John Stroud Lowry and Elizabeth Collins Stokes. He entered Haverford in 1870, graduating with the class of 1873, and acting as their valedictorian. He studied law under James E. Gowen, and was admitted to the Bar in 1876. The same year he received the degree of A. M. from his Alma Mater. For over a quarter of a century he has been actively engaged in his chosen profession, where he was distinguished for his ability and high moral principles. He was always connected with the college through the Alumni Association, of which he was sometime treasurer, and in 1891 gave the annual oration of that body, his subject being "The Single Tax." He was a member of the Bar Association and Art Club, of Philadelphia. He was never married. He died of heart failure, on April 13th, 1902, in the 47th year of his age.

'85. Rufus M. Jones delivered the Founders' Lecture at Bryn Mawr College on May 1st. The subject was "The Quaker Idea of Man."

'88. Joseph E. Johnson, Jr., and Miss Margaret Hill Hilles, were married on April 24th, at Wilmington, Del. After a trip to Southern Europe they will reside at Longdale, Va.

'88. Charles R. Wood and Miss Voorhees were married in Philadelphia, on April 28th.

'90. George T. Butler has announced his engagement to Miss Reed, of Media, Pa.

'91. Arthur Hoopes has announced his engagement to Miss Christine Lip-pert, of Phoenixville, Pa.

'97. George M. Palmer and Miss Marian Rogers were married at Moores-town, N. J., on April 16th. Benjamin R. Hoffman, '97, and Frank W. Thacher, '97, were ushers.

'98. The engagement is announced of Morris B. Dean to Miss Helen Marion Cram, of Detroit, Mich.

'98. Walter C. Janney was in Phila-delphia from April 20th to May 7th, when he returned to Ten Sleep, Wyo., where he is in the ranching business.

'98. A letter from Fred. A. Swar informs us that his copper mines near Las Palomas, New Mexico, are being successfully operated, and that he is working hard and prospering.

'98. Francis R. Strawbridge and Miss Anna Estes Hacker were married in Germantown Friends' Meeting, on April 30th. W. J. Strawbridge, '94, was best man, and the following were among the ushers: W. G. Rhoads, ex-'97; J. H. Haines, '98; W. C. Janney, '98; J. S. Jenks, Jr., ex-'98; A. G. Scattergood, '98; T. Wistar, '98, and W. W. Justice, Jr., '00. Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge will live at 646 Westview street, Upsal Sta-tion, Germantown.

Ex-98. Harold P. Moon has been ap-pointed one of the Assistants in the City Solicitor's office, Philadelphia.

Ex-'98. C. A. Towle is now prin-cipal of Gorham (N. H.) High School.

Ex-'99. Clarence M. Baedenkopf and Miss Grace A. O'Neill were mar-ried at Wilmington, Del., on April 22d.

'00. The following notes are gleaned from the 1900 class letter:

W. B. Bell is still at the Columbia Law School, where he has been elected editor of the *Columbia Law Review* and Vice President of his class.

C. H. Carter, after passing his mid-years at Harvard, "with some credit" i. e., a straight "A," is now practicing cricket expecting to receive his A. M. in June. He is a member of the Modern Language Conference and of the Gradu-ate Club.

E. D. Freeman has charge of the Transfer Department of the Atlantic Coast Lumber Co., at Georgetown, S. C.

H. H. Jenks expects to spend the summer travelling in Europe.

H. H. Kingston, Jr., has been pro-moted to the position of City Passenger Agent of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, with headquarters at Rochester, N. Y.

J. A. Logan, Jr. sailed for Manila on April 15th. He expects to be absent two years.

F. E. Lutz has been appointed Ento-mologist at the Laboratory of the Brook-lyn Institute, situated at Cold Spring, for the coming summer.

Moses Marshall, having passed his State Bar Examination, is practicing law at Lawrence, Mass.

Daniel Miller has left Townsend Whelen & Co., and is treasurer of a com-pany that manufactures boat propellers.

H. H. Stuart is cashier and a stock owner of the Duluth Elevator Co., Min-neapolis, Minn.

E. B. Taylor, Jr. has been transferred to the Allegheny Track Elevation of the P. F. W. & C. R. R.

L. H. White is Business Manager and English Editor of *El Pais*, the of-ficial newspaper of the Republican Party of Porto Rico. His address is 19 Allen Street, San Juan, P. R.

ECHOES.

The Eagle.

(Bacchilides II, 16-30.)

The mighty eagle cleaves the upper air,
 Swift soaring to the clouds on tawny wing,
 The trusted messenger with strength endowed,
 To do the will of heaven's thunderous king.
 The songbirds cower beneath him in the vale,
 For not the highest crest of mountains steep
 Can stay his flight, nor yet the broad expanse
 Of tireless waves that foam upon the deep.
 Through the sheer void he holds his steady course,
 Poised with soft-feathered pinions wide outspread,
 While men below gaze up in wonderment,
 At this conspicuous portent overhead.
 C. W. S., '02.

Sappho CXXXVII.

To die is evil, so the gods
 Have deemed it, and live on:
 Were death a good, we judge the gods
 Would long for death's bright dawn.
 E. H. B., '02.

Catullus.

You ask how many kisses, sweet,
 Would make my cup of joy o'erflow.
 But count me first the grains of sand
 That o'er the Libyan desert blow,
 For, many as the stars of night
 That on our loves do kindly glow,
 So many kisses, fairest one,
 Would make my cup of joy o'erflow.
 C. W. S., '02.

Catullus XIII.

A royal dinner shall be thine,
 A few days hence, Fabullus;
 A royal dinner at my house,
 Unless the gods be jealous.
 A dazzling maid to catch thy eye,
 Red vintage, jollity—
 All this I promise, if but thou
 Shall bring the feast with thee.
 Do thou bring this, enchanting friend,
 Thou shalt dine well, I say.
 (Catullus' pocket-book, alas!
 Is somewhat cobwebby.)
 But in return love I'll provide,
 Inebriate, ecstatic;
 Rich ointment, wanton Cupid's gift
 To Lesbia erratic.
 A single whiff will mad thee so,
 Such rapture rouse rebellious,
 Thou'lt pray for metamorphosis,
 To nose entire, Fabullus.

W. P. P., '02.

Catullus XXXI.

Of isles and "all-but-islands," thou the gem,
 By oozy Neptune on his shoulders borne,
 Where lakes in waves of clearest crystal swim,
 Or ocean lashes promontories lorn;
 Scarce trusting the Bithynian plains behind me,
 Or that I gaze on thee, dear Sirmio,
 How gladly do I yield to silent rev'ry,
 And feast my eyes on scenes of long ago!
 O, how bequeath the soul intenser rapture
 Than home to turn our travel-weary feet,
 When, cares abandoned, for their loss the richer,
 We soothe our aching limbs in slumbers sweet!
 Reward enough is this for bygone hardship—
 Then greeting, lovely Sirmio, hail thy lord!
 Rejoice, ye Lydian waves, in gladsome worship;
 Peal out whate'er of laughter ye afford!
 W. P. P., '02.

Catullus LXX.

My dear mistress loves me so,
 She will wed no other;
 Nor could courting Jupiter,
 E'er her passion smother.
 So she says—but woman's vow
 When lover's zeal has sought her,
 Scant truce deserves; it should be writ
 In wind or running water. —W. P. P., '02.

Catullus LXXV.

Behold a mind, my Lesbia,
 By passion brought so low;
 By thy own sway so impotent,
 It ne'er may quiet know.
 Though I could ne'er respect thee, dear,
 Wert thou with virtue crowned,
 I could not love thee less, my dear,
 In vice's torrent drowned.
 W. P. P., '02.

Horace Odes I, 11.

Seek not to know, O Leuconoe,
 How long our life is yet to be;
 What end the gods may have in store;
 The fortune tellers do not bore;
 Endure whatever may befall!
 With patience, still endure it all!
 If Jove assign us winters more,
 Or now the last, upon the shore
 Breaks the wild Tyrrhenian sea,
 Against the rocks, opposing free.
 Come! strain your wine off, and be wise!
 Prune down your hopes to modest size!
 And seize the moment, while it stays!
 Put little faith in future days.—D. L. B., '04.

Horace Odes I, 17.

Why dost thou still complain, O friend, for
see

Nor I nor yet the gods do will for thee
An earlier death than mine, Maecenas, thou
Support and honor of poor, feeble me.

Ah! If untimely force should snatch away
Half of my soul, why should I still delay
The incomplete and more unworthy part?
No! Death shall come for both the self-
same day.

It is no faithless oath which I have sworn,
Where thou dost lead thro' fields of wav-
ing corn,
Or thro' dim, dark ravines, we'll go, we'll go
As comrades, even to that last dread bourne.

Not the Chimera's fire-flashing eyes,
Nor hundred handed Gyas should he rise,
Could ever tear me from my friend away;
So did great Justice and the Fates devise.
W. P. B., '04.

Chanson.

(Victor Hugo.)

If you have nothing to tell me,
Why do you linger near?
With that petulant smile and its mock'ry
That even a king might fear;
If you have nothing to tell me,
Why do you linger near?

If you have nothing to teach me,
Why do you press my hand?
Of the revery, fleeting and eery,
That angels alone command,
If you have nothing to teach me,
Why do you press my hand?

If you await my departure,
Why do you brave my sight?
At the slyest of glimpses, I flutter,
My dread, yet my eyes' delight!
If you await my departure,
Why do you brave my sight?

W. P. P., '02.

THE WAY OUT.

HE seemed a hopeless and despond-
ent creature. He had opened his
heart to a fair young girl, and
she had so thoroughly cooled
his ardor that for some time
all the beauty of "eternal fem-
ininity" could not brighten a single
ember in his breast. But a change came.
Down under the ashes of his old feelings
a hint of flame seemed to be growing
warm. He tried to, and did forget, his
first love. A year passed, and then he
met two of the most delightful creatures
Heaven ever thought of. All the aspira-
tions and pearly dreams of former years
returned with new splendor. In due
time he proposed to one of them, and
was accepted. But these two girls were
equally enticing and beautiful. Fate
will do such things, and before the sum-
mer had passed both were his promised
brides, and each of them thought the
fact a sweet, but deadly secret. Moon-
light nights beside a low-murmuring
ocean have given rise to endless complica-
tions, you know! He and the two girls
left the seashore late in September, and
his heart felt slightly relieved.

Spring came again. His "first love"

had been to Europe, and when she re-
turned what was his heart-rending sur-
prise when he received from her a neat
little note announcing her arrival!
Could it be possible that she—Gertrude
—who had once so curtly refused him—
could now ask him to call! He hesitat-
ed; then one afternoon he went to see
her with the avowed determination to be
as coolly formal and respectfully court-
eous as possible. Her first greeting scat-
tered every trace of formality broadcast
to the summer winds. They took a
stroll thro' the gardens and out over the
country hills: they gathered wild roses:
he even ventured to use up five minutes
in drawing a thorn out of her finger. She
grew so decidedly angelic during the
next few months, that he conquered all
past feelings, forgot the other two girls
he was engaged to, and at length found
that Gertrude also was his own. His
old love had returned anew with more
brilliant fervor. Engaged to three!
Phœbus!

He went home and thought it over.
Gertrude was the girl after all he had
truly loved all his life, and here at last
he had won her; her he would have! But

how in the name of Jove could he break his engagements to the other two! Again he thought it over; then he grabbed a pen and wrote two of the sweetest letters of his whole life. He addressed

them to the two girls; interchanged the envelopes and away they went! In due time various trinkets arrived at his house; and Gertrude was his forever.

E. H. B., '02.

TRIAL SPRING SPORTS.

ON Saturday morning, April 12th, were held on Walton Field, the trial spring sports, as preliminary to the annual field day. Owing to previous rainy weather, the track was quite heavy; and a chilly penetrating wind called blankets and wrappers into use. However, in spite of these unfavorable circumstances, a new record in the 220 hurdles was established by J. W. Reeder, 1902. At present the number of points won by 1902 are $17\frac{1}{2}$; by 1905, 17; by 1904, $10\frac{1}{2}$. Because of the closeness of the score, a great deal of interest is aroused as to the outcome of the finals on May 9th. The summary:

100 yard dash—First heat, won by Reeder, '02; C. C. Morris, '04, second; Lowry, '04, third. Time, 11 3-5 seconds. Second heat, won by Haviland, '04; Eshleman, '05, second, Thorn, '04, third. Time, 11 4-5 seconds.

Running broad jump—Won by Hopkins, '05, distance 18 feet 9 inches; second, Stone, '02, distance 18 feet 8 inches; third, Balderston, '02, distance 18 feet 3 inches.

Half mile run—Won by Bausman, '05; H. H. Morris, '04, second; Bushnell, '05, third. Time, 2 minutes 11 3-5 seconds.

Shot put—Won by Dennis, '02, distance 34 feet 5 inches; second, Folwell, '04, distance 32 feet 10 inches; third, Perkins, '04, 32 feet 3 inches.

220 yards hurdle—First heat, won by Reeder, '02; C. C. Morris, '04, second; Bevan, '04, third. Second heat, won by Hopkins, '05; Cookman, '02, second; Thomas, '02, third. Final heat, won by Reeder, '02; C. C. Morris, '04, second; Hopkins, '05, third. Time, 27 1-5 seconds (record time.)

Pole vault—Won by Scull, '05; S. Brown, '02, second; C. C. Morris, '04, Balderston, '02, tied for third. Height, 9 feet.

220 yards dash—First heat, won by Priestman, '05; Lowry, '04, second; Thorn, '04, third. Second heat, won by Reeder, '02; Eshleman, '05, second; H. W. Jones, '05, third.

CRICKET DEPARTMENT.

The Schedule.

FIRST ELEVEN.

April 26—Germantown I, at Manheim.
May 3—Belmont I, at Haverford.
May 10—Germantown I, at Haverford.
May 14—Philadelphia, at Wissahickon.
May 17—Merion, at Merion.
May 21—Moorestown, at Haverford.
May 24—Harvard, at Haverford.
May 29—All-scholastic, at Haverford.
May 31—Next XV, at Haverford.
June 7—U. of P., at Haverford.
June 11—Alumni, at Haverford.
June 14—Knickerbocker A. C., at Bayonne, N. J.

SECOND ELEVEN, TEAM A.

April 29—Haverford Grammar School, at Haverford.
May 3—Belmont, at Elmwood.
May 10—Germantown, at Manheim.
May 14—Team B, at Haverford.
May 17—Frankford, at Frankford.
May 21—Merion Summer, at Merion.

May 29—Third XI, at Haverford.
May 31—First XI, at Haverford.
June 11—Alumni 2d, at Haverford.

SECOND ELEVEN, TEAM B.

May 3—Overbrook, at Overbrook.
May 10—Radnor, at Wayne.
May 14—Team A, at Haverford.
May 17—Haddonfield, at Haverford.
May 21—Philadelphia Summer, at Wissahickon.
May 29—Germantown II, at Manheim.
May 31—First XI, at Haverford.
June 11—Merion Summer, at Merion.

THIRD ELEVEN.

May 2—Penn Charter, at Haverford.
May 14—Merion Juniors, at Haverford.
May 17—Central High, at Haverford.
May 20—Friends' Select School, at Haverford.
May 21—De Lancey, at Haverford.
May 28—Belmont Juniors, at Haverford.
May 29—Team A, at Haverford.
May 31—Frankford, at Haverford.

First IX vs. Germantown.

The cricket season was auspiciously opened by the first eleven at the Mannheim grounds on April 26th, when they defeated the Germantown first eleven by the score of 185 to 85. The wicket was an unusually hard and fast one for so early in the season, the ball bumping dangerously at times. The college fellows as a result of more practice were more effective both with bat and ball. Bonbright and Pearson both reached the half century mark, adding over eighty runs for the eighth wicket. The Germantown eleven was a very even one in the batting line and unfortunately had only nine men on hand to bat for them. The score follows:

HAVERFORD.

R. M. Gummere, c. Jones, b. O'Neill.....	19
W. E. Cadbury, c. Jordan, b. Dallam....	6
H. H. Morris, c. White, b. Dallam....	7
A. S. Cookman, c. Dallam, b. Jones....	5
R. L. Pearson, not out.....	59
A. C. Wood, Jr., c. & b. O'Neill.....	9
E. J. Bevan c. Dallam, b. Graves.....	2
D. A. Roberts, c. Jones, b. Graves.....	0
W. P. Bonbright, b. Jones	52
J. B. Drinker, c. Graves, b. Jones.....	8
N. A. Scott, run out.....	0
Extras	18
Total	185

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.
Dallam	78	37	0	2
O'Neill	108	53	1	2
Jones	36	15	1	3
Graves	54	36	0	2
Cauffman	12	14	0	0
White	12	12	0	0

GERMANTOWN.

F. H. Bohlen, b. Bevan.....	6
N. Z. Graves, c. & b. Bevan.....	3
A. W. Jones, b. Scott.....	11
G. R. White, c. Cadbury b. Wood.....	12
W. P. O'Neill, c. Pearson, b. Cookman.....	21
T. C. Jordan, c. Pearson, b. Wood.....	3
W. Cauffman, b. Cookman.....	22
J. Laughlin, not out.....	6
E. T. Green, b. Bevan.....	0
F. Stoer, absent	
J. L. Dallam, absent.	
Extra	1
Total	85

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.
Bevan.....	53	30	0	3
Scott	60	30	1	1

Wood	18	8	0	2
Cookman	24	16	0	2

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET:
Haverford: 15 29 36 50 64 67 72 158 170 185
Germant'n: 7 16 27 39 46 77 84 85

1904 vs. 1905.

The Sophomore-Freshman match was begun on April 16th and concluded on the 30th. Wheeler, '05, and Morris, '04, excelled with the willow, while Bevan, '04, did the best bowling. The score follows:

1905.

A. G. Priestman b. Bevan.....	0
A. H. Hopkins c. Wills b. Bevan.....	5
E. M. Evans c. Burgess b. Bonbright..	5
R. L. Pearson c. Bradley b. Bevan....	0
V. W. Wheeler b. Bonbright.....	28
H. H. Cookman c. Haig, b. Bevan.....	0
S. G. Spaeth b. Bevan.....	3
T. S. Downing b. Bevan.....	0
E. C. Pierce b. Bonbright.....	0
E. Ritts, not out.....	1
S. M. Boher b. Bonbright.....	0
Byes	4

Total

1904.

H. H. Morris b. Priestman.....	16
W. P. Bonbright b. Hopkins.....	7
E. J. Bevan, not out.....	10
P. D. Folwell, not out.....	4
H. N. Thorn, C. R. Haig, W. M. C. Kimber, W. M. Wills, D. L. Burgess, W. S. Brad- ley, J. M. Stokes, did not bat.....	0
Extras	10

Total

Notes.

As will be seen from the above schedule the first eleven has twelve games, several of which will be very hard. Games have been arranged with four of the Halifax Cup teams, while in the intercollegiate championship both University of Pennsylvania and Harvard will play on the Haverford field. The contest for the championship promises to be very close this year.

The all-scholastic game will be a new departure. The all-scholastic team will be made up of the best players from the leading preparatory schools in and around Philadelphia, and will probably be captained by an experienced player.

One of the hardest games scheduled will be that with the Knickerbocker Club

of New York on June 14. It will be the first time that the Haverford and Knickerbocker teams have met for several years.

Outdoor practice at batting was begun on March 27th, the condition of the ground being fairly good. The nets were put up for the early season on Walton Field, and as soon as the ground was sufficiently hardened were all transferred to the cricket field.

The team captains at present are: 1st XI., A. C. Wood, Jr., '02; 2nd XI. (A), W. C. Longstreth, '02; 2nd XI. (B).

Trout, '02; 3rd XI, O. E. Duerr, '03.

The classes have chosen the following captains for their respective teams, viz: D. A. Roberts, '02; J. B. Dinker, '03; C. C. Morris, '04; R. L. Pearson, '05.

The Sophomore and Freshmen teams have won all the games on their schedules except one as follows:

April 14—1904, 104; Penn Charter, 5.

April 15—1905, 78; Haverford Grammar School, 73.

April 24—1905, 136; DeLancey, 49.

April 25—1905, 148; Penn Charter, 49.

April 30—1905, 24; Central High School, 34.

May 2—1905, 38 (w'k't); Friends' Select School, 37.

PHILOMATHEAN-LOGANIAN DEBATE.

ON Friday evening, April 4th, the annual debate between the Loganian Society, of Haverford College and the Philomathean Society, of the University of Pennsylvania, took place. The subject was;—*Resolved*, That United States Senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people. The affirmative was supported by the Philomathean Society, represented by George A. Walton, Thomas D. Cope and Claude L. Roth. Opposed to them were William P. Philips, Harry A. Dominovich and Herman Newman, of the Loganian Society. President Sharpless, of Haverford College, presided, while George Burnham, Jr., J. J. McKenna and George W. Ochs acted as judges.

George A. Walton opened the debate for the affirmative. He began by displaying a huge map of the United States, on which thirty four States were painted a brilliant red, and these States, he informed the audience had all voted for popular election of Senators. He also stated that the House of Representatives had passed a resolution in favor of popular election. His next point was that a great amount of corruption was due to the present method of electing Senators, since it was such a temptation to politicians to use illegal

means of getting votes. He ended by saying that all this would be removed if the Senators were elected by the direct vote of the people. William P. Philips then arose to defend the negative. He said that the proposed reform strikes at a principal in the fundamental law of the land, and that a change would lessen the conservative force of the Senate and make it more susceptible to passing popular whims; that a conservative body was the strength of ancient governments and that such a body is the hope of every strong nation to-day. Thomas D. Cope, the next speaker for the affirmative, showed that the present system of electing caused deadlocks, and that these gave an opportunity "for minoritage to foil the purpose of a representative government." He also said that a reform would remove the choice of Senators beyond the influence of gerrymandering. He was followed by Harry A. Dominovich, who stated that a change would be unjust to the people, that bribery could be used more effectually and that we could not secure proportional representation. Claude L. Roth then finished the argument for the affirmative by a brilliantly sarcastic speech. His chief points were that the people at present have no veto on legislative action, and that the

people cannot trust the legislature. The last speech was made by Herman Newman, of the negative. He said that in case of a reform, the character of the men chosen would not be improved, that the occasion for deadlocks rests upon two rules of the Senate, and is no fault of the Constitution, and that a reform would take the election from a representative body and place it in the hands of the masses, thus placing a number of

States at the mercy of their worst element in their largest cities. Rebuttals for both sides followed, the negative trying to disprove the statement concerning gerrymandering and deadlocks, while the affirmative attacked the question of corruption and fraud being caused by a reform. After a short absence, the judges rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative, by a vote of two to one.

LECTURES.

"The Babylonian Clay Tablets."

ON Thursday, March 31st, Dr. George A. Barton, '82, lectured on the collection of Babylonian clay tablets recently acquired by the college. He gave a brief outline of the history and geography of Babylonia, and described the manufacture of the clay tablets. He also told how they are found at the present time. He fluently translated the hieroglyphs on several of the tablets. They are the records which the priests deposited in the temple enumerating the items of the gifts brought by the worshippers to the temple and fixing the date by the reigning dynasty. The shapes and sizes are various, the most common being very similar to the modern "Shredded Wheat Biscuit." The permanency of these records is far superior to our modern destructible paper. Not only are the clay tablets fire proof but in some cases they were insured against destruction by breaking by being made in two layers both of which contained the inscription, so that if the outer one was broken off the inner one would preserve the record intact.

"Patriotic Poetry."

On April 7th the distinguished editor of the Atlantic Monthly, Dr. Bliss Perry, delivered a scholarly lecture in Alumni

Hall on Patriotic Poetry. Patriotic poets, he said, record the high tides of national emotion and express national feelings in verse. It is sometimes difficult to determine whether the patriotic poem is national or merely sectional. The "Star Spangled Banner" is perhaps the best known of America's patriotic poems. War is not necessary to the production of patriotic poetry; nor, on the other hand is war-time verse perforce patriotic.

The most serious obstacle that confronts the writer of patriotic poetry is how long he should cleave to his country when he is convinced that she is in the wrong. Again, in the case of some great poets as they became patriotic their lyric power seemed to suffer. The patriotic poet who forces his gift becomes a political poet and appeals to the people through the medium of speech rather than that of song. His pride should be rooted in humility, as was the case with Shakespeare in his historical dramas.

The patriotic poet should voice great faith and great hopes. He should give expression to a wide and joyous vision. He should lead the way to loftier paths. He should breathe freely and look far. If national life is to be enduringly expressed, it must be expressed by men great enough to understand it and put it forth in simple terms.

COLLEGE NOTES.

ON April 9th the Y. M. C. A. held a meeting and reception in the new gymnasium. Dr. Jones made an address and the various committees gave their reports. In the election of officers for the ensuing year, the following were elected:

R. L. Simkin, President; S. C. Withers, Vice President; A. H. Hopkins, Corresponding Secretary; H. W. Jones, Recording Secretary; C. N. Sheldon, Treasurer.

The following chairmen of committees are also included in the cabinet:

Bible Study, H. H. Morris, '04; Missionary Committee, George Peirce, '03; Religious Meetings, J. M. Stokes, '04; Finance, C. N. Sheldon, '04; Fall Campaign and Membership, A. G. Dean, '03; Northfield, A. W. Kratz, '04; City Mission, W. P. Bonbright, '04; Coopers-town, S. C. Withers, '04; Preston, H. J. Cadbury, '03; City Gymnasium, J. B. Drinker, '03; Room, H. M. Shabacker, '04.

The Junior Exercises of the Class of 1903 were held on Wednesday, April 16th. An entertainment was given in Alumni Hall with the modest title "A Trip to Mars, or How 1903 Saved the Earth." The class was transported to the planet in search of a lost member and after finding him and amusing themselves with the "ox-eyed Martians," and otherwise celebrating, returned to the earth to sing their glory and witness the reunion of two parted lovers. Refreshments were served in the gymnasium, which had been artistically decorated for the occasion with couches, chairs, pictures and flags from the dormitories. The campus also, we understand, offered attractions to some by means, or perhaps in spite, of the illumination of hundreds of lanterns, an electric flag and an unclouded moon.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association it was decided that Haverford should not send a team to the U. of P. Relay Races on account of the races coming at the very end of the spring vacation.

The Musical Association gave two concerts, one at the New Century Drawing Rooms, Wilmington, on April 7th, and the other at the Germantown Cricket Club on April 11th. Both were well attended and successful socially, artistically and financially.

The Chess Team was defeated by the University of Pennsylvania by a score of $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ but G. H. Thomas was successful in beating Penn's best man, Mr. Pardee.

The Forestry Association held an Arbor Day celebration at the college Friday, April 4th. A meeting was held in Alumni Hall at which, among other exercises, Dr. Gummere read a poem. Some trees were planted on the campus and refreshments served in the new gymnasium.

The "Scarlet and Black" recently defeated the Grammar School Base Ball Team in a practice game.

Haverford sent several entries to the Princeton handicap games held at Princeton, N. J., on April 19th and secured third place in the whole meet by the following individual places: 120 yard hurdles, J. W. Reeder, '02, first; 220 yard hurdles, J. W. Reeder, '02, first; hammer throw, H. W. Jones, '05, third; half mile run, T. F. Bausman, '05, second, H. H. Morris, '04, third.

The receipts from the skating pond netted about \$500 this year.

EXCHANGES.

THE April number of the *Gettysburg Mercury* is worthy of especial praise, containing as it does more than one well written and scholarly article. "The Rise and Development of the Attic Drama" is both interesting and edifying, and "The Use of Modern Science in 'In Memoriam'" not only shows a careful study of the poem, but gives one a new zest for that masterpiece of Tennyson's.

The *College Student*, the organ of the literary society of Franklin and Marshall College, prints in full the prize winning orations in the recent oratorical contest. The first prize was won by a student of Lafayette and the second by a student of Swarthmore. It is not quite evident why the full text of their speeches should be given in the Franklin and Marshall magazine. But it is difficult sometimes to know just how to fill up the requisite number of pages.

One is tempted to wonder sometimes whether our English brothers never dabble at all in literature *pur et simple*. All our English exchanges, the *Harrovian*, the *Wykehamist*, the *Marlburian*, the *Haileyburian*, are destitute of stories, criticism—literature (in the higher sense of the word) of any sort. Scores of matches in "racquets," "fives," and football, correspondence, departments for hockey, or steeplechase, or lawn tennis, or golf, or polo, lists of old boys who have gotten their blues at the big universities, lists of graduates in South Africa, trenchant editorials on timely topics, reports of lectures, reviews of books, even humorous communications, serve to give interest and variety to their columns, but in vain do we scan their pages for a "literary article." They seem to be newspapers merely, concerned only with the doings and happenings of the school. We could surely get a better

idea of the life and character of the English educational institutions if we had some examples of their ability to use their own English tongue, or even some specimen of the English school-boy's far famed Latin versification. We do not, however, insist on this latter.

Manifold are the difficulties which beset the editors of a college paper, and many are the worries and annoyances to which they are subject. We have noticed complaints before concerning scarcity of material, and lack of competition for places on the board. But the editor-in-chief of the *Rocky Mountain Collegian* has a new grievance to exploit. After the mad rush for places on the "staff" (as they call it in Colorado) is over and the new men (and women) have been chosen, they refuse to do the work assigned them. Then the already overworked chief has to do their work for them. But they say they are too busy with other things. Well, isn't the editor-in-chief busy, too? Do what you're told to do, and promptly, or else resign and we'll put somebody on who will!

Are all the germs from Germany?
And tell me, mother dear,
Are all the its from Italy
And none from over here?
Do mantles keep the wells' back warm?
And tell me, mother dear,
Are you not shocked at burials,
When men put down the bier?—Ex.

Colonel Blunt—And whose picture is this?

Miss Manyyears—That was painted for me when I was a little girl.

Colonel Blunt—Is it a Rubens or a Rembrandt?—Ex.

Bill—Do you know why the hen crossed the street?

Jill—Perhaps she wanted to lay for some one on the other side.—Ex.

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VOLUME XXIV, No. 4

JUNE, 1902

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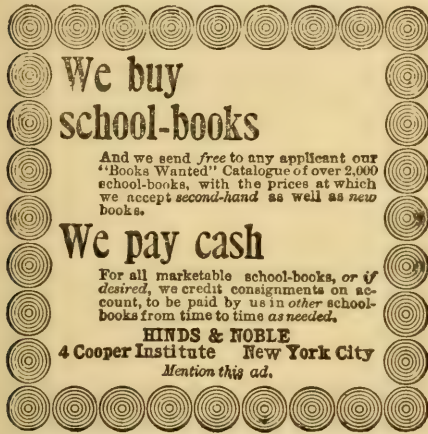
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PROBABLY the greatest step ever taken by Haverford for improving her athletics as a whole, is the recent consolidation of her athletic interests in one Association. This association is divided into departments representing the leading athletic interests of the college and has a unifying control over all. It, in turn, is controlled by an executive committee composed of two graduates, one of whom is the treasurer of the association, the president and vice-president among the undergraduates and President Sharpless, who will act as arbiter. The many treasuries and complications of accounts will thus be obviated and both alumni and undergraduates will have equal representation on the controlling committee.

This system, we feel, will not only bring alumni and undergraduates into closer touch, but will assure them that the money which they so willingly give for athletic purposes will be in the hands of a competent and experienced treasurer and that the funds of the association will not be extravagantly used. Each manager will be held in check by an estimate committee composed of the president of the association, the chairman of each department and the managers of its teams. It is the duty of this committee to submit estimates, at the beginning of each season, on the expenses of the department, to the treasurer. This estimate must then secure the approval of the executive committee. In this way we hope to manage our athletics on an economical though not a grudging basis.

One of the features of the organization that will appeal to the undergraduates is that there will be but one set of dues, payable, one half on the first of October and one half on the first of February. This will make every member of the college a member of the association and thereby a member of each department. The unpleasant duty of continually dunning for dues will thus be obviated. Then again, there will be no entry fees, which have always been a menace to the associations in that they have kept some of the best athletes off the fields because of the additional expenses attached to the participation in contests. And again there will be no admission fees to any home contests except the Swarthmore football game.

The college has done wisely to adopt a scheme which will put her athletics on a more sound and business-like basis

than has ever been here before. And we feel that, with the hearty support of the Alumni as it has always been given, we could do no less than respond and wipe out our old iniquities, and build up a new scheme laid upon a sound foundation.

WITH this number the HAVERFORDIAN bids adieu to another graduating class, and as they leave the walls of their Alma Mater, the editorial psychosis must needs turn from the pastures green of final examinations to travel along the lines of the ideals, which, aside from the learning of books, the Haverford we love has tried to inculcate.

The influence of the Society to which our College owes its foundation and support should work in the minds of Haverford's sons to arouse a wholesome desire for personal success, restrained by an equally wholesome love for one's fellow; or, to be less general, an effort to place within the reach of others the opportunities which such an institution as Haverford offers, to support their College to the best of their ability. But such counsel to the present class is unnecessary. Haverford's training, we feel, is directly along these lines and has already inspired this aim.

The Quaker motto is one by which we may all profit. Act when the spirit moves you—whether we use spirit restrictedly or understand it in a wider sense to include the motive to right action. The man, be he college student or not, who is actuated by something unseen in itself, but visible through its noble effects, will "count for more than one in the census." His life will not pursue a "line," nor confine itself to a given "field," but its influence will radiate in the "sphere." With the scholastic handicap which Haverford gives her students for the race of life, those who have grasped the deeper meaning of her work must succeed.

Mark the occasion, study it, strive to gain the right spirit, then make the effort. "Erst wegen, dann wagen," Von Moltke said. This is the Haverford spirit. Those among the men now leaving us who are filled with this feeling must win. Those who remain behind have still some time to become filled with its power.

MANY have been the strange events at Haverford that will cause the passing year to be remembered by posterity, and none more remarkable than the great wave of matrimonial enthusiasm which has swept like an epidemic over us. As yet no cause has been discovered for its existence. Biologists who so easily explain the accompanying visitations of vaccination and seventeen year locusts, are compelled to refer this phenomenon to the higher courts of metaphysics and psychology. The fact still remains unsolved that a great contagion of love has found many victims in our midst. Not even our learned instructors can inoculate either themselves or us from its insidious attacks. We feel utterly powerless to suggest any remedy or preventative to its course and can only extend for its victims of either sex our best wishes for their future state.

BEFORE again this oracle issues from the sanctum, a number of young and ignorant school-boys will have invaded our most august campus and started upon the straight and narrow way that leads to a parchment and a piece of ribbon. To those of us who precede them on the path will fall the duty of their safe guidance to its goal. In the past, we fear too much of the burden of college discipline has been assigned to the faculty and too little assumed by the upper classmen. Now, a regular Undergraduate Self-Government, such as finds favor in some

of our sister institutions, is evidently not necessary at Haverford College. What we do need, however, is the greater interest of the upper classmen in the preservation of law and property and their support by example to the existing rule of the faculty. Such a moral influence would be useful to all parties concerned. It would assist the

faculty, it would effectively restrain the disorderly, and it would be of wonderful education value to those exercising it. A very tangible opportunity for the accomplishment of these ends is presented in the new system of discipline for Barclay Hall, and it is earnestly to be hoped that all will use their utmost effort to make it succeed.

CLEOPATRA.

LET him who has a knowledge of things visible and invisible, who knows whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth, who can read in the clear blue of a summer sky signs of the coming storm, who has the wisdom of the serpent and the courage of the lion, let him and him only undertake to give an accurate description of a living woman. Moreover, if the lady be one of his acquaintances, he must be ready to number one less friend and one more enemy. But as some years have passed since Queen Cleopatra's death, and as I have never had the pleasure of meeting either her or any of her family, I am able to take up the critical pick-axe with some degree of confidence, and to mine out both the precious and the worthless metal of her character with little or no fear. The only danger in such a task is lest one should be cast under the spell of this fiery beauty of the East. Even the great dramatist "paints her," says Campbell, "as if the gypsy herself had cast her spell over him." All the radiance of the Orient, its splendid wealth, its glowing beauty, are hers. As we see her sitting in her barge upon a throne of burnished gold, making rich contrast to the purple of the silken sails, fanned by young Cupids, tended by the fairest women that Egypt could bring forth, herself the rarest beauty of them all, we do not wonder that the city is deserted, and the people fight savagely for a glimpse of their queen.

Yet her spell did not consist merely in physical beauty. There was something

more, a charm of character that gave her a strange magnetic power over all who entered the magic circle. Remember, Mark Antony was not a weak voluptuary. A man well on in life, experienced in the world, who has fought battles and won them, who has had honors and earned them, whose wisdom and skill have raised him to the position of a triumvir, is not the man to be trapped like a blind mole by a mere wanton. Yet of this very Antony Caesar says: "Cleopatra hath nodded him to her." Euobarbus, 'tis true, gives us a hint of the weaker side of his character when he says: "Our courteous Antony, whom ne'er the word of 'no' woman heard speak," yet marvellous must have been the attracting power of that woman, who when she fled could draw after her from the very heart of battle a general of undoubted bravery and oft-proved skill.

Yet this power of attraction is not that of strong, deep and pure affection. Cleopatra, however much you may admire her, possesses a licentious nature. Her passion for Antony, though its criminality may be masked under its depth and vigor, though we may seek to excuse her under this pretext or that, springs, nevertheless, from a craving of a depraved character. Her love is not the true, instinctive love of a Juliet. The difference is that between the alcoholic draught that does not satisfy, but leaves the tongue dry, the throat parched, and the whole body in a state of unnatural thirst, and the pure water of a woodland spring that relieves the thirst, cools the blood, and refreshes the whole system in

nature's best and simplest way. Juliet's love for Romeo is that of untainted affection. When she rejoices, or when she sorrows; when she whispers to Romeo from the balcony,

"And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world,"

or when she rebels against marrying Count Paris, and cries in just anger,

"Now by St. Peter's Church and Peter, too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride;"

When she secretly steals away to be married in Friar Laurence's cell, or when she braves the horrors of a living tomb, it is all done by the strength of a beautiful, ennobling love. Not so with the Egyptian Queen. Had Cleopatra felt real tenderness for Antony, had her true happiness been wrapped up in him, she could never have played with him as she did, she could never have said in his absence,

"'Twill betray

Tawny-finned fishes; my bended hook shall
pierce
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'ah, ha, you're caught.'"

Moreover this is to be seen in her curious jealousy; she does not fear so much that Antony will forget her as that he will forget to return to her, and she touches the sensitive chords of his nature with a woman's infinite skill and cunning, tells him to hear the messengers, for perchance Fulvia is angry or Caesar has some "powerful mandate," pretends to sympathize with Fulvia in having so false a husband, accuses him of feigning his love for herself,—until she has Antony fettered hand and foot. Then she lets him go. And when the messenger arrives from Italy, though indeed she promises him gold for the good news that Antony is well and friends with Caesar, yet it is not because of her solicitude for his happiness, but because these are circumstances that will enable her to regain him. "Well and free," "free and healthful," "in a state of health, thou say'st, and thou say'st free;" this is the news for which

her ear itches. And when she finally discovers that what she most desired is not, that Antony is not free, but married to Octavia, then the baseness of her passion reveals itself in the terrible, impulsive fury that is misdirected upon the head of the innocent messenger. It is the anger of thwarted purpose, not the sorrow of a disappointed love; her grief is not that Antony has been false to her, but that he is married to another. Then, when she has recovered from this shock, her jealousy takes a new turn. She becomes feverishly eager to know what sort of woman is Antony's wife, whether she is as tall as herself, whether her voice is harsh or sweet, how she carries herself, what her age, the shape of her face, the color of her hair, all to find out how dangerous is her rival, to determine whether Octavia will be able to keep Antony from Egypt. Surely this is not the manner of unselfish love.

But if there is one quality in Cleopatra's character that stands out preeminently above the rest, and that particularly commands our respect, it is her pride. Not the pride of petty personality that puffs itself up abnormally with little or no cause, that continually asserts itself in various annoying ways, but the pride of an indomitable spirit that rebels against force, that perishes rather than yields. Perhaps at times this may be carried to extremes. The circumstances of her life, the naturally impulsive temperament of the Orient, the unlimited power of an Eastern monarch with all its opportunities for waywardness may have exaggerated it, but at bottom it is a quality that cannot but ennoble Cleopatra in our eyes. It is in the strength of this pride that she dies. In her vivid imagination she pictures herself drawn through the streets of Rome, jeered at by ignorant plebians, the subject of low rhymes and coarse plays, in a plight far worse than that of the caged lioness, and her haughty spirit revolted. It was a choice, and she chose the asp's bite. E. W. E., '02.

JONN MARSHALL—JURIST AND STATESMAN.

(Alumni Prize Oration.)

THE honor and justice of a nation are made manifest in the nobility of its courts. If they remain pure and exalted the nation will continue to maintain that position of eminence which it justly deserves; if they fall into lassitude and contempt, the nation is fated to dissolution. On this firm ground we establish the pre-eminence and dignity with which America has been endowed among the nations of the world, and we venture to affirm that the loftiness of that high estate is based upon her Federal Tribunals of Justice and Equity. At the birth of our country, with the establishment of the Constitution, it became necessary to found a Federal Judicature, to interpret and to apply our laws and to construe them in the light of the rule of reason and equality, that peace might grace our deeds and that harmony might bestow its blessings upon our progress. We had become a nation and a Supreme Court was necessary to maintain our nationality. The supremacy of that court has risen to call forth our warmest admiration; and after more than a century of beneficent triumphs it stands to-day the pride and glory of American institutions.

Lawyers and Judges of brilliant ability have contributed worth and power to that Court, but on the lists which adorn its halls no name stands in more glowing prominence than that of John Marshall, jurist and statesman. He gave life to the instrument that created the Supreme Court, and when its excellence was to be confirmed he lifted it aloft with a progress which claimed at once the admiration and reverence of our forefathers. Disciplined early in the broad and abiding principles of a free government, his impress upon the growth of the Court was a benefit which the minds of later years have been unable too highly to venerate; for his

mind was enriched by a wisdom that looks not only through the world of actions, but that looks far beyond it into the principles of eternal truth. He was given helpful support on every side, but the task of building a firm foundation for a Federal Judiciary was as difficult as the perfection of that accomplishment has been illustrious. It was the profundity of his doctrines of a rational, limited and constitutional liberty that enabled him to give life to the panting nation. Splendor marked his efforts: and if the creation of the American Constitution was the work of other hands, it remained for him to give it the power to consolidate our people and to weld the divided States into an unbreakable and lasting unity.

The Confederation at that time was the despair of some of our most provident statesmen; but the hope of the heroic conqueror illuminated and inspired the statesmanship of Marshall. He lived at a time when a national government seemed the symbol of an overwhelming despotism: at a time when agriculture and industry were all but torpid, and tares ran riot in the fields which golden grain might readily have adorned; at a time when commerce lagged along in sloth, while the winds of the ocean served only to shatter our ruined wharves and warehouses; at a time when manufactures were defunct within the walls of our deserted mills; at a time when the ghost of Lethargy seemed to brood over the blood-stained fields of our independence and to mock the freedom we had so painfully and so nobly gained—but his soul was quick with the force of prudence, ardent with the prophecies of prosperity. His hope came like the warmth of the sun and the freshness of the shower of spring. The Constitution was the note that sounded for Confederation; he spoke for it when some of our fieriest

patriots were dubious concerning its blessings; he pleaded in its behalf when some of those who had helped to frame it were reluctant in subscribing to its domination; he lifted it to a place of distinction when other leaders of our growing Union turned away in the suppressed agony of despair as they meditated the possible and probable destruction of the dearest idol of their affectionate patriotism. And when that document had become the soul of our government, his mission then was to give it a comprehensive exposition, making its bonds "strong enough to endure inevitable strains, and elastic enough not to break with expanding empire." Like Ezekiel before the valley of dry bones, we may see the valiant Chief Justice standing before the decrees of our Constitution: they seem like the haze of a pallid ghost; they awe the courageous and dampen the fervent. And as he seems to stand upon the mountain side and meditate that dry and lifeless vale, the fire of the prophet inflames his heart, and the wisdom of Solomon graces his words, and his vigor comes like the breath of Heaven from the four winds and breathes upon this scene of waste, and the things which were barren grow rich, and the things which seemed dead take life. The greatness of that deed and of that heritage is attested by the lustre of America's promotion and her prosperity.

The statesmanship of Marshall is eclipsed only by the loftiness of his position as a jurist. It is thus that he stands distinguished in excellence, for this influence has worked into the very body and soul of American jurisprudence. By the depth and breadth of his decisions he has maintained the autonomy of the States and the integrity of the Union. A fearless advocate of the truth, a devoted adherent to his duty, a lover of virtue and righteousness, esteemed by the members of his profession and honored by the Judges

who shared his bench and were ennobled by the very approach to his excellencies, he gave a living reality to that tribunal which has abided with a commanding authority not less supreme, and a dignity not less exalted than that of the ancient Senate of Rome. No allurements drew him from his principles: no issue deterred him from fulfilling the just regard to his task. His responsibility he felt due not only to the Court, but to the law, for from the law, for the law and with the law he never ceased to argue. When, after the conspiracies of Aaron Burr, one of the brightest of America's sons stood before the Circuit Court to answer the charges of high treason; when the judgments from the just declarations of the law would inevitably bring down upon Marshall the censure of half our country; when Justice was obliged to stand face to face with an indignant and blinded people, and her scales quivered between the turmoil of a wrathful populace on the one hand and the voice of equity on the other—then stood he firm and resolute, and steadfastly looked to the virtue of right. He logically defined the law of treason; Burr was set at liberty and the scorn of America's President and of a host of her citizens fell upon John Marshall. His heart was grieved, but his ministration has been manly and righteous. And a later generation and a broader age, with a fairer judgment, has never ceased to venerate him for the magnanimity and incomparable prudence of his opinions.

His wisest colleague has spoken of him thus: "His proudest epitaph may be written in a single line, 'Here lies the expounder of the American Constitution.'" And in the character for which that tribute stands there was a life that awakens our profoundest respect. His has been a praise and fame that not only settles upon, but rather rises from the tomb. His judicial character sprang spontaneously from his nature, for he

seemed in himself to be the very personation of justice. Like the play of moonlight rays the attributes of his moral character were means to illuminate, to mellow and to harmonize his works and public life. In justice and purity is written his highest glory: in affection and devotion is engraved his sweetest fame. He would have been great in any age—a light to guide its actions and a strength to make deathless its choicest events. For he called unto the hearts of his countrymen with an eloquence as moving as the eloquence of the leader of Israel's tribes; he gave his people promises that joined them with inseparable bonds. There is a eulogy in his life which has extolled the life of our nation. He died as he had lived, in wisdom not declining and wrapt in the splendor of kindness and peace. The light of his setting sun, as it sank beneath the horizon with larger orb and more softened ray, shed a gleam of benignity over his past: its magnificence was neither lost nor forgotten, but arose upon another day to make clear the paths of our Liberty.

His task was the arduous one of construction. He had few precedents to follow, but a thousand to create. To make bright the ways of constitutional law; to affirm the policy of our land in that most exacting and "comprehensive theme—which touches history, philosophy, learning, literature, all that human experience has recorded or that Chris-

tianity has declared"—the Law of Nations; to maintain a sound and discriminating judgment and an undeviating sense of right; to regulate that harmony which had to exist between the sovran State and the Federal Government; to establish a Supreme Court with jurisdiction over every question arising under the Constitution and to endue that Court with power which should make its judgments final and worthy of respect, crowned with an authority that has become transcendent—these were among the first duties and resplendent accomplishments of John Marshall. In the Supreme Court of America to become a renowned exponent of judicial thought, embodying the strength and force of the commander, the width and depth of the statesman, the prudence and sagacity of the jurist, the generosity and tender benevolence of a pure and wholesome life—these indeed were noble and worthy achievements. That he did them well, the nation has affirmed; that he might have done better, few would dare to assert. His glory shall widen as the ages pass on; his triumphs shall seem more complete as the mind of humanity dwells upon their bounteous gifts; the eulogy of his life and works shall be lifted by the voice of all peoples, mightily now, but more mightily still when the future shall have realized that supreme ideal of a "Parliament of Man and a Federation of the World." EDGAR H. BOLES, '02.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Ex-'98. Frederic G. Hulme was married to Miss Gertrude Parsons on May 21st at Fallsington, Pa. They will live at 2120 Tioga St., Philadelphia.

Ex-'98. The engagement is announced of Alpheus G. Varney to Miss Valle Van Doren, of Germantown.

'00. F. R. Cope, Jr., has recently been awarded by Harvard University with a Morgan Fellowship for the Study of Economics.

'00, L. H. White is manager of the Porto Rico Publishing Co.

'01. On May 21 Lawrence Washburn DeMotte and Miss Margaret Elliot Field were married at Wayne, Pa. W. La C. Neilson, '01, was best man and T. Y. Field, Jr., '96; A. C. Maule, '99; E. C. Rossmassler, '01; J. W. Reeder, '02, and I. S. Tilney, '03, were among the ushers. The bride and groom will reside at Valparaiso, Ind.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

DR. Herman L. Ebeling will take the place of Dr. Mustard during his year's absence, and Dr. Reuben L. Strong will perform the same service for Dr. Pratt. Dr. Ebeling is known to present Haverfordians. Dr. Strong is a graduate of Oberlin and Harvard, and is now a teacher in Biology in the Academy of the University of Chicago, where he also has charge of athletics.

The delay in starting the construction of Roberts Hall is due to the difficulty in making plans and prices harmonize. A satisfactory plan has now been agreed upon and an early beginning of the work is expected. It is hoped to complete the building by the end of the year. A plan for the conversion of the old Alumni Hall into an extension of the Library involves a reading room in the west end, a periodical room in the

east end, a place for the Librarian in the center, and cases in the alcoves around the walls and in the space between the Librarian's desk and the reading room. Permanent and convenient tables will be placed in the reading room and alcoves.

Barclay Hall will be connected by steam pipes during the summer with the Gymnasium, and the boilers and coal bins in the basement will be abandoned. This will ensure economy of management and, incidentally, will do away with the old cause of complaint that the Hall grows cold too early in the evening. The Roberts Hall connection will be made with Barclay. This requires the purchase of a new boiler, engine and dynamo. As funds are provided it is expected to connect all of our buildings with the central plant near the farm house.

VERSE.

To Our Alma Mater.

(From the Graduating Class).

Ah! mother, we know not how fair were the
arms

That received us so kindly;

We dreamt not the depth of thy radiant
charms;

We saw not thy beauty, which time never
harms,

When we came to thee blindly.

To love thee we could not but learn, and
then those

Who this love for thee share,

For we saw in the rippleless river, that flows
Deep under each soul's petty pleasures and
woes,

Thy face mirrored there.

Lo! the portal of parting! How grimly grief
grips

At our hearts, who can tell?

But now, as we go, and thy hand from ours
slips,

Once only we turn us to see on thy lips

The sad smile of farewell.

E. W. E., '02.

A Song.

Every day fresh bread and meat

Gladly, thankfully I eat;

Juicy roast, and crumb and crust

Given me, a Child of Dust—

Child of Dust though I may be,

Here is joy, 'tis meant for me.

Crystal water every day

I may drink upon my way,

Fresh as dews of star-eyed spring,

Cool as airs the light winds bring—

Child of Dust though I may be,

Here is joy, 'tis meant for me.

Every night the arms of sleep

Take me to a refuge deep,

Some far off and silent place

In the utmost caves of space—

Child of Dust though I may be,

Here is joy, 'tis meant for me.

Though I still must strive and cry

For some lot more fine than I,

Some far crown of mist or gold,

Here are gifts of kindly mould;

Gifts to take on bended knee—

Joy I know is meant for me.

D. B. M., '03.

SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY.

II. As a Philanthropist.

FAR be it from me to disregard lightly the criticism of such an eminent man as M. Taine, who is one of the greatest Frenchmen of letters of the century. Yet in his comparison of Balzac and Thackeray he seems to me to reject very many traits which these men have in common. Not only do they share the same conception of the relations of ethics to the novel, as shown above, but a certain likeness in instinct, originality and genius makes them especially kindred spirits. Taine, though often characterized by perspicuity of observation and keenness of critical insight, here, as elsewhere, becomes, according to Carlyle's phrase, the "slave of a formula" much to his own detriment and, in this case, to that of his famous fellow countryman.

The formulism of Taine is still more conspicuous in his accusation of Thackeray as a cynic. So far we have spoken of satire,—a quality which applies merely to the works and not the character of the author. We have examined his novels from the standpoint of truth and art without any reference to the motives which inspire them.

It is here that without much warning Taine crosses over the threshold of emotions; and by his formula immediately evolves from the simple satirist the ugly title of cynic. Those who have called Thackeray a cynic—and thousands of critics have seconded this accusation of Taine's—have certainly failed to distinguish between these two realms of criticism. They speak of him only as a writer,—and as a writer he has certainly taken it upon himself to point out the vices and follies of Vanity Fair. By the same formula any satirist becomes a cynic as far as satire goes. Thus Pope was a cynic when he was a satirist. Swift and Juvenal were all cynicism because all satire. In this sense Thackeray was a cynic.

But this unfortunately is not all that "cynic" means. It is one of those words which look ugly in print, and leave a bad taste in the mouth when pronounced. As Johnson defined it by etymology it is "of a dog, currish." As applied to an author it attempts to go deeper than the works of the man and describes his heart. The satirist describes evil, the cynic is evil; it is a synonym of the misanthrope with all the scorn and hatred which attaches to that name. Perhaps the best specimen of true cynicism can be found in Voltaire, the greatest master of French prose. In his *Candide* cynicism has reached its high watermark. Here in bitterest sarcasm he has attacked the law of optimism propounded by Pope that "whatever is, is right." As in Byron's *Don Juan*, the plot is simply the adventures of a single hero, but incidentally Voltaire has assaulted all our primary sympathy and faith. It is a tirade upon kings, priests and all objects of certainty and reverence. In him the cynic is not the simple, playful satirist, but a misanthrope, a pessimist, an atheist, an iconoclast and an Apollyon.

Compared with such cynicism as this Thackeray certainly does not deserve the charge. Like Voltaire he saw the seamy side of life, its littleness, its meanness, its selfishness, its hypocrisy,—and portrayed it with great vividness. Yet unlike Voltaire he saw and described, with equal clearness, the greatness, the goodness, the love and the sincerity of life existing together with the abounding evil. Avoiding the extremes of melodrama, on the one hand, and of destructive cynicism on the other, Thackeray strikes the "golden mean" of art and nature. To be sure his satire at times is more pungent than herbs; yet beneath it there are the springs of tenderness and pathos forever welling up. He guides and chastens the reader, not

like the cruel and heartless old English schoolmaster, whose character Dickens has crystallized for all time, but like the kind and generous and pitying parent.

The extreme humanism of Thackeray is shown most definitely and concretely in his sympathy with his characters. Of course every author has a certain partiality towards his fictions, a feeling of warmth and intimacy such as is natural between the creator and the creature. But in addition to this, Thackeray, far more than any other novelist, has that greater bond with his characters, which, as has been said, is like the relation of parent and child. I cannot agree with Taine in his complaint that the good people of Thackeray are made contemptible and uninteresting.

To be sure, his fidelity to nature and art would not permit the author to draw his characters as models of absolute perfection, yet he always finds plenty to praise and admire. Of unassuming grace and unselfish kindness Dobbin is a sublime type. Amelia Sedley is the very essence of womanly instincts. I doubt if in the whole range of literature we can find a more beautiful picture of devoted widow—and motherhood than is painted of her character.

"On the twenty-fifth day of April and the eighteenth of June, the days of marriage and widowhood (Amelia) kept her room entirely, consecrating them, (and we do not know how many hours of solitary night-thought, her little boy sleeping in his crib by her bedside) to the memory of that departed friend. During the day she was more active. She had to teach George to read and to write, and a little to draw. She read books in order that she might tell him stories from them. As his eyes opened, and his mind expanded, under the influence of the outward nature round about him, she taught the child, to the best of her humble power, to acknowledge the Master of all; and every night, and every morning he and she (in that awful and touching communion which I think must bring a thrill to the heart of every man who witnesses or who remembers it)—the mother and the little boy—prayed to Our Father together, the mother pleading with all her gentle heart, the child lisping after her as she spoke. And each time they prayed to God to bless dear papa as if he were alive and in the room with them."

What touching tenderness and pathos! Is this, then, your cynic and misanthrope? Where here is the *saeva indignatio*, the savage wrath of that Swift of whom Taine says Thackeray was the first disciple? Surely this man is overflowing with the "milk of human kindness." "If Fun is good, Truth is better and Love is the best of all," are the words with which he concludes his *Book of Snobs* and the maxim was the practice of Thackeray, the Philanthropist.

H. J. C., '03.

CRICKET DEPARTMENT.

First XI vs. Belmont.

ON May 3rd the First Eleven met a strong Belmont side at Haverford, and succeeded in drawing the game. King was very successful for the visitors, although the wicket did not favor fast bowling. He secured six wickets for thirty-one runs, and scored thirty-one runs himself. Hurditch stumped two men. For Haverford, Wood did the best work with the ball, and Gummere and Cadbury with the bat. The score:

HAVERFORD.

R. M. Gummere, b. King.....	27
R. L. Pearson, b. King.....	9
W. P. Bonbright, st. Hurditch, b. Graham...	5

A. C. Wood, Jr., c. Graham, b. King.....	2
H. H. Morris, c. sub., b. King.....	1
W. E. Cadbury, st. Hurditch, b. McDonald.....	25
J. B. Drinker, c. McDonald, b. Cregar.....	11
A. S. Cookman, c. Altamus, b. King.....	10
D. A. Roberts, b. McDonald.....	1
E. J. Bevan, c. Keenan, b. King.....	7
N. A. Scott, not out.....	1
Extras.....	8
Total.....	107

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
J. B. King.....	96	4	6	31
W. Graham.....	54	0	1	37
E. M. Cregar.....	24	0	1	15
C. B. McDonald.....	18	1	2	15

BELMONT.

C. P. Hurditch, c. Pearson, b. Wood.....	0
E. B. Watson, c. & b. Wood.....	23

J. B. King, l. b. w. Wood.....	31
C. B. McDonald, b. Scott.....	1
W. Graham, b. Cookman.....	16
E. M. Cregar, not out.....	1
W. F. Keenan, F. L. Altemus, C. Coates, Jr., did not bat.	
Extras.....	4

Total (five wickets)..... 76

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
E. J. Bevan.....	36	2	0	15
A. C. Wood, Jr.....	64	1	3	25
N. A. Scott.....	42	2	1	20
A. S. Cookman.....	30	0	1	12

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET.

Haverford:	35	36	40	43	51	66	79	80	103	107
Belmont:	1	28	30	70	76					

First XI vs. Germantown.

On the 10th of May the First met at Haverford a side from Germantown which included eight men who had played on the Gentlemen of Philadelphia. Haverford batted first and succeeded in compiling 115 runs, C. C. Morris and Wood being the men to become well set. Germantown then went in and scored 136 for 5 wickets before stumps were drawn. The score follows:

HAVERFORD.

C. C. Morris, c. Bohlen, b. Clark.....	24
R. M. Gummere, c. Morton, b. Clark.....	2
R. L. Pearson, c. Morton, b. Clark.....	2
H. H. Morris, run out.....	2
W. E. Cadbury, c. Jones, b. Clarke.....	3
A. C. Wood, Jr., c. & b. Clark.....	27
W. P. Bonbright, b. Clark.....	15
A. S. Cookman, c. Cauffman, b. O'Neill.....	5
D. A. Roberts, b. Clark.....	2
E. J. Bevan, c. Clark, b. Bissell.....	7
N. A. Scott, not out.....	11
Extras.....	15

Total..... 115

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
P. H. Clark.....	102	4	7	36
F. A. Greene.....	30	0	0	20
J. E. C. Morton.....	54	2	0	29
W. P. O'Neill.....	12	0	1	8
E. P. Bissell.....	5	0	1	6

GERMANTOWN.

F. H. Bohlen, b. Wood.....	32
J. E. C. Morton, b. Bevan.....	1
H. A. Haines, b. Wood.....	17
A. W. Jones, c. Cadbury, b. Scott.....	30
P. H. Clark, b. Scott.....	11
T. C. Jordan, not out.....	13
F. A. Greene, not out.....	11

W. P. O'Neill, W. E. Cauffman, C. V. Thackara and E. P. Bissell did not bat.	
Extras.....	21

Total (five wickets)..... 136

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
E. J. Bevan.....	48	0	1	36
A. C. Wood, Jr.....	60	1	2	35
N. A. Scott.....	48	1	2	22
A. S. Cookman.....	24	0	0	16
W. P. Bonbright.....	12	0	0	4

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET.

Haverford:	15	23	39	39	57	84	89	97	97	115
Germantown:	10	58	63	79	110					

First XI vs. Philadelphia.

On May 14, the First journeyed to Wissahickon heights, to play an eleven of the Philadelphia Cricket Club. The pitch was well nigh perfect, and when the home team won the toss, Haverford expected an afternoon's leather-chasing. But there were only seven men on the Philadelphia team who put in an appearance, and wickets fell with unexpected rapidity. The bowling of the home team was likewise rather weak, and the college managed to run up a very good score. Bevan and Wood bowled magnificently, and the Morris, Wood, Roberts, Cookman and Cadbury all got double figures. The score:

PHILADELPHIA.

Wooley, b. Wood.....	22
F. H. Bohlen, c. Gummere, b. Bevan.....	17
J. H. Mason, c. Bonbright, b. Bevan.....	6
P. H. Clark, c. C. C. Morris, b. Bevan.....	4
A. W. Tillinghast, c. & b. Wood.....	4
S. Goodall, c. Bonbright, b. Wood.....	0
Hanford, not out.....	1
Extra.....	1

Total..... 55

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
E. J. Bevan.....	60	2	3	35
A. C. Wood, Jr.....	60	4	3	19

HAVERFORD.

C. C. Morris, c. Tillinghast, b. Hanford.....	32
R. M. Gummere, c. Goodall, b. Hanford.....	0
R. L. Pearson, c. LeRoy, b. Hanford.....	7
A. C. Wood, Jr., c. LeRoy, b. Hanford.....	21
W. E. Cadbury, l. b. w. Hanford.....	27
H. H. Morris, c. Bohlen, b. Mason.....	42
W. P. Bonbright, b. Hanford.....	7
A. S. Cookman, c. Mason, b. Hanford.....	13
D. A. Roberts, not out.....	20
E. J. Bevan, b. Mason.....	0

N. A. Scott, c. Le Roy, b. Hanford.....	5
Extras.....	10
Total.....	184

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
P. H. Clark.....	8	1	0	40
Hanford.....	16	3	8	64
P. N. LeRoy.....	3	0	0	22
J. H. Mason.....	6	0	2	38

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET.

Phila.	27	40	44	50	50	54
Haverford :	2	26	40	83	125	139 157 163 163 174

First XI vs. Merion.

The First played Merion on the Merion grounds, Saturday, May 17th. Although the side opposed to us might not look so strong on paper as the Germantown team of two weeks back, it was really a better combination. Five old Haverfordians were opposed to us, and they got all the wickets and made nearly all the runs, R. H. Patton, '01, scoring 93 and J. H. Scattergood, '96 getting his first century. For the college Scott made top score, 11 not out, and was likewise most successful with the ball. The score :

HAVERFORD.

C. C. Morris, b. Morris.....	3
R. M. Gummere, c. Haines, b. Bailey.....	4
R. L. Pearson, run out.....	5
A. C. Wood, Jr., b. Morris.....	0
W. E. Cadbury, c. Haines, b. Bailey.....	2
W. P. Bonbright, c. & b. Morris.....	10
Prof. W. W. Comfort, b. Morris.....	5
A. S. Cookman, c. Mustard, b. Patton.....	8
D. A. Roberts, b. Morris.....	0
N. A. Scott, not out.....	11
J. B. Drinker, b. Adams.....	1
Extras.....	11
Total.....	59

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
H. P. Baily.....	66	1	2	27
A. P. Morris.....	60	5	5	15
R. H. Patton.....	12	0	1	4
D. H. Adams.....	7	0	1	4

MERION.

H. A. Haines, b. Scott.....	11
D. H. Adams, b. Wood.....	8
E. S. Hare, run out.....	12
H. P. Baily, b. Scott.....	1
R. H. Patton, c. Pearson, b. Scott.....	93
J. H. Scattergood, not out.....	102
A. P. Morris, c. Gummere, b. Scott.....	4
J. H. Morice, c. C. C. Morris, b. Cadbury....	15
Dr. W. P. Mustard, b. Gummere.....	0
W. C. Houston, b. Gummere.....	0

J. R. McClure, Jr., did not bat.	
Extras.....	15
Total (nine wickets).....	261

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
A. C. Wood, Jr.....	96	2	1	67
N. A. Scott.....	90	0	4	68
W. P. Bonbright.....	24	0	0	21
A. S. Cookman.....	36	0	0	53
R. M. Gummere.....	24	0	2	22
W. E. Cadbury.....	12	1	1	5

First XI vs. Moorestown.

On Wednesday, May 21, Haverford defeated Moorestown in an interesting game. The home team batted first, and thanks to good stands by Cookman, Gummere and Pearson, scored 153 runs. Moorestown then started to overtake this total. E. Guest and C. J. Allen, '00, put on over seventy runs before they were separated. For a while Moorestown's prospects of winning seemed bright, but wicket after wicket succumbed to the Haverford attack, the side being all out for 140.

HAVERFORD.

A. C. Wood, c. Bennett, b. Smith.....	1
R. L. Pearson, st. Roberts, b. Marien.....	23
R. M. Gummere, c. Bennett, b. Marien.....	26
W. E. Cadbury, b. Marien.....	3
A. S. Cookman, b. Wallace.....	35
W. P. Bonbright, run out.....	21
E. J. Bevan, b. Wallace.....	4
N. A. Scott, b. Smith.....	6
J. B. Drinker, b. Wallace.....	0
A. H. Hopkins, not out.....	10
E. C. Peirce, b. Wallace.....	0
Extras.....	24
Total.....	153

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
Smith.....	102	2	2	59
C. B. Wallace.....	72	4	4	29
A. E. Marien.....	42	3	3	30
W. S. Bennett.....	18	0	0	12

MOORESTOWN.

E. Guest, c. Cadbury, b. Scott.....	31
A. J. Allen, c. Cadbury, b. Wood.....	43
R. C. Banes, b. Scott.....	0
Smith, c. Pierce, b. Wood.....	4
S. R. Yarnall, c. Cadbury, b. Scott.....	1
C. B. Wallace, b. Bevan.....	24
J. S. Stokes, c. & b. Wood.....	5
A. E. Marien, c. Cookman, b. Wood.....	0
W. S. Bennett, b. Bevan.....	22
D. A. Roberts, c. Cadbury, b. Scott.....	2
H. W. Doughten, Jr., not out.....	2
Extras.....	6
Total.....	140

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
E. J. Bevan.....	54	0	2	54
A. C. Wood, Jr.....	78	2	4	52
N. A. Scott.....	64	3	4	28

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET.

Haver'd :	2	53	60	60	123	134	139	143	147	153
Moor't'n :	74	74	78	78	79	84	84	120	137	140

First XI vs. Harvard University.

On May 24 Haverford won its first game in the series for the inter-collegiate championship, defeating Harvard. The game started about eleven o'clock. The first pair did not stay together long, nor was it until Carter and Drinkwater became associated that a long stand occurred. Carter was finally caught at deep leg by C. C. Morris off Gummere, after having several lives. Soon afterward Drinkwater lost his wicket, and the only other man to reach double figures was Pasea, who made 32 in excellent style. He was the last man to get out. When play stopped for lunch the score stood 40 for 5 wickets. During the lunch hour the two teams were photographed. Soon after lunch play was resumed. The visitors were finally disposed of for a total of 74 runs. C. C. Morris and H. H. Morris opened up for the Haverford team. They soon played themselves in and rapidly collared the bowling, taking the total to 145 before H. H. Morris got out for a well hit 63. Captain Wood scored 100 not out, and Cookman hit freely for 42. At 6.00 o'clock when time was called the score stood 354 for 7 wickets. The score in detail :

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

A. Drinkwater, b. Scott	12
D. Tyng, c. Roberts, b. Wood.. ..	1
W. N. Taylor, c. Scott, b. Bevan.....	5
C. H. Carter, c. C. C. Morris, b. Gummere...	12
C. M. Pasea, c. Pearson, b. Bevan.....	32
P. F. Rothermel, Jr., b. Scott.. ..	0
L. C. Moore, b. Wood.....	6
H. V. Bullinger, b. Bevan.....	1
A. Tyng, b. Bevan.....	0
E. W. Waters, b. Wood.....	1
F. Krumbhaar, not out.....	0
Extras.. ..	4
Total.....	74

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
E. J. Bevan.....	91	6	4	11
A. C. Wood, Jr.....	84	5	3	23
N. A. Scott.....	66	3	2	30
R. M. Gummere.....	18	0	1	6

HAVERFORD.

C. C. Morris, c. Carter, b. Tyng.....	96
H. H. Morris, c. Taylor, b. Tyng.....	63
R. M. Gummere, b. Tyng.....	1
R. L. Pearson, b. Tyng.....	6
A. C. Wood, Jr., not out.....	100
W. E. Cadbury, c. A. Tyng, b. Carter.....	3
A. S. Cookman, c. Krumbhaar, b. Bullinger.....	42
W. P. Bonbright, b. Moore.....	31
N. A. Scott, not out.....	1
D. A. Roberts and E. J. Bevan did not bat.	
Extras.....	11

Total (seven wickets).....354

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
A. Tyng.....	96	0	4	111
C. H. Carter.....	72	2	1	74
A. Drinkwater.....	48	0	0	59
W. N. Taylor.....	54	0	0	82
H. V. Bullinger.....	24	1	1	18
L. C. Moore.....	6	0	1	1

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET.

Harvard :	4	11	29	33	33	54	67	67	74	74
Haver'd :	145	156	165	183	202	286	353			

First XI vs. All Scholastic Team.

On the afternoon of May 29th, the College drew with an All-Scholastic side, consisting of four Haverford Grammar School men, three men from Germantown Academy, three from Penn Charter and one from DeLancey. The team was captained by J. A. Lester, '96. The school boys won the toss and elected to bat. The wicket played very treacherously. The College fielded wretchedly. If the catches had been caught the school boys would not have made eighty runs and the game would have been a victory instead of a draw.

The score :

ALL-SCHOLASTIC.

A. G. Hare, b. Wood.....	6
P. S. Hill, b. Wood.....	14
E. S. Hare, b. Wood.....	30
M. Stambach, b. Bevan.....	27
J. W. Potts, b. Wood.....	2
C. M. Wister, c. Bevan, b. Scott.....	0
E. LeBoutillier, b. Scott.....	0
M. Newhall, c. Pearson, b. Bevan.....	33
J. R. Wilfong, c. Scott, b. Bevan.....	2
X. Challenger, c. Wood, b. Gummere.....	19
G. Ashbridge, Jr., b. Bevan.....	2

J. A. Lester, not out.....	3
Extras.....	6
Total.....	144

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
E. J. Bevan.....	83	2	4	41
A. C. Wood, Jr.,.....	74	2	4	56
N. A. Scott.....	60	1	2	31
R. M. Gummere.....	24	1	1	10

HAVERFORD.

C. C. Morris, run out.....	3
H. H. Morris, b. Potts.....	22
R. M. Gummere, b. E. S. Hare.....	11
R. L. Pearson, c. A. G. Hare, b. E. S. Hare.....	0
A. C. Wood, not out.....	17
W. E. Cadbury, c. A. G. Hare, b. E. S. Hare.....	7
A. S. Cookman, not out.....	4
W. P. Bonbright, N. A. Scott, D. A. Roberts and E. J. Bevan did not bat.	
Extras.....	9
Total (five wickets).....	73

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	W.	R.
E. S. Hare.....	48	0	3	34
J. W. Potts.....	48	0	1	25
G. Ashbridge, Jr.	6	0	0	3
X. Challenger.....	6	0	0	1

Second XI (A) vs. Belmont.

This game was played at Elmwood on May 3rd. The grass was a little wet and the ball hard to handle. Haverford batted first and ran up a score of 104, of which Wheeler made 26 and Stork 20. Toward the end of the innings Allison bowled with great effect, taking 6 wickets for 17 runs. D. Graham and Leech made a good stand of 29 for the first wicket, and thanks to Haverford's poor fielding Belmont was able to top the score with five wickets to spare. Garrett bowled the best for Haverford and he also made a very clever catch at mid off. The score:—

HAVERFORD.

C. R. Carey, b. Graham.....	6
A. G. H. Spiers, b. Graham.....	12
V. W. Wheeler, c. Graham, b. Borden.....	26
A. G. Priestman, b. Burrows.....	14
C. W. Stork, c. Burrows, b. Allison.....	20
W. C. Longstreth, c. Borden, b. Allison.....	10
G. S. Garrett, b. Allison.....	0
P. D. Folwell, b. Allison.....	4
J. W. Reeder, b. Allison.....	4
E. W. Evans, not out.....	4
J. W. Reeder, b. Allison.....	0
R. P. Lowry, b. Allison.....	0
Extras.....	7
Total.....	103

BELMONT.

E. K. Leech, c. Folwell, b. Stork.....	17
D. Graham, b. Garrett.....	45
J. E. Borden, c. Garrett, b. Stork.....	0
W. A. Allison, c. Lowry, b. Priestman.....	4
J. James, b. Garrett.....	3
Burrows, not out.....	18
M. Graham, not out.....	4
C. R. Norris, J. B. Calahan and G. W. Statzell, Jr., did not bat.	
Extras.....	17
Total (five wickets).....	108

Second XI (A) vs. Germantown Summer.

Played at Manheim on May 10th.

Germantown had the better of the game from the beginning to end. The game started at 2 o'clock and after three hours the last Germantown wicket fell. Haverford was handicapped by only having three bowlers on the team. Brookie, Lachlan, White, Graves and Cauffman made the best scores for Germantown, while Drinker with 10 was the only Haverfordian to make double figures. White bowled very effectively for Germantown, taking 5 wickets for the small cost of 18 runs. Score:—

GERMANTOWN SUMMER.

J. H. Brockie, b. Drinker.....	41
J. Lachlan, b. Stork.....	35
G. R. White, c. Stork, b. Priestman.....	37
L. W. Wister, c. Drinker, b. Priestman.....	2
H. Roberts, b. Drinker.....	0
E. T. Green, st. Lowry, b. Drinker.....	10
N. Z. Graves, b. Drinker.....	28
R. L. Perot, b. Drinker.....	3
M. Newhall, b. Drinker.....	6
J. E. Cauffman, run out.....	39
W. C. Morgan, not out.....	1
Extras.....	20
Total.....	214

HAVERFORD.

J. B. Drinker, b. Perot.....	10
W. C. Longstreth, b. White.....	7
A. G. Priestman, c. Perot, b. White.....	0
C. W. Stork, run out.....	7
E. W. Evans, b. White.....	0
S. P. Jones, b. White.....	4
H. H. Cookman, c. Perot, b. White.....	0
H. N. Thorn, b. Graves.....	1
R. P. Lowry, c. Perot, b. Morgan.....	7
E. Ritts, c. Graves, b. Newhall.....	1
E. M. Evans, not out.....	6
Extra.....	1
Total.....	43

Second XI (B) vs. Radnor.

A very good game was played at

Wayne on May 10th, 1902. Nicholson and DeMotte, old Haverfordians, played on the team. Thanks to the bowling of Braithwaite, the Haverford team was dismissed for but 51 without a single double figures. Radnor then batted and until after the eighth wicket which fell for 43 the result seemed very uncertain. Then Castle and Randall made a stand and the total reached 81. DeMott and Hopkins did the best bowling. Score :—

HAVERFORD.

C. R. Cary, b. Braithwaite.....	0
A. H. Hopkins, c. & b. Braithwaite	0
C. R. Haig, c. & b. Mifflin.....	8
L. W. DeMotte, run out.....	2
P. D. Folwell, b. Braithwaite.....	9
P. Nicholson, c. Hare, b. Mifflin.....	7
E. E. Trout, c. Hay, b. Mifflin.....	5
G. S. Garrett, c. & b. Mifflin.....	6
G. H. Thomas, not out.....	2
O. E. Duerr, b. Braithwaite.....	1
T. S. Downing, b. Braithwaite.....	0
Extras.....	11
Total.....	51

RADNOR.

A. B. Mifflin, b. Hopkins.....	0
S. A. Abbott, c. & b. Hopkins.....	7
A. G. Hare, c. Folwell, b. Hopkins.....	0
E. B. Hay, b. DeMotte.....	4
L. Castle, run out.....	37
D. A. Newhall, b. DeMotte.....	5
J. A. Heywood, b. DeMotte.....	3
P. S. Hill, b. DeMotte.....	11
C. Tolan, l. b. w. DeMotte.....	0
M. Randall, b. Garrett	8
Braithwaite, not out.....	3
Extras.....	3
Total.....	81

Second XI (B) vs. Philadelphia Summer.

A very exciting game was played at Wissahickon Heights on May 22nd. Haverford batted first, Dr. Mustard and Priestman carried the score to 27 for the first wicket; then a rot set in and the next eight wickets went down for about 10 runs. Fortunately for Haverford Prof. Comfort and Trout made splendid stand for the last wicket carrying the score to 87. Philadelphia after a hard struggle finally succeeded in passing the Haverford score by 9 runs. The score :

HAVERFORD.

A. G. Priestman, c. & b. Climenson.....	12
Dr. W. P. Mustard, b. Mason.....	15

Prof. W. W. Comfort, b. Climenson.....	28
A. G. H. Spiers, l. b. w. Climenson.....	0
C. R. Cary, c. Climenson, b. Mason	1
P. D. Folwell, c. sub., b. Mason.....	0
R. P. Lowry, c. sub., b. Climenson.....	0
C. W. Stork, c. Tiers, b. Mason.....	0
E. W. Evans, c. & b. Mason.....	4
G. S. Garrett, b. Mason.....	0
E. E. Trout, not out.....	16
Extras.....	11
Total.....	87

PHILADELPHIA.

J. H. Mason, b. Priestman.....	12
Woolley, b., Priestman.....	5
A. W. Tillinghast, c. Mustard, b. Priestman.....	22
J. L. Patterson not out, ..	35
R. O. Sheridan, c. Spiers, b. Priestman.....	6
S. G. Climenson, c. Priestman, b. Comfort...	3
C. B. Jennings, b. Priestman.....	2
A. Haines, c. Priestman, b. Folwell.....	2
A. G. Scattergood, b. Folwell.....	0
J. Tiers, c. Folwell, b. Comfort.....	1
G. Jenks, b. Comfort.....	0
Extras.....	8
Total.....	96

Second XI (A) vs. Second XI (B.)

On May 14th the two second elevens played a match resulting in a victory for Team B by the score of 106 to 69. The members of the faculty figured largely in the batting and Hopkins and Folwell did the best bowling.

TEAM A.

J. B. Drinker, c. Evans, b. Garrett.....	6
C. W. Stork, b. Hopkins.....	4
J. D. Carter, run out.....	27
R. P. Lowry, b. Hopkins.....	4
J. M. Stokes, b. Garrett.....	0
P. D. Folwell, b. Garrett	6
E. W. Evans, c. Mustard, b. Hopkins.....	0
W. H. Grant, b. Hopkins.....	0
G. K. Helbert, b. Hopkins.....	0
E. F. Winslow, b. Hopkins.....	0
W. C. Longstreth, not out.....	9
Extras.....	13
Total.....	69

TEAM B.

Dr. F. B. Gummere, c. Stokes, b. Stork.....	0
Dr. W. P. Mustard, l. b. w. Stork.....	28
Prof. W. W. Comfort, c. & b. Drinker.....	46
A. H. Hopkins, c. Drinker, b. Folwell.....	11
G. S. Garrett, c. Longstreth, b. Drinker.....	4
E. M. Evans, c. Carter, b. Folwell.....	0
E. E. Trout, b. Drinker.....	0
E. C. Peirce, c. Drinker, b. Folwell.....	4
C. Wistar, b. Folwell.....	6
F. E. Barr, not out.....	1
Extras.....	6
Total.....	106

Second XI (A) vs. Second XI (B).

Played at Merion, May 29.

The two second elevens played each other in a rather spiritless fashion. The game was late in beginning and the fielding was very poor. The game, however, was interesting, as the score was close, being 107 to 122. The score:

SECOND XI (B).

J. B. Drinker, b. Priestman.....	9
C. R. Haig, b. Stork.....	18
C. R. Cary, run out.....	0
A. G. H. Spiers, b. Folwell.....	9
Dr. Gummere, b. Stork.....	7
Dr. Mustard, b. Stork.....	24
E. E. Trout, c. Reeder, b. Priestman.....	8
G. S. Garrett, c. Lowry, b. Stork.....	2
J. M. Stokes, not out.....	9
E. C. Peirce, c. & b. Stork.....	0
Extras.....	21
Total.....	107

SECOND XI (A).

R. P. Lowry, b. Garrett.....	20
W. C. Longstreth, b. Garrett.....	19
P. D. Folwell, l. b. w. Mustard.....	3
A. G. Priestman, b. Garrett.....	24
C. W. Stork, b. Garrett.....	0
E. W. Evans, not out.....	28
H. N. Thorn, b. Garrett.....	14
J. W. Reeder, b. Garrett.....	0
E. M. Evans, b. Garrett.....	3
T. S. Downing, not out.....	0
Extras.....	11
Total.....	122

Third Eleven Games.

The showing of the Third eleven has been very creditable. Of the four scheduled games already played, three have been won. The work of the team has been consistent and the regular attendance at noon fielding practices has been of great help to individual players. Wills, '04, and Cookman, '05, have developed into a strong bowling combination and show an average of 6.31 and 6.41 respectively. The best batting has been done by Kimber, '04, with an average of 37 runs, while Haig, '04, holds second place with an average of 18 runs. The following games have been played:

May 2—Third XI, 56; Penn Charter, 59.

May 14—Third XI, 66; Merion Juniors, 64.

May 17—Third XI, 93; Moorestown Summer, 18.

May 20—Third XI, 59; Friends' Select School, 20.

1902 vs. 1903.

The Seniors and Juniors played their match on Walton Field on May 1st and the former had little trouble in winning without the loss of a wicket. Dean was the only Junior who secured double figures. The score:—

1903.

J. B. Drinker, c. Evans, b. Wood.....	1
J. K. Worthington, b. Wood.....	1
A. J. Phillips, b. Scott.....	1
C. R. Cornman, run out.....	4
F. R. Winslow, st. Roberts, b. Scott.....	1
O. E. Duerr, b. Wood.....	0
H. J. Cadbury, b. Cookman.....	8
G. Peirce, b. Scott.....	0
A. G. Dean, b. Scott.....	20
F. E. Barr, not out.....	0
R. L. Simkin, b. Scott.....	0
Extras.....	7
Total.....	43

1902.

R. M. Gummere, not out.....	39
A. C. Wood, Jr., not out.....	22
A. S. Cookman, C. R. Cary, E. W. Evans, W. C. Longstreth, C. W. Stork, E. E. Trout, N. A. Scott, G. S. Garrett and D. A. Roberts did not bat.	
Extras.....	3
Total (no wickets).....	64

1902 vs. 1904.

On May 7th and 8th the Seniors and the Sophomores played the last of the inter-class matches and 1904 won the championship. For the Seniors, Garrett did the best work both with bat and ball. For the Sophomores, Bevan and Bonbright maintained a very even attack and C. C. and H. H. Morris scored 50 for the first wicket.

1902.

R. M. Gummere, b. Bonbright.....	4
A. C. Wood, Jr., c. Bonbright, b. Bevan.....	12
A. S. Cookman, l. b. w. Bonbright.....	8
W. C. Longstreth, c. Folwell, b. Bevan.....	0
D. A. Roberts, c. Stokes, b. Bonbright.....	2
E. W. Evans, l. b. w. Bonbright.....	0
C. W. Stork, c. C. C. Morris, b. Bonbright.....	8
N. A. Scott, b. Bevan.....	7
J. W. Reeder, b. Bevan.....	0
C. R. Cary, c. Lowry, b. Bonbright.....	14
C. S. Garrett, not out.....	15
Extras.....	7
Total.....	77

1904.	
C. C. Morris, c. Scott, b. Gummere.....	23
H. H. Morris, c. Wood, b. Cookman.....	31
E. J. Bevan, b. Cookman.....	1
W. P. Bonbright, c. Wood, b. Gummere.....	12
P. D. Folwell, run out.....	1
C. R. Haig, c. Roberts, b. Gummere.....	2
H. N. Thorn, c. Roberts, b. Gummere.....	2

R. P. Lowry, not out.....	6
J. M. Stokes, st. Roberts, b. Garrett.....	1
W. M. Wills, b. Garrett.....	1
W. S. Bradley, b. Garrett.....	0
Extras.....	3
Total.....	83

RONDEAUX.

I.

If love were all, O world if love were all!
 If showers of kisses might forever fall,
 And happy mortals only lived for this;
 To spend their earthly life in heavenly
 bliss,
 With countless pleasure that should never
 pall.

Duty would never sound her clarion call
 To fright our joy and all our hopes forestall;
 The golden future could not come amiss
 If love were all.

Ah me! I vainly sigh, for is love all?
 A voice within me answers clear though
 small,
 When death shall claim thee with his chilling
 kiss,
 And bear thee far beyond the blue abyss,
 No longer shalt thou ask what might befall,
 If love were all.

II.

When Laura plays with fingers light
 My spirit is enraptured quite.
 The rippling keys trill melody,
 And pleasure swells to ecstasy,
 Till every note is pure delight.

For life is fair and hope is bright,
 The world shines golden to my sight,
 And Love himself sings feelingly,
 When Laura plays.

And yet the music's power is slight
 Compared with her resistless might,
 That binds our hearts in sympathy,
 And makes them throb in harmony.
 O cruel time, delay your flight,
 When Laura plays.
 C. W. S. '02.

TRACK.

Relay Races.

THE class Relay Races were held on May 5th and were won for the fourth consecutive time by the class of 1902. The cup was awarded to the winners of the first mile, but the race was continued for three miles. The three mile race was also won by 1902. The time for laps was: First quarter 56 2-5 sec., Second quarter 57 1-5 sec., Third quarter, 53 1-5 sec., Last quarter 54 2-5 sec. Time for mile, 3 min. 41 1-5 sec. The teams were as follows:

1902—Longstreth, Ross, Reeder, Haviland.

1903—Worthington, Peirce, Phillips, Simkin.

1904—Thorn, Perkins, Bevan, H. H. Morris.

1905—Boher, Eshleman, Bausman, Priestman.

Final Spring Sports.

The finals and remaining events of the Annual Spring Sports were run off on the afternoon of May 9th, a half holiday being granted for the occasion. Walton Field maintained its weather

traditions in a strong wind, very detrimental to the runners. The Freshmen were victorious, winning a total of 52 points. The Seniors won 39 1-2, the Sophomores 24 1-2, and the Juniors 1. Bausman, '05, made a new record in the mile, running it in 4 minutes 48 sec. H. W. Jones, '05, also threw the hammer 106 ft. 4 in., more than 12 feet better than the old record. The best individual work, as shown at the distribution of cups in the evening, was that of J. W. Reeder, '02, who received four cups for winning first places, besides one for breaking a record. Later in the evening the victory was duly celebrated by the winning class. Summary:

100-yards dash—Final heat—Won by Reeder '02; second, Eshleman, '05; third, Thorn, '04. Time, 11 1-5 seconds.

220-yards dash—Final heat—Won by Reeder, '02; second Lowry, '04; third, Thorn, '04. Time, 25 seconds.

Kicking football—Won by Pearson, '05; second, Seull, '05; third, Dennis, '02. Distance, 177 feet, 9 inches.

Quarter mile run—Won by Longstreth, '02; second, Priestman, '05; third, Simkin, '03. Time, 56 2-5 seconds.

Hammer throw—Won by H. W. Jones, '05; second, Folwell, '04; third, Libby, '05; Distance, 106 feet 4 inches (record).

One mile run—Won by Bausman, '05; second, H. H. Morris, '04; third, Bushnell, '05. Time, 4 minutes 48 seconds (record).

120-yards hurdles—Won by Reeder, '02; second, Hopkins, '05; third, Bonbright '04. Time, 17 4-5 seconds.

High jump—Won by Hopkins, '05; second and third, a tie between Reeder, '02; Bevan, '04; Perkins, '04 and Priestman, '05. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

Haverford-Lehigh Meet.

On Saturday, May 17th, the Haverford College track team defeated the Lehigh team by the score of 62 to 46. Records were broken in the low hurdles, mile and half-mile runs, and running broad jump, while the pole vault record was equalled. The performances of H. H. Morris and Bausman are worthy of mention, the former running the mile in 4 minutes, 45 2-5 seconds, and the latter the half-mile in 2 minutes, 5 1-2 seconds. The work of Longstreth in the sprints, and Reeder in the hurdles, and of Hopkins, Jones and Scull in the field events was also above the average. The summary follows:

100-yard dash—First, Longstreth, Haverford; second, Frick, Lehigh; third, Reeder, Haverford. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

Running broad jump—First, Hopkins, Haverford; second, Pentz, Lehigh; third, Brown, Haverford. Distance, 20 feet, 6 inches. (Record).

Half-mile run—First, Bausman, Haverford; second, Klar, Lehigh; third, H. Morris, Haverford. Time, 2 minutes, 5 2-5 seconds. (Record).

120-yard hurdles—First, Reeder, Haverford; second, Hopkins, Haverford; third, Lord, Lehigh. Time 17 2-5 seconds.

220-yard dash—First, Frick, Lehigh; second, Longstreth, Haverford; third, Reeder, Haverford. Time, 24 seconds.

Pole vault—First, Scull, Haverford; second, tie between Pentz, Lehigh, and Morgan, Lehigh. Height, 9 feet, 7 inches. (Equals record).

High jump—First, Hopkins, Haverford; second, tie between Bevan, Haverford, and Roszel, Lehigh.

Hammer throw—First, Jones, Haverford; second, Johnson, Lehigh; third, Pyne, Lehigh. Distance, 105 feet, 7 inches.

Mile run—First, H. H. Morris, Haverford; second, Klar, Lehigh; third, Bausman, Haverford. Time, 4 minutes 45 2-5 seconds. (Record).

Shot put—First, Pentz, Lehigh; second, Folwell, Haverford; third, Pyne, Lehigh. Distance, 35 feet 9 inches.

220-yard hurdles—First, Reeder, Haverford; second, Saffold, Lehigh; third, Becker, Lehigh. Time, 27 seconds.

Quarter-mile run—First, Brownell, Lehigh; second, Williams, Lehigh; third, Longstreth, Haverford.

ORATORICAL CONTESTS

THE contest for the Alumni Prize in Oratory took place on May 14th. The prize was won by Edgar H. Boles, '02, and Justin E. Brown, '02, received honorable mention.

The contestants and their subjects were:—

1. S. Norman Wilson, '03, The Cavalier in America.
2. Harry A. Dominovich, '03, The Novelist of Humanity.
3. Justin E. Brown, '02, America in the Far East.
4. Edgar H. Boles, '02, John Marshall, Jurist and Statesman.
5. Enoch F. Hoffman, '03, Robert Burns.
6. John S. Fox, '02, The Iron Pope.

The Judges were: Professor F. E. Schelling, U. of P.; Professor J. D. Spaeth, Central High School, and Mr. Harold Peirce. Mr. Parker S. Williams

'94, chairman of the Alumni Committee, presided.

The annual contest in Extemporaneous Speaking for the Everett Society Prize between the Sophomore and Freshman Class was held on May 7th. The medal was won by Harold W. Jones, '05, but the Sophomores won the team contest.

The speakers and their subjects were:

1. Bernard Lester, '04, Kit Carson.
2. Victor W. Wheeler, '05, The Irish Problem.
3. William M. Wills, '04, St. Teresa.
4. Harold W. Jones, '05, A Representative German.
5. James M. Stokes, Jr., '04, George Fox.
6. Charles S. Bushnell, '05, True History of the Bastille.

7. George K. Helbert, '04, Nansen's Achievements.
8. Harry N. Slonimsky, '05, The Yellow Peril.

The Judges were : Alex. Simpson, Jr.,

Esq. (chairman, W. E. Rex, Esq., N. D. Miller, Esq., Mr. B. A. Konkle, and Mr. Charles L. Hillman.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE foot-ball schedule for the season of 1902 was announced on May 23rd. The schedule is not so hard as last year: ten games will be played instead of twelve. Princeton will be played again and also Pennsylvania, but Columbia, the Indians and John Hopkins University have been left out of the schedule for next season.

Wednesday, October 8—U. of P. (place not arranged).

Saturday, October 11—F. and M., at Lancaster.

Wednesday, October 15—Princeton, at Princeton.

Saturday, October 18—Delaware, at Haverford.

Saturday, October 25—Rutgers, at Haverford.

Saturday, November 1—Ursinus, at Haverford.

Wednesday, November 5—Lehigh, at Haverford.

Saturday, November 8—Dickinson, at Carlisle.

Wednesday, November 12—Jefferson Medical, at Haverford.

Saturday, November 22—Swarthmore, at Swarthmore.

Two games have been arranged for the scrub. It is possible that one or two more may be scheduled for them, during the summer vacation. The dates are as follows :

Oct. 10—Penn Charter, at Haverford.

Nov. 8—Ursinus Scrub, at Ursinus.

At a meeting of the candidates for next year's foot-ball team, J. Henry Scattergood, who will act as head coach, outlined his policy for next season. He said that the Harvard style of play would be adopted and that great attention would be paid to strategy and quickness. Dr. Branson said a few words showing the advantage of graduate coaching over professional coachings, and Captain Phillips ended by urging the candidates to come back to college next year in good condition.

The Joint Undergraduate and Alumni Athletic Committee has voted \$250 of the receipts from the skating pond to last fall's foot-ball expenses, \$50 to the Athletic Association and \$125 to the Cricket Association.

President Duerr of the Scientific Club has chosen the following members as executive committee for next year: Prof. Edwards, G. Peirce, '03, C. R. Haig, '04, and B. Lester, '04.

At the annual State Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Oratorical Contest, E. F. Hoffman, '03, won the first prize (\$40) with an oration entitled "The Saloon Must Go."

Class Day exercises will take place at 5.30 Thursday, June 12th, and supper will be served at 6.30. The regular commencement exercises will be held on the morning of June 13th. The following are chairmen of the various class day committees:—

Class Day Exercise Committee—E. W. Evans.

Refreshments Committee—R. M. Gummere.

Invitation Committee—A. S. Cookman.

Finance Committee—A. G. H. Spiers.

Decoration Committee—N. A. Scott.

The Glee Club gave their operetta again, at the Merion Cricket Club. The performance was received with the utmost enthusiasm and encores were called for at every opportunity. When the operetta was finished a dance took place, which was also greatly enjoyed by those present.

The cup for the best individual preliminary spring training was awarded to R. J. Ross, '02, with honorable mention of H. L. Balderston, '02, and C. S. Bushnell, '05. The banner for the class doing the most conscientious spring training was awarded to 1904.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Earlhamite* we opened with our usual eager interest and made haste to scan its fascinating pages. We found a poem supposed to be by an ex-officer of the college, and therefore naturally full of interest for any Earlhamite; a very readable article on 'Toussaint L' Overture; and then a barren wilderness of college and society and preparatory school notes. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, we came upon an oasis, a green and blooming spot in the desert, something which causes our eyes to open wider, and our pulses to beat with greater rapidity. And the most remarkable thing about it all is its unexpectedness. There is no flourish of trumpets, no self-laudation, no effort to attract attention, simply the plain, matter-of-fact statement. But what was this remarkable thing? Well, there were some dual games between Miami and Earlham. Naturally they are reported in the Earlham paper. But do they have great, staring headlines to announce that an Earlham man has established a new world's record? No, they merely say, in their sublime simplicity, 220 yards—1st, B. F. Grave, Earlham; 2d, M. C. Kirk, Earlham. Time, 17 4-5 sec.!!!

In a large university there is usually support for several student publications, say a literary monthly, for the more serious work of the institution; a daily, for the college notes and scores of games, and such daily occurrences as are of interest to the students; and perhaps a humorous magazine wherein to publish hits at the college authorities, and at the other papers, and at things in general. But in a small college, such as Haverford, there is not support for more than one organ. And therefore this one must fulfill all the functions of the above-mentioned classes; it must publish representative literary work, it

must give the college news, and it should occasionally devote some of its space to the lighter side of things. When there is but one paper it should be a mirror of the life of the institution in all its phases. For this reason the criticism of the *College Student* that the HAVERFORDIAN is a "pretentious little local note-book" is shallow in the extreme, if it is meant to be derogatory, and it apparently is. "Pretentious" the HAVERFORDIAN is not. "Little" is a merely relative word, and we have seen larger magazines than the *College Student*. As for being a "local note-book," and having a "superabundance of athletic comment" (another fault), we have already defined our position in that regard. Another thing this *College Student* doesn't like about us is that we fill our pages with translations of Freshman Latin. If they read Horace and Catullus, not to mention the Greek poets Simonides and Bacchylides and Sappho in Freshman Latin at Franklin and Marshall, they have made further advancement in the study of the classics than have most colleges. If the editors of the *College Student* would spend more time in correcting the misspelling and the misquotations in the rather immature articles which constitute the bulk of their magazine, instead of writing would-be patronizing criticisms of contemporaries, they might improve considerably the tone of their paper.

The *Columbia Lit* is remarkably good reading. To name all the praiseworthy pieces in it would be almost equivalent to giving the table of contents. But one thing which seemed above even this magazine's high level is the story-sketch called "Twilight Fantasia." This is a most delicate and admirable piece of work, with touches here and there which almost suggest DeQuincey.

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THE

HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIV, No. 5

OCTOBER, 1902

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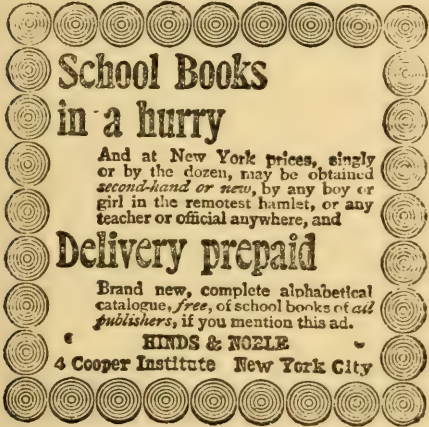
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXIV.

HAVERFORD, OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 5.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITORS

HENRY J. CADBURY, 1903.
Editor in Chief.

OTTO E. DUERR, 1903.

W. PARKER BONBRIGHT, 1904.

D. LAWRENCE BURGESS, 1904.

ROBERT P. LOWRY, 1904.

A. GLYNDON PRIESTMAN, 1905.

SIGMUND G. SPAETH, 1905.

H. A. DOMINOVICH, 1903, *Business Manager.*

B. LESTER, 1904, *Assistant Business Manager.*

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Single Copies, 15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

AFTER a most peaceful and quiescent summer's retirement our "wanton Muse" threatens to break all bounds and rush forth suddenly into an ecstatic rhapsody on the Golden Age of the coming college year. However, we shall try to restrain such unceremonious enthusiasm to the privacy of the sanctum and, putting all flourishes aside, offer to you all a hearty greeting. We are all happy at this opening of the college year. Even the proud Seniors need not feel sad at the thought that their course is nearly run, when they reflect that the year still before them is to be the best and richest of them all. The Juniors and Sophomores have as yet given no serious symptoms of permanent melancholia with

their extra cuts (as well as their extra responsibilities). And the Freshmen—as far as upper classmen's lofty intellect can comprehend the inferior depths of their mental conditions—must really be the very happiest of us all.

It is a land of promise you are entering, men of 1906—of promise of the best things of life. We welcome you to it with all our hearts, for we recognize that you have taken a niche in our college life, which, no matter how small and humble it may seem to-day, is sure to grow and broaden in the rounding cycle of years. Meanwhile let patient effort be your watchword, as you strive day by day to realize the true significance of the Haverford ideal in the life of the individual and the progress of the community.

FROM the point of view of enthusiasm football prospects are very bright this year. That fourteen men appeared on the field two days before college opened, twenty-nine the next and thirty-five on the opening day of regular work should be a source of encouragement to everyone. At the same time, perhaps, we need a little caution lest we expend all our energies now and fail to work ourselves up gradually to the pitch, so as to turn out a winning team. Above all, there must be no slump in our spirit and the support we give the team. The "quitter" is not only the man who becomes weary of well doing on the grid-iron, but every man whose interest on the sidelines wanes at any time from the start of the season to its close. Let no man at Haverford be called a quitter.

The schedule for this season is somewhat lighter than that of last, and we hope the team may make a better showing. Columbia, the Indians and Johns Hopkins, it will be noticed, have been displaced by Pennsylvania, leaving ten instead of twelve games, equally between our own and other gridirons.

The regular drills which the candidates undergo every afternoon before the field practice shall harden them against many of the petty injuries which were so frequent in former years. Weak ankles and wrists, continued bruised muscles and strained tendons should be unheard of. But in their place should appear an additional amount of hard conscientious work which will make the team worthy of the loyal and enthusiastic support which it receives from both alumni and under-graduates.

With our new system of alumni coaching (which but adds Haverford spirit to Haverford spirit), with the new material which has come this year and with the several old men who have returned, we should have a team representing in a larger measure than for some years past, true Haverford sportsmanship.

From a financial point of view, also, the season should be a success. Everything is being supplied for the season's use at a moderately low cost. The burden of responsibility now rests with those who use these materials for their best care of them.

THE shadow of gloom which was cast over the festivities of commencement week by the news of the fatal illness of Miss Mary Newlin Smith still seems to hover about us as we return again in the fall and miss her kind-

ly face from our midst. For five years she filled the difficult position of matron with such practical ability in the administration of the household, and such gentle affability in all her relations with the students, as to win their highest regard for her character and for the nobility of womanhood which she represented. It is but the feeblest expression of this appreciation which we are here able to record to her memory.

FROM the attitude of President Sharpless and the faculty it would seem that the old institution of hazing is in a fair way to be abolished. The prophetic eye can foresee a time when the name of sophomore will no longer be a word to conjure with, a time when the timorous freshmen may retire inside his moat and with raised drawbridge and lowered portcullis bid defiance to the enemy without. In this millennium to come the first night visitation will doubtless yield its place to a series of afternoon teas, and the upper classmen clamoring for the wrack and carnage of the soap slide will be put off with a lantern parade on the campus, after the manner of a sister college. Then shall the lion and the lamb lie down together, and that mysterious better way shall rule with autocratic wisdom.

THE Editors regret that the issue for this month reaches its readers a few days late. This delay is due to the fact that there have been made several changes in the method of publication which must improve the appearance of the magazine as well as the quality of its contents. We hope hereafter to have the paper issued promptly on the 10th of the month.

NANTUCKET FOR THE FISHERMAN.

TO one who has even a small holiday at his disposal, a visit to Nantucket, will be well worth making. I shall here attempt to describe briefly the joys of deep-sea fishing at that sea-side resort, and in so doing to dwell on some of its pleasantest phases.

If you are a greenhorn at sailing, procure a reliable catboat, with a hardy old salt who knows enough of fishing to direct you to the right bottoms, and enough of policy to keep his mouth shut while you are courting the coquettish plaice-fish, or the fiery and recalcitrant squitteague. These old fishermen, some of them Nantucket F. F. V's, so to speak, have nothing to do through their whole lives except to fish and sail with summer-parties, and to scallop in the winter, besides blowing about their boats;—speed, sailing qualities etc., and emphasizing by a sturdy silence their pride in their good old Nantucket ancestry, and an unswerving devotion to the belief that, in this world, only Nantucketers are perfect specimens of humanity. If, however, you know the art of sailing and the tides, weather, and currents, you will enjoy much more your little snub-nosed catboat, with your single companion;—Arcadians both of you. Then it is that the ripples swirl about the cut-water and the bubbles dance in the wake, then it is that your comrade holds the tiller and you lie flat on your back watching the clouds or the racing spin-drift with a placid joy that only college boys can feel when they desert Minerva's shrine and place their vows before the altar of Neptune. Under these circumstances it pays you to leave your bed at three in the morning in order to catch the turn of the tide; the comrade who was so rude as to sling those pebbles against your window was really performing a

blessing, as it seemed then, in disguise.

Now, as to the dirty work. Those beastly clams have to be opened and made ready for the hook, your cloud-gazing must cease, the eyes which look down into yours from that gentle cirrus must vanish, however loth, and you must turn from day-dreams to hard necessity. This is the time to bring your optimism to bear. "Faith without works is dead." So expectation, even though you know those big fellows will surely bite, is a barren tree, without the fruit of Spartan resolution in making prosaic preparations. But somehow the hooks and lines are prepared and the clams are cut, or the trolling lines put out astern, and you are ready. What next? Where shall you sail? What a blunderer! Don't you see that sandy bottom off the starboard bow, with about ten feet of water and the plaice-fish on a thousand sand-bars? Quite Tennysonian, indeed. So we cross the bar and plunge *in medias res*. Your man at the helm is no fool, he will not drop the sail and be whisked past the feeding-ground; he will luff and put the helm down. Now for business. Laugh, you trout fishers of dexterous art, ye who stand waist-deep in the cold mountain stream and play your reel, call this simple fun of ours child's play! Perhaps it is, but you know with me, my friend of the two months vacation, the deep-rooted pleasure of a quiet sail and a quiet hour with your hand at nervous tension and your face over the side cultivating the Lydian laughter of the deep green water, and biding your time till that two-pounder loafing so lazily on the bottom chooses to stir and provide for his creature wants by rising to the clam.

You are now floating lazily, the blocks tearing in the traveler, and the mast

bowing and smirking to the pitching and rolling. Now the boom dips and your comrade swears gently to himself as a puff of wind catches the impeded sail and sends the boat ahead for a few seconds. Your mind wanders for a minute and is not in concord with the hand which grasps the line. Back to the cirri again; those eyes and that wavy hair look out again and seem to remind you of the fact that while girls may be enjoying Italian sunsets, and talking unintelligible art terms with mamma in Perugia or Siena, or patronizing various American summer resorts, a life on the ocean wave is pleasant in the extreme, and your only desideratum is a third hand aboard, even though the hand will not be very suitable for anything except waiting placidly and jerking nervously when its dainty brain-convolutions give the signal to say "Oh! Quick! Come help me haul in this big fellow." So runs on your train of thought till a heavy pull brings you back from Italy to Nantucket. Tomorrow morning's breakfast is on one end, and you are on the other. Don't slacken the line for an instant, or else he will be off the hook like a supporter of free silver or an Italian striker on the railroad. Haul him gently yet quickly. Ah! There is a commotion on the surface and a splash of water on your flannels reminds you of a water-fight in Barclay Hall way back in the

days when you were a freshman. Over the side he comes—green and dull on the back, flat as a pancake, with a white belly that gleams in the sunlight, and a pair of cynical yellow eyes. Put your foot on him, force back the hook and bring it out with a sudden jerk, and the fish lies prostrate in the box, with his last will and testament written in fish language in the blood in the bottom of the boat or the bubbles that float away and announce to his comrades the loss of a fellow Free-mason, who died game. Several more of these captures; perhaps a loss or two, which only add to the excitement, when the eyes of the cirrus are blotted out by that heavy nimbus on the starboard beam, and you race down to Nantucket on the port tack and before the wind, to lie by till the storm passes over.

A stroll round the quaint old town, a chat with some old tars on the wharf, and you beat back home under close reefs, in oil-skins and boots, to regale the family with your day's sport and to offer some of the best eating which old Ocean affords,—fried plaice, which melt in your mouth. Those were halcyon days, when you said, with the old poet,

"My joy is great, in retrospect,
To seat myself and then reflect,
How happy were those days now past."

—R. M. G. '02.

Lines to One in Paradise.

Her eyes were like the ocean
When the winds and tempests cease;—
Those deep abodes of innocence!
Those meek abodes of peace!
Her hair was soft as velvet
And of a brownish hue;
Withal, a dainty ankle—
A perfect fitting shoe!
But one dire day we lost her,—
It grieves me to tell how!
For she was ever my loved pet—
My father's Jersey Cow! —D. L. B., '04

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless)

THE College opened with thirty-seven Freshmen and six other new students who are graduates of other colleges and have entered the Senior Class. We lost last year three graduate students, forty Seniors, and nine who dropped out of the other classes,—making a net loss to the College of nine students. The Freshman Class seems to be up to the Haverford standard in scholarship, character, and physique.

Dr. Mustard and Dr. Pratt are away on their leave of absence for the year. Dr. Mustard's place is filled by Dr. Ebeling who last year occupied the same relations to Prof. Gifford. Dr. Reuben M. Strong, Ph. D. of Harvard and last year Biological teacher at the Academy of the University of Chicago, will attend to Dr. Pratt's work. Two of our professors since last year have received their degree of Doctor of Philosophy—Seth K. Gifford, from Halle, Germany, and William W. Comfort, from Harvard. It will thus be seen that there are no striking changes in the Faculty as compared with last year.

The construction of Roberts Hall was delayed during the summer on account

of scarcity of material, but it is now progressing rapidly. At the day of writing the walls are about half erected. The contract calls for its completion by Second month 1st, 1903. It will contain a hall for public lectures and the morning collections and the College offices. It will be a Colonial building of quiet and appropriate architecture.

The old Alumni Hall has been cleared of platform and seats to make room for the extension of the Library and Reading Room. The book cases and tables were promised before the opening of college, but, like most other promises made by builders this summer, this has not been fulfilled. It is to be hoped, however, that at an early date the much needed Library accommodations will be in usable condition.

The internal conditions of the college seem to be pleasant and healthful. Time has not succeeded in exterminating folly from the hearts of the Sophomores, but it is hoped that their efforts may be circumscribed within safe limits. The Freshmen seem to be bearing their difficult and unnatural position with good sense and dignity.

CONSTITUTION OF THE HAVERFORD COLLEGE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

(Adopted June 10, 1902)

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

This Association shall be known as the Haverford College Athletic Association.

ARTICLE II.

MEMBERS.

All undergraduate students are eligible as active members and all graduates, ex-students

and members of the Faculty of Haverford College are eligible as Associate Members of this Association.

ARTICLE III.

DEPARTMENTS.

This Association shall consist of four Departments; namely, Cricket, Football, Gymnasium and Track.

ARTICLE IV.

DEPARTMENT OFFICERS.

Section 1. The active members of the Association shall, not later than the close of each collegiate year, elect a Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Manager, Assistant Manager and Secretary for each Department. To these officers shall be added, in each Department, an Alumnus, to be chosen by the Alumni Committee on Athletics.

CAPTAINS.

Sec. 2. The regular members and substitutes of each team, shall, not later than at the close of each collegiate year, elect a captain for the ensuing year.

ASSOCIATION OFFICERS.

Sec. 3. The Chairman, Managers, Captains and Alumni representatives of each Department, shall, not later than at the close of each collegiate year, together elect the officers of the Association.

1st. A President, who shall be a Senior.

2nd. A Vice-President, who shall be a Junior.

3rd. A Secretary, who shall be a Sophomore.

4th. A Treasurer, who shall be an Alumnus.

5th. An Additional Alumni Representative.

In case of vacancy in any of these offices, by death or resignation, they shall elect a successor for the balance of the term.

ARTICLE V.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Alumni Representative, together with the President of the College, shall form the Board of Directors of the Association.

They shall publish an annual report in the HAVERFORDIAN.

ARTICLE VI.

MANAGING COMMITTEES.

The Chairman, Manager, Captain and Alumni Representatives of each Department shall form a committee which shall manage that Department and make rules for its government and conduct.

ARTICLE VII.

DEPARTMENT EXPENSES.

The Managing Committee of each Department shall, through its Chairman, submit estimates of the financial requirements for the year to the Board of Directors, as early as possible in each season.

These committees shall be guided by the advice and counsel of the Board of Directors, which shall veto the payment of any bills or expenses contracted contrary to its approval.

ARTICLE VIII.

TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall receive and be the custodian of all funds belonging to the As-

sociation and shall disburse the same only upon the written orders of the Board of Directors. He shall publish an annual report in the HAVERFORDIAN, fully itemized and showing the exact expenses of each Department. His accounts shall be audited annually, by an expert appointed by the President of the College. He shall see that donations for special uses are so expended; and he may appoint an assistant, resident at the College.

ARTICLE IX.

SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall act as clerk of the Board of Directors and shall keep full minutes of their meetings, but shall not be a member thereof.

ARTICLE X.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The officers of this organization shall perform the duties usually pertaining to their respective positions, in addition to those herein specified.

ARTICLE XI.

SPECIAL MEETINGS.

The President, or, in his absence, the Vice President, shall call special meetings of the Association, whenever so requested in writing by a majority of members of the Managing Committees of the four Departments, giving one week's notice thereof.

ARTICLE XII.

DUES.

The annual dues of all members shall be Five Dollars, (\$5.00) payable one-half on October 1 and February 1 of each year. There shall be no other assessments.

ARTICLE XIII.

RIGHTS OF MEMBERS.

All members shall have full and equal rights in every Department, subject to its rules. But the Board of Directors may drop any member from the Roll of Membership for non-payment of Dues after one month's written notice, or for any other causes deemed sufficient by them.

ARTICLE XV.

AMENDMENTS AND BY-LAWS.

Every member of the Association in good standing shall receive a card from the Treasurer, admitting him to all athletic events at Haverford.

ARTICLE XIV.

ADMISSION TO EVENTS.

The Board of Directors shall make such further rules and regulations as may seem necessary to them from time to time; but these articles shall not be amended except by a two-thirds vote (which shall constitute a quorum) of the active members, after one month's written notice.

COMMENCEMENT 1902.

ON June 13, the largest class in the history of Haverford College was graduated, twenty-three Seniors receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and sixteen the degree of Bachelor of Science, while two postgraduates were made Master of Arts.

The exercises were held in Alumni Hall, which was filled with guests. After a devotional pause and the reading of a Psalm by T. Wistar Brown, President Sharpless arose and made a few introductory remarks, in which he said, in part: "The primary function of a college is not to amuse the public or advertise itself, but to have its students growing day by day in a congenial atmosphere in the elements of character and intellectuality which make men of power and responsibility. To see a young man conquer his own weaknesses and build up a worthy standard of life, to see the willful become regulated, the weakling become strengthened, the drifting soul find a satisfactory solution of life's elementary problems, and enunciate an intelligent and reliable conscience, to see the careless boy with low ambitions become the man with a tremendous purpose in scholarship or active life, all of this is the reward of him who watches the evolutions of student life in an atmosphere of peace and normal activity. Such has been the recompense of all Haverfordians who have been quick to discern during this year.

"The boy of cultured birth and many comforts has undoubted advantages, but if poverty is a bar to scholarship, wealth is a greater one. It is a crown on the head of Haverford, that not a few of her well-to-do graduates have devoted themselves to hard study and a serious consideration of the duties of life, and have achieved striking suc-

cess. It is no less a crown that she has never even doubted the possibilities which await the other young man, and has been rewarded still more often by his justification of the opportunities she has accorded him. No college can be right without either class. It will either be snobbish or boorish. Nor can it be right if they dwell in hostile camps, with no social democracy to bind them together. The fruit of scholarship is the recognition of merit in every one."

President Sharpless then spoke of the new buildings and referred particularly to the donation of Roberts Hall and to the collection of valuable letters which accompanied it. He also spoke of the helpfulness of the younger alumni, especially in the building of the new gymnasium and the Conklin Memorial Gateway.

After the honors and prizes had been announced, and the degrees conferred, Dr. Briggs addressed the graduates. He said that few colleges in America were so highly favored as Haverford, with her noble situation near, yet away from a great city, and with instructors that a great university would get if they could. He said there was not only room, but a demand for college men in many lines of activity; but he also told the graduates that they should take care to recognize that there are many things worth living for, other than those which are practical. They were not to be afraid of small beginnings. When the right kind of a man had too small a place he did his work so well that he soon made it evident that he was fitted for a higher. He then spoke of college loyalty and of foot-ball as a college game.

"Whatever you go into," said Dr. Briggs in conclusion, "go into it with your heart and soul. Into everything

we do we must put leaven. The college stands for the higher meaning of everyday work, and everyday life. If a higher task comes, take it as you took the lower—in the same spirit which makes fidelity heroic. There was never greater need of that fidelity by which the drudgery of daily life becomes transfigured. Success does not and cannot mean escape from work. Yet on every side we see men making demands for increase of luxury and decrease of labor. 'Less work for more money' is the constant cry. A man who takes his work

as a necessary evil will get no happiness out of it. The college graduate has learned that no loafer counts. A man who goes to his work in the right spirit will soon find more work. An earnest man's danger is not in doing too little, but trying to do too much. No college man can excuse himself for being what Homer calls 'a burden to the earth.' The college graduate who is too fastidious for any honest, helpful work, has missed much that college and Christianity can teach."

Degrees were conferred and prizes and honors announced as follows :

BACHELOR OF ARTS

Joseph John Barclay	Tetsutaro Inumaru
Edgar Howard Boles	Edward Goodwin Kirk
Justin Emmett Brown	William Collins Longstreth
William Wilkie Chambers	Herman Newman
Arthur Shirley Cookman	William Pyle Philips
William Varney Dennis	Andrew Dante Schrag
Charles Evans	Charles Harper Smith
Edward Wyatt Evans	Alexander Guy Holborn Spiers
John Sharpless Fox	John Lyon Stone
Richard Mott Gummere	Charles Wharton Stork
Joseph Bernard Haviland	Edgar Earl Trout

Alexander Cooper Wood, Jr.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

Henry Lloyd Balderston	John Wallace Reeder
Shipley Brown	David Allen Roberts
Charles Reed Cary	Robert John Ross
George Spencer Garrett	Herbert Armitt Scattergood
William Henry Grant	Norris Alexander Scott
Kearney Everett Hendricks	Carlino Linn Seiler
S. Percy Jones	George Herbert Thomas
William Webb Pusey, II	Parke Lewis Woodward

MASTER OF ARTS

William Edward Cadbury	Alfred Sharpless Haines
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PRIZES

The Haverford Fellowship (\$500) for 1902-1903, has been awarded to

William Pyle Philips

The Alumni Prize in Composition and Oratory (\$50) has been awarded to

Edgar Howard Boles

Honorable Mention, Justin Emmett Brown

Honors in German	Charles Evans
Honors in History and Political Science .	John Sharpless Fox
Honors in French and English	Alexander Guy Holborn Spiers
Honors in Greek and English	Charles Wharton Stork

Farewell to America.

(From "Japan and America," versified by R. M. G., '02).

To stand aloof from petty strife,
To turn aside from servile claims,
Has been my wont throughout my life,
And justified my strongest claims.

My principle of conduct stands
Immovable for loss or gain ;
If rich, if poor, I thank my stars
It never gave my conscience pain.

Some men may seek to play a part
And serve the rich, or court a foe ;
My friends are those who know my heart,
And sympathize in weal or woe.

And now, as homeward I return,
My heartfelt thanks remain with those
Who made the fire of friendship burn
Since first the spark of warmth arose.

Tetsutaro Inumaru.

IAGO.

IF you, my dear reader, imagine that in taking up the character of Iago, I am going to seize a hatchet, after the manner of a certain modern lady of note, and make a magnificent onslaught upon vice, if you are rubbing your hands in glee and saying " 'Ha ! ha ! now we shall have some slashing and blood-spilling,' " I beg of you to undeceive yourself at once. No ! let us not work ourselves up into a tirade against villany ; it is hard on the nervous system and accomplishes little. But let us rather play the rôle of the artist's friend, let us pretend, at least, that we know something whereof we are talking, and putting friend Iago on the other side of the room let us scrutinize him coolly with our hands in our pockets and our heads on one side. Then having assumed the proper attitude we will proceed to express our disapproval in the most disparaging terms. For, I think, of all evil-doers who walk upon this fair earth, of all those who, led either by their own depraved nature, by unwholesome greed, or deadening despair, have known crime and come to "love darkness rather than light," there is none more despicable than the malicious mischief-maker. True it is not pleasant to hear a burglar in your house ; it makes your heart beat with abominable rapidity. And though you may shudder

as you read in the morning paper the account of some horrible murder, though you may sicken at the bestial depravity which human nature sometimes reaches, yet for my part I do not think I abhor these men so much as him who not only ruins pure and happy lives, but damns an innocent and noble soul. It is not merely the wickedness of the thing. For though Milton's Satan stands for all that is evil, though he is the tempter that "brought death into the world and all our woe," yet there is a grandeur in his character and a magnificence in his schemes that attracts rather than repels. But show me, if you can, a single attractive feature in Iago's character. I grant you that the range of his deeds is far more limited, that he brings ruin only to a few instead of to the whole human race, but nevertheless what he loses in extent he gains in intensity. I know that this is not a fair comparison, but I merely wish to show that he is despicable not so much in the amount, as in the type of his wickedness. Macbeth may yield a better nature to ambition's tempting, he may not only take the life of a noble king, but may violate all rules of honor and hospitality in allowing that murder beneath his own roof, and we feel for him both pity and contempt. But he does not reach Iago's depth.

Richard, the third, deformed in body and soul may run through his horrid list of crimes, his pathway may be marked with the blood of kings, princes, courtiers, and we turn away in horror. But your whole nature does not revolt from him with so great a loathing as from Iago.

It, is, however, true, that no man can make a regular practice of crime, can excel even in wickedness, without possessing a powerful intellect and knowing how to use it. And it must be admitted that Iago has a certain type of genius. We have often heard that, "for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain," our friend of the sallow complexion and pendant cue "is peculiar," but I doubt if he could surpass Iago. The latter plays three hands at once, and with success. As a general rule it happens that when a man plays such a triple game, and makes himself, as it were, a sort of walking triangle, somebody catches a glimpse of the wrong side, and then the whole figure is apt to collapse. But Iago contrives with wonderful dexterity always to keep the right side toward the right person. Reading with clear insight the depths of human character, and finding the weak point of each man, he gets a hold upon his victim and keeps his grip until the end. To Roderigo he is the fellow-plotter; to Cassio, the sympathetic friend; to Othello, the faithful servant. And it is inconceivable that a man could thus play successfully with three men who are constantly meeting each other in daily life, could sometimes even play two rôles at once in the very presence of his dupes, without having a certain form of genius and a goodly portion of the devil's own cunning.

Moreover there is a lack of motive in his action, which makes it the more detestable. Shakespeare, as a rule, with his great humanism, and his diligent care

never to be untrue to actual life, does not make his characters criminal without some cause, however unreasonable it may be. Iago, however, comes nearest to violating this rule. Persuading himself, as almost all villains succeed in doing, that he has in some way been wronged, and led by an unfounded suspicion, the offspring of his own vile brain, he proceeds to execute upon innocent heads, his vengeance, cruel and fiendish. Of Shakespeare's other villains Edmund is, perhaps, the most comparable to him. With a nature in which apparently the ties of relationship and the ordinary human affections have no part, and with something of the same skill in playing a double game with Goneril and Regan, Edmund sinks to terrible depths of crime. But he feels and with a certain justice, that he has been wronged by society. Moreover, when the tragedy is almost complete, when the wheel has nearly "come full circle," and he himself is mortally wounded, a ray of light comes to us from his crime-laden soul in his desire to save Cordelia and Lear. But you loathe and abhor Iago to the end. After having once beheld Iago as he really is, after having looked into the foul darkness of his heart in whose inky depths none can tell what horrors may be lurking, would you not shudder to see him approaching, would you not prefer to walk miles rather than meet him face to face? There is something so subtle, so intangible in his ways of acting that you feel as though you were working against some unseen force. By sneaking insinuations, by arousing suspicion in that meanest of all ways which says, "I should like to tell you what I think, but I hate to hint at such things," by suggesting evil as though with the greatest reluctance, he works Othello up to an intense pitch of curiosity. And Othello is just the

man to be thus imposed upon. A high-souled, noble man, straightforward himself, and suspecting no evil in others where he sees none, his is a nature which when the seed of suspicion has once taken root furnishes splendid soil for its growth. A leader of men as he is, in deceit he is a very child. And having won Desdemona by his nobility, having loved her with the passionate ardor of his Moorish nature, he cannot believe any ill of her, he can say at first with glorious confidence, "My life upon her faith." But Iago knows that his poison will do its work. The loathly suspicion having

once been received into the Moor's mind, it gnaws at his jealous heart, spreading through all his sensitive nature till his half crazed brain takes thoughts for realities, and believes in proofs where there are none. In this half insanity he stifles the innocent life that knows not, nor dreamt any evil. And to make it worse I can imagine the demoniacal joy that thrills through the heart of Iago when he sees this work of his hands. And though I cannot do it in reality yet in spirit I can grasp Shakespeare's hand heartily and say, "I thank Heaven, sir that you gave him up to justice at last."

E. W. E., '02.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

'92 Decennial Reunion.

THE tenth anniversary of their graduation was celebrated by a number of the members of the class of '92 at the University Club on June—, 1902. The following were present: Cadbury, Cary, Davis, Dennis, Detwiler, McAllister, Muir, Nicholson, Palen, Shipley, West and Yarnall.

B. CADBURY,
Secretary.

'93 Reunion.

Eight members of the Class of '93—Arthur V. Morton, J. Paul Haughton, Walter W. Haviland, Edward Woolman, Charles J. Rhoads, Edward Rhoads, John M. Okie and William S. Vaux, Jr. met in the senior dining room of the college on the evening of Sixth Month 7th, 1902, to celebrate the ninth anniversary of the graduation of the Class. An election of officers to serve for three years resulted in the choice of Arthur V. Morton, for President, Walter W. Haviland, 1st Vice president, Wilbur A. Estes, 2nd Vice president and W. S. Vaux, Jr. Secretary

and Treasurer. A number of letters from absent members showed that though separated by considerable distances the old interest in the Class and the College had not abated. Summaries were presented showing the occupation and matrimonial condition of the members of the Class as follows: Teachers 6, lawyers 5, merchants 3, financeers 3, insurance men 3, deceased 2, doctor, surveyor, architect, designer, missionary, railway superintendent, miner and uncertain each 1. Married 13, pending 2, single 13, deceased 2.

W. S. VAUX, Jr.
Secretary.

Notes.

Ex-'42. Edward Bird Edwards died on August 15 at Moorestown, N. J. He was born in Philadelphia on April 10, 1822. After leaving Haverford in 1839 he went into the flour and feed business and latter into the lumber business. For nearly half a century he had large interests in the street railway companies. He was president of the Ridge Avenue Passenger Railway Com-

pany, and also president of the Board of Presidents before the different companies were consolidated. The Ridge avenue line, under his direction, was the first street railway in Philadelphia to abolish the inconvenient six-cent fare, the company starting the movement for the popular nickel rate by selling five tickets for a quarter. At the time of his death he held membership in the Union League and the Columbia Club.

'88. F. W. Morris, Jr., was married to Miss Sophia Starr on June 5 at Jenkintown, Pa. S. W. Morris, '94, was best man.

Ex-'90. George T. Butler was married on June 3, 1902, to Miss Eleanor Baird Reed at Media, Pa.

'93. Walter Winchip Haviland and Olive Louise Robbins were married in Philadelphia on June 17th. Among the ushers were S. R. Yarnall, '92; W. S. Vaux, Jr., '93; C. J. Rhoads, '93, and Edward Woolman, '93.

'94. Dr. William Wistar Comfort and Miss Mary Lawton Fales were married at Lake Forest, Ill., on June 26. C. J. Rhoads, '93, was best man and Parker S. Williams, '94, was usher.

'97. Morris B. Dean and Miss Helen Marion Cram were married on September 23 in Detroit, Mich. They will live at The Wilhelm, Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ex-'98. Frederick G. Hulme is now with J. C. Donnelly, machinist, northeast corner Thirteenth and Noble streets, Philadelphia.

Ex-'98. John S. Jenks, Jr., was married to Miss Isabella Fitz-Gerald Morton on September 27 at St. Mary's Church, Wayne, Pa. Evan Randolph,

ex-'01, was best man. A. M. Collins, ex-'97; A. V. Morton, '93, and F. R. Strawbridge, '98, were among the ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Jenks will live in New York city.

'98. E. Roxy Ross and Miss Maude May Jones were married on July 8 at South Charleston, Ohio. They are living at 3 Heddon street, Regent street, London, West.

'98. Frederic Stadelman was in June admitted to the New York Bar. His studying for this was done at the same time as he was filling a position with the Brown Hoisting Machinery Company.

'98. Ira I. Sterner has written a souvenir essay, "Seeming and Being," copies of which may be obtained from him.

'98. Richard D. Wood has just returned from a short trip to England and France.

'99. Malcolm A. Shipley, Jr., has been ordained at the Church of the Ascension, in Philadelphia, and has been made an assistant at Holy Trinity Church.

Among the alumni taking degrees at the various commencements last June the following may be mentioned:

'67—R. M. Jones, LL. D., U. of Pa.

'76—S. K. Gifford, Ph. D., Halle (Germany).

'89—W. C. Goodwin, M. D., U. of Pa.

'94—W. W. Comfort, Ph. D., Harvard.

'98—J. E. Butler, LL. B., U. of Pa.

'98—W. W. Cadbury, M. D., U. of Pa.

'98—A. S. Haines, M. A., Haverford.

'99—E. R. Richie, M. D., Hahnemann.

'99—A. C. Wild, LL. B., U. of Pa.

'00—C. H. Carter, M. A., Harvard.

'01—H. V. Bullinger, B. A., Harvard.'

'01—W. E. Cadbury, M. A., Haverford.

'01—T. J. Grayson, LL. B., U. of Pa.

LECTURE.

JOHN William Graham, M. A., Principal of Dalton Hall, Manchester, England, lectured to the students and friends of the College on Friday evening, September 26th. His subject was "The Failure of Luxury," which he treated from both the economic and the ethical standpoints.

In alluding to the common fallacy that luxurious expenditure is justifiable because it makes trade good, he showed that such is the case in every expenditure of money whether luxurious or otherwise, while luxury is a great detriment to the regular employment of labor, owing to its whimsical nature and desire for novelty. Luxury is a crime as long as any go unclothed or unfed, and the wearing of luxurious apparel is the enshrouding one's self with the garments of death.

A luxury includes all personal indulgencies which do not increase our

efficiency as producers, or which increase it an amount disproportionately less than the consumption of products involved. By this definition we may distinguish luxuries from "comforts" and "decencies," though it is the deplorable tendency of the present age to keep continually raising the dividing line, and to increase to a greater extent the oligarchy of the rich.

And after all modern luxury does not in the end achieve its object. Never, from the time of Croesus and Solon, has luxury been a synonym for happiness. The ratio of aspiration to possessions comprises the fraction of self-satisfaction for both the shirtless beggar and his palaced monarch. And it is the human fellow feeling and the use of natural faculties that consecrate in the memories of us all the deepest and purest joy that they receive.

CRICKET DEPARTMENT.

THE past cricket season at Haverford, so far as the Inter-Collegiate scores go, has been most successful. The games which led up to the two important ones were hardly up to the average; as many games being lost as won. The outlook for the Harvard and Pennsylvania games was therefore not very bright. But with everybody in good form and with rather weak bowling to face, the results were decisive. The team, when in condition, was a well balanced one in all three departments of the game, and above all was captained in a thorough, consistent and excellent style. The first game of the season showed what the team could do. The next game, though drawn against Belmont, was hardly well played. And in the succeeding games a kind of slump prevailed: not a slump which was

very noticeable, but one which kept us from playing the game which we did against Pennsylvania. Of this team, seven reliable men have left, five of whom were of 1902; their absence will leave a gap in the eleven which will be exceedingly hard to fill. Nothing but conscientious work in the shed and every man keen throughout the season, will build up a team worthy of Haverford.

C. C. MORRIS, '04.

First XI vs. Pennsylvania

Played at Haverford, June 7th. Haverford College won a decisive victory over Pennsylvania in the final game for the Intercollegiate Championship. Batting first on a good wicket and with the bowlers slightly handicapped, owing to the wet condition of the ball, the Haver-

ford batsmen had little difficulty in mastering the Pennsylvania attack, and owing to good innings by C. C. Morris, A. C. Wood, Jr., and R. M. Gummere, the total of 240 was reached before the last man was disposed of. When Pennsylvania's innings began the light was quite bad, owing to an approaching thunder storm, and that, combined with brilliant fielding by Haverford, quickly disposed of the batsmen. At no time during the innings did it look as though Pennsylvania had any chance of passing Haverford's total. The score:—

HAVERFORD.

C. C. Morris, c. and b. Climençon.....	52
H. H. Morris, c. White, b. Weeks.....	7
A. C. Wood, Jr., b. Climençon.....	52
R. M. Gummere, b. Weeks.....	95
R. L. Pearson, run out	0
W. P. Bonbright, c. Hirst, b. Weeks.....	10
A. S. Cookman, c. Evans, b. Weeks.....	4
E. J. Bevan, b. Weeks.....	4
W. E. Cadbury, b. Climençon.....	3
D. A. Roberts, b. Weeks	0
N. A. Scott, not out.....	4
Extras.....	9
Total	240

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.
S. G. Climençon.....	150	93	3	3
H. C. Weeks.....	98	59	3	6
F. S. White.....	48	48	0	0
W. D. Baner.....	18	26	0	0
F. Moorhead.....	12	6	0	0

PENNSYLVANIA.

J. L. Evans, c. Cadbury, b. Wood.....	12
F. S. White, c. Cookman, b. Wood.....	8
H. S. Christman, c. Roberts, b. Bevan.....	2
G. F. Dausey, run out.....	1
W. D. Baner, c. Bonbright, b. Gummere.....	17
H. C. Weeks, c. Bevan, b. Scott.....	22
G. V. Smith, c. Wood, b. Scott.....	4
F. Moorhead, c. Pearson, b. Gummere.....	6
S. G. Climençon, st. Roberts, b. Scott.....	0
W. L. Hirst, c. Pearson, b. Gummere.....	1
A. R. Brunner, not out.....	0
Extras.....	5

Total 78

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.
E. J. Bevan.....	60	26	1	1
A. C. Wood, Jr.....	48	18	3	2
N. A. Scott.....	30	15	1	3
R. M. Gummere.....	23	14	0	3

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

Haverford . . .	36	99	162	168	206	221	233	234	236	240
Pennsylvania . . .	20	21	24	24	63	67	67	67	68	78

First XI vs. Old Haverfordians.

On June 11th the annual match between the First XI and the Old Haverfordians was played and resulted in a victory for the latter by the score of 176 to 87. Lester and Patton scored most of the runs for the alumni, while C. C. Morris and Wood were the only members of the First XI to reach double figures. The bowling of Lester and Patton was deadly, the former taking five wickets for eleven runs and the latter five for thirty-nine. Cookman bowled very well for the first XI, taking four wickets at a cost of only fourteen runs. The score follows:

OLD HAVERFORDIANS.

C. J. Allen, '00, c. and b. Wood.....	18
F. C. Sharpless, '00, b. Scott.....	10
J. A. Lester, '96, c. Cadbury, b. Bevan.....	74
H. W. Stokes, '87, b. Bevan.....	2
R. H. Patton, '01, c. C. C. Morris, b. Bevan.....	51
F. H. Taylor, '76, b. Cookman.....	0
H. H. Lowry, '99, c. Wood, b. Bevan.....	3
J. S. Stokes, '89, b. Cookman.....	5
T. Evans, '89, b. Cookman.....	0
E. B. Hay, '95, c. H. H. Morris, b. Cookman.....	0
W. G. Audenried, '90, not out.....	4
Extras.....	9
Total.....	176

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.
E. J. Bevan.....	84	47	3	4
A. C. Wood, Jr.....	48	47	0	1
N. A. Scott.....	30	25	0	1
R. M. Gummere.....	30	34	0	0
A. S. Cookman.....	25	14	1	4

FIRST XI.

C. C. Morris, c. Sharpless, b. Patton.....	37
H. H. Morris, c. Evans, b. Patton.....	0
R. M. Gummere, b. Patton.....	0
A. C. Wood, Jr., b. Lester.....	15
W. P. Bonbright, c. J. S. Stokes, b. Lester..	6
A. S. Cookman, b. Patton.....	0
E. J. Bevan, b. Lester.....	1
W. E. Cadbury, b. Lester.....	4
D. A. Roberts, c. and b. Patton.....	1
J. B. Drinker, st. Lowry, b. Lester.....	7
N. A. Scott, not out.....	1
Extras.....	15

Total 87

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.
R. H. Patton.....	54	39	1	5
F. C. Sharpless.....	24	22	0	0
J. A. Lester.....	27	11	0	5

First XI vs. Knickerbocker

Played at Bayonne, June 14th. Haverford lost the toss and took the field. On the first ball of the second over Priestman narrowly missed catching and bowling Prendergast before he had scored. After this life he put runs together with great rapidity, finally going out on a smart catch at short slip for a hard hit 83. No one else seemed to become thoroughly at home with the bowling, and the inning closed for 179. The Morrisises made a good start, and Pearson and Gummere kept up the good work. Later on, Bevan and Priestman made a plucky effort to pull the game out of the fire, but were unsuccessful, and the Jerseymen won by fifteen runs. The score:—

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

C. C. Morris, c. Laurie, b. Kelly.....	18
H. H. Morris, c. Gunn, b. Kelly.....	32
R. L. Pearson, c. Laurie, b. Kelly.....	12
R. M. Gummere, run out.....	31
W. P. Bonbright, b. Kelly.....	5
A. S. Cookman, b. Kelly.....	0
E. J. Bevan, c. Griffith, b. Kelly.....	13
A. G. Priestman, c. Mockler, b. Laurie.....	29
J. B. Drinker, b. Kelly.....	3
P. D. Folwell, b. Laurie.....	8
E. C. Peirce, not out.....	0
Extras.....	13
Total.....	164

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.
F. F. Kelly.....	108	58	0	7
C. Dalton.....	42	40	0	0
A. G. Laurie.....	48	36	1	2
C. H. E. Griffith.....	18	17	0	0

KNICKERBOCKER ATHLETIC CLUB.

C. Dalton, b. Bevan.....	1
F. J. Prendergast, c. C. Morris, b. Bevan....	83
A. G. Cook, c. Pearson, b. Cookman.....	10
F. F. Kelly, c. Priestman, b. Cookman.....	3
W. Adam, c. C. Morris, b. Bonbright.....	0
F. A. Sparks, l. b. w. b. Bonbright.....	1
A. G. Laurie, c. and b. Bonbright.....	20
C. H. E. Griffith, c. Bonbright, b. Drinker	21
F. J. Mockler, not out.....	16
A. Gunn, b. Folwell.....	15
H. A. Gibbs, st. Peirce, b. Priestman.....	0
Extras.....	9
Total.....	179

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.
E. J. Bevan.....	66	30	5	2
A. G. Priestman.....	30	33	0	1

A. S. Cookman.....	84	52	2	2
R. M. Gummere.....	30	13	1	0
W. P. Bonbright.....	54	21	2	3
J. B. Drinker.....	36	21	1	1
P. D. Folwell.....	14	0	2	1
Wides—Bevan 2.				

Second XI (B) vs. Merion Summer

Played at Merion June 11th. This game was characterized by very ragged fielding and by good scores by Haig and Weeks.

HAVERFORD SECOND TEAM B.

Dr. W. P. Mustard, c. Hare, b. Weeks.....	24
J. D. Carter, c. Gummere, b. Weeks.....	20
C. R. Haig, b. Poole.....	38
A. G. H. Spiers, c. Hacker, b. Weeks.....	11
R. P. Lowry, b. Poole.....	9
E. E. Trout, c. Patton, b. Poole.....	3
P. D. Folwell, c. Patton, b. Poole.....	4
G. S. Garrett, c. Pierce, b. Weeks.....	0
J. W. Reeder, not out.....	4
E. C. Peirce, c. Pool, b. Weeks.....	2
Extras.....	23
Total.....	147

MERION SUMMER.

G. Ashbridge, Jr., c. sub , b. Garrett.....	9
G. Patton, b. Garrett.....	17
H. G. Pearce, c. Carter, b. Garrett.....	16
S. A. Pool, run out.....	6
H. C. Weeks, not out.....	41
P. S. Hill, c. sub., b. Garrett.....	26
J. Hacker, c. sub b. Mustard.....	0
E. W. Sharwood, not out.....	2
Extras.....	16
Total (six wickets).....	133

Haverford Past and Present vs. U. of P. Past and Present.

Played at Haverford, June 20th and 21st. Haverford winning the toss, commenced batting on a dry wicket, but one that kicked considerably. However, owing to good scores by C. C. Morris, '04, Sharpless, '00, and Baily, '90, the total of 198 was reached before stumps were drawn for the day. A heavy rain on Friday night and Saturday morning made the grounds very soft, and Pennsylvania was handicapped greatly. After Evans and Brown were disposed of, the Haverford bowlers had little trouble in getting the remaining wickets, and Pennsylvania was all out for 125. Lester and Sharpless did the best bowling.

The score :—

HAVERFORD PAST AND PRESENT.

C. C. Morris, '04, b. O'Neill	47
H. H. Morris, '04, b. Green	0
J. A. Lester, '96, c. Greene, b. Morice.....	2
C. J. Allen, '00, b. O'Neill.....	23
R. H. Patton, '01, b. Morice.....	10
F. C. Sharpless, '00, b. Morice.....	36
C. H. Howson, '97, c. Greene, b. Clark	7
R. L. Pearson, '05, c. Greene, b. Jones	1
H. P. Baily, '90, c. White, b. Morice.....	30
D. A. Roberts, '02, c. O'Neill, b. Baner.....	4
A. P. Morris, '95, not out.....	0
Extras.....	38
Total	198

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.
Clark.....	78	33	3	1
Greene.....	90	42	6	3
O'Neill.....	90	34	2	2
Morice.....	43	21	3	3
Banes.....	42	30	1	1

PENNSYLVANIA PAST AND PRESENT.

J. L. Evans, b. Lester	24
R. D. Brown, b. Sharpless.....	40
A. W. Jones, c. Pearson, b. Lester	11
F. S. White, b. Lester	3
J. N. Henry, b. Sharpless	5
W. N. Morice, b. Sharpless.....	2
T. C. Jordan, c. Roberts, b. Lester	18
P. H. Clark, b. Sharpless.....	4
F. A. Greene, b. Lester	4
W. P. O'Neill, not out	2
W. D. Banes, b. Lester.....	0
Extras.....	22
Total.....	125

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.
H. P. Baily.....	42	34	1	0
A. P. Morris.....	30	15	0	0
F. C. Sharpless.....	108	27	4	4
J. A. Lester.....	94	27	4	6

Averages of the First XI, 1902.

BATTING.

	R.	I.	N.O.	H.S.	AV.
1. C. C. Morris, '04	247	7	0	96	35.29
2. A. C. Wood, '02	257	11	2	100*	28.56
3. H. H. Morris, '04	169	9	0	63	18.67
4. R. M. Gummere, '02	188	11	0	95	17.09
5. W. P. Bonbright, '04	166	10	0	52	16.60
6. R. L. Pearson, '05	120	10	1	59*	13.33
7. A. S. Cookman, '02	127	11	1	42	12.70
8. N. A. Scott, '02	39	10	6	11	9.75
9. W. E. Cadbury, '01	96	11	0	27	8.73
10. { D. A. Roberts, '02	50	8	1	25*	7.14
{ E. J. Bevan, '04	50	8	1	25	7.14

The following also batted :—

Drinker, '03	Hopkins, '05
Folwell, '04	Priestman, '05
Peirce, '05	

BOWLING.

	I.	B.	M.	R.	W.	AV.
N. A. Scott,	10	562	14	297	27	10.92
R. M. Gummere	6	137	1	96	7	13.71
A. C. Wood, Jr.,	11	720	23	379	27	14.03
E. J. Bevan	10	618	18	329	23	14.30

Prizes.

The cricket prizes for 1902 were awarded as follows:

Colors to N. A. Scott, '02; H. H. Morris, '04, E. J. Bevan, '04, W. P. Bonbright, '04.

The Cope prize bat, for the best average, to C. C. Morris, '04, average, 35 2-7.

Congdon prize ball, for the best bowling average, N. A. Scott, '02, average, 10 23-25.

Haines prize fielding belt, A. C. Wood, Jr., '02

Second eleven—Class of '85 prize bat, C. R.

Haig, '04; average, 17 1/4.

Class of '85 prize ball, A. H. Hopkins, '05; average, 6 8-10.

Class of '85 prize belt, H. N. Thorn, '04, with honorable mention to E. W. Evans, '05.

Third eleven—Best batting, W. M. C. Kimber, '04, with an average of 14 1-3.

Best bowling, H. H. Cookman, '05, with an average of 4 19-21.

Best fielding, E. Ritts, '05.

Dorian prize bat, A. C. Wood, Jr., '02, for his score of 100, not out, against Harvard.

Improvement bat, C. R. Haig, '04.

Shakespeare bat, V. W. Wheeler, '05.

C. R. Hinchman prize bat, A. C. Wood, Jr., '02; average 152 in intercollegiate matches.

Christian Febiger prize ball, R. M. Gummere, '02, average 5 in inter-collegiate matches.

Class of '85 prize ball for interclass championship, Class of 1904.

Haverfordians in Cricket.

During the season of 1902 a great many Haverfordians played in the series for the Halifax and Philadelphia cups. We append a list, and mention the centuries and half centuries scored.

For Merion C. C.

Halifax Cup.

H. P. Baily '90, S. W. Morris '94, A. P. Morris '95, D. H. Adams '96, J. A. Lester '96, J. H. Scat-tergood '96, H. H. Lowry '99, W. S. Hinchman '00, F. C. Sharpless '00, R. H. Patton '01, R. M. Gummere '02, C. C. Morris '04.

Philadelphia Cup.

J. W. Sharp '88, A. V. Morton '93, C. J. Rhoads '93, S. W. Morris '94, A. F. Coca '96,

E. H. Lycett '99, H. H. Lowry '99, R. M. Gummere '02, J. B. Drinker '03, E. J. Bevan '04, W. P. Bonbright '04, P. D. Folwell '04, H. H. Morris '04.

For Philadelphia C. C.

Halifax Cup.

A. G. Scattergood '98, F. A. Evans '99, A. Haines ex-'99.

For Germantown C. C.

Halifax Cup.

G. S. Patterson ex-'88.

For Radnor C. C.

Philadelphia Cup.

A. C. Thomas '95, E. B. Hay '95, C. H. Howson '97, A. B. Mifflin ex-'99, S. W. Mifflin '00.

For Moorestown C. C.

Philadelphia Cup.

J. S. Stokes '89, S. R. Yarnall '92, C. J. Allen '00, J. M. Stokes '04, H. W. Doughton '06.

The following is a list of Haverfordians' principal scores during the summer: which have not already appeared in this periodical.

HALIFAX CUP.

May 30th and 31st—H. P. Baily, '90, Merion vs. Philadelphia, 53.

June 14th and 16th—G. S. Patterson, ex-'88 Germantown vs. Philadelphia, 80.

June 28th—G. S. Patterson, ex-'88, Germantown vs. Merion, 55.

July 4th and 5th—J. H. Scattergood, '96, Merion vs. Germantown, 71.

July 12th—F. C. Sharpless, '00, Merion vs. Germantown, 57.*

PHILADELPHIA CUP.

May 24th—C. H. Howson, '97, Radnor vs. Germantown, 55.

June 2nd—C. J. Allen, '00, Moorestown vs. Philadelphia, 89.

June 7th—C. J. Allen, '00, Moorestown vs. Belmont, 127.

July 4th—F. A. Evans, '99, Philadelphia vs. Radnor, 72.

July 4th—A. B. Mifflin, ex-'99, Radnor vs. Philadelphia, 72.

July 5th—C. H. Howson, '97, Radnor vs. Frankford, 52.*

July 12th—S. W. Morris, '94, Merion vs. Belmont, 53.

July 12th—C. H. Howson, '97, Radnor vs. Merion, 87.

July 12th—A. B. Mifflin, ex-'99, Radnor vs. Merion, 95.

July 12th—A. G. Scattergood, '98, Philadelphia vs. Germantown, 106.

July 12th—F. A. Evans, '99, Philadelphia vs. Germantown 62.

July 19th—A. F. Coca, '96, Merion vs. Radnor, 65.

July 19th—C. J. Allen, '00, Moorestown vs. Philadelphia, 163.

July 19th—J. S. Stokes, '89, Moorestown vs. Philadelphia, 72.

July 26th—S. W. Mifflin, '00, Radnor vs. Belmont, 58.*

Aug. 9th—H. H. Morris, '04, Merion vs. Germantown, 52.

Aug. 9th—A. B. Mifflin, ex-'99, Radnor vs. Philadelphia, 56.

OTHER SCORES.

C. C. Morris '04 United States vs. Canada 73.

C. J. Allen '00 Gentlemen of Philadelphia vs. English Residents 89.

The following is a list of the batting and bowling averages of Haverfordians in the Halifax series. The figures indicate their rank in the averages.

BATTING

	Average
4. G. S. Patterson, ex-'88', Germantown	34.57
8. F. C. Sharpless, '00, Merion	26.29
10. J. H. Scattergood, '96, Merion	22.71
12. H. P. Baily, '90, Merion	21.11
17. C. C. Morris, '04, Merion	19.50
31. R. H. Patton, '01, Merion	13.40
43. A. G. Scattergood, '98, Philadelphia	8.67
48. A. P. Morris, '95, Merion	6.00

BOWLING

2. F. C. Sharpless, '00, Merion	12.92
3. R. H. Patton, '01, Merion	13.00
5. A. P. Morris, '95, Merion	14.24
6. H. P. Baily, '90, Merion	16.23

FOOTBALL

1905 vs 1906

THE Sophomore-Freshman foot ball game played on the afternoon of September 29, was one of the most exciting and evenly matched of these contests in many years. The Freshmen secured

the ball on the kick off and took it steadily down the field, Lowry going over the line for a touchdown. Lowry failed to kick the goal. Score 1905-0; 1906-5. The first half ended without further scoring.

In the second half 1905 retained possession of the ball a greater part of the time. J. L. Scull at length scored a touchdown from which he also kicked a goal. During the rest of the half 1906 alternately gained and were held. They were finally forced to kick just as time was called. The most brilliant playing for 1905 was done by H. W. Jones and Scull while Lowry and E. F. Jones did the best work for the Freshmen.

1905	Positions	1906
P. Jones.....	right end.....	Brown
Pearson.....	right tackle	Shortlidge(Ewing)
Priestman.....	right guard.....	Philips
Spaeth.....	center.....	Haines (Shortlidge)
Murray.....	left guard.....	Pleasants
Evans.....	left tackle.....	Sheldon
Winslow.....	left end.....	Ewing (Seeley)
Eshleman.....	quarter-back.....	Doughton
H. Jones (Capt)	right half-back.....	E. F. Jones
Hopkins.....	left half-back.....	Smiley
Scull.....	full-back.....	Lowry (Capt.)
Touchdowns, Lowry, Scull. Goal, Scull. Referee, Dr. Babbitt. Umpire, Dr. Strong. Time of halves, 12 and 10 minutes. Timekeeper, C. C. Morris, '04.		

COLLEGE NOTES.

HAVERFORD College commenced its sixty-sixth academical year on September the twenty-fourth with 116 students—24 seniors, 26 juniors, 29 sophomores and 37 freshmen. This is nine less students than at the beginning of last year.

Alumni Day was celebrated after the usual custom on the 11th of June. The annual cricket match was played between the old Haverfordians and the First Eleven, while the dedication of the Conklin Memorial Gate took place later in the day. Arthur Clement Wild, '99, spoke for the class of '99, while Howard Comfort, '70, secretary of the Board of Managers, gave an address on behalf of the college.

The senior reception occurred on the afternoon and evening of June 12th. The corner-stone of Roberts Hall was laid and an address given by Dr. Gummere. Refreshments were then served on the campus, after which the seniors collected on the steps of Founders' Hall to go through their class day exercises. The class poem was read by E. W. Evans and the spoon was given to Edgar Earl Trout as the most popular man in his class. The exercises concluded with class and college songs, after which there was a promenade concert.

Football practice was commenced on the Monday before college opened, with J. Henry Scattergood, '96, as head coach. About fifteen men reported the first day and since then the size of the squad has been more than doubled. Several of the alumni have been on the field coaching, including E. B. Hay, '95; A. G. Scattergood, '98, and H. H. Lowry '99.

The members of the Freshman class received callers in their rooms on the morning of September 25.

The annual cane rush between the Sophomores and Freshmen was held on the 25th of September on Walton Field. The cane men were Hopkins, H. W. Jones and Scull, of 1905, and Lowry, Jones and Brown for 1906. When the whistle was blown both sides sprinted for the cane, but the Freshmen were there first and managed to keep their advantage until the four minutes had expired. When the hands were counted it was found that the Freshmen were victorious by the score of 12 to 7. Those who secured two hands on the cane were Hopkins, '05; Ewing, Smiley and Jones, '06.

Miss Martha Smith has been appointed matron at the college.

EXCHANGES.

ON returning after the summer vacation we found a large number of exchanges accumulated. It was like meeting old friends again to tear off the wrappers (by the way, we have protested several times already against these wrappers, and suggested the use of envelopes in their stead) and look through their ever-interesting pages. There is one feature of certain of our esteemed contemporaries (notice that we refrain from putting the phrase into quotation marks) against which we wish again to register our protest. This is the custom of publishing a page or more of inane and unintelligible "locals" or "personals." We cite a few horrible examples. From the *Guilford Collegian*:—(1) "It has been proven that a trip to Niagara is no sign of a 'duck's nest.' " (2) "Outland's motto: 'If the first note don't succeed, try, try again and again.' " From the *Delaware College Review*:—(1) "Who said Cliffy don't own the tennis court?" (2) "Ask Huxley why his bill in Dover was fifty cents extra." Stuff like this would lower the tone of a preparatory school paper, but when it appears in publications purporting to be college magazines. Most of the June papers are full of reports of commencement exercises. Some of the orations delivered on these occasions are well worth reading.

Our English exchanges abound in cricket scores. We read of one performance which we thought rather noteworthy. P. J. Reiss, playing for Up-pingham vs. Haileybury, scored 90 runs in the first innings and 112 in the second. But it is a detail in the first score that makes it so noteworthy. It took him half an hour to reach double figures, and then in another half hour he had completed his score, thus making eighty runs in thirty minutes. In the second

inning, in which he made 112, the total number of runs, excluding extras, was only 132. He went in fifth, and no one who followed him scored more than 3, and the next highest score on the side was 13, made by the man who went in first wicket down.

The *Princeton University Bulletin* is remarkably good this month. There is a scholarly disquisition on the "Rhetorical Art of Saens," in which every student of that orator will be greatly interested. The "Aesthetical Argument for Theism" will repay a careful perusal, while for those who crave light reading we recommend the articles on "Homer's Poetic Method," and on the "Principles of Ultimate Philosophy."

The *Harvard Lampoon* has an excellent parody of Kipling's recent novel "Kim."

The Ex-man of the *Georgetown College Journal* has what he calls "a young commencement of his own," in which he divides his exchanges into four classes, and awards them prizes. He is pleased to include us in the second class.

Testy Old Patriarch—Pah! What's this omelette made of?

Waitress—Ovarious things, sir.

—Ex.

Junior—It's too bad that young Mr. Cashier, who skipped off with \$20,000 last week, was a college grad.

She—Why?

Junior—He acquired the habit of taking notes while at college.

—Columbia Jester.

Once witches, when they went to ride,
Mounted a broomstick, went astride.
But now the automobile is tried,
They go on a carpet-sweeper!

—Ex.

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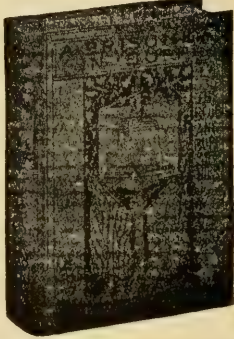
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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIV, No. 6

NOVEMBER, 1902

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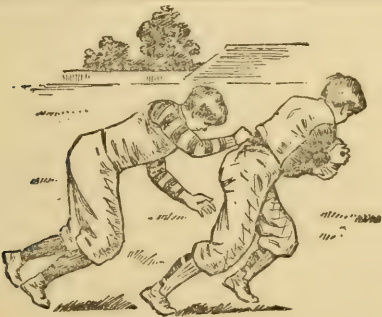
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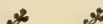
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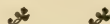
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IT is very hard to tell just what season of the college year at Haverford has the greatest attractions. Perhaps to many, in our memories of college days, the autumns have left the most definite impressions. It was then that we were first enrolled in the happy band of college students and initiated into the mysteries of the order by the faithful Sophomores. Then everything was new and strange to us,—our surroundings, our companions and even ourselves; and we had to be settled and readjusted before we started out again. We had launched on a new sea of life. And as in Freshman year, so also in each of the three succeeding years, though in less degree, this autumn season was most important to us

as a beginning, a changing point, a crisis.

Beside the great life significance of the autumn to a college fellow, it has clustered about it many vivid memories of experiences and occasions. The returning to college after a summer's absence, the greeting of old friends and the meeting of new ones, and the loss of those who have gone, the confusion of moving, the changing of room-mates, the adjusting of schedule, the difficulties of returning to dusty books and trying to dig out Greek roots after four months of wandering on mountain, by stream, or in foreign lands—all these and countless others are the first sensations of autumn. Then there are the excitements of nocturnal visits to Freshmen, of soap-slides and cane rushes, with the religious stimulus of the first few meetings of the Y. M. C. A.—all of which are gradually overwhelmed by the growing wave of football enthusiasm, which reaches its height at the Swarthmore Game. There are songs we sing in autumn, there are talks we have in autumn, there are books we read in autumn. Everything done, said or thought during that period is distinctly autumnal.

But most impressive of all is the beautiful background which Nature has given to the Fall season. Nowhere else can such marvelous and exquisite autumn foliage be found as on our own college campus. Early in September the gum trees here and there have hung out a scarlet leaf, as a danger signal to the little brown squirrels, to warn them of the approaching winter. And often during a long hour in Chase Hall, we have looked out the

windows and watched these agile creatures busily gathering their nuts. As the first frosts come on, the transformation of the leaves becomes more general. The various trees in turn are changing and blending in innumerable shades of color and illuminating the landscape. On Barclay Hall the ampelopsis blazes; the rows of maples make an arcade of color. Nowhere does the sun look down upon such matchless beauty, and nowhere does he set with more bright display. For often when we have watched an exciting game on Walton Field, we've looked around and over the western hills, we've seen such glorious sights of sun and cloud, that defy the artist's brush or author's words, but thrill our hearts and make us better men.

WITH the football season in its auspicious mid-career it seems fitting to offer a few suggestions to the players, and those who follow the game from the side lines. In at least one instance our team has been accused of rough play. Now, we do not purpose to determine the justice of this charge. We simply say that not only shall our team play a clean game, but they must be above suspicion. They must learn, also, to distinguish between football and inter-collegiate debating. Brilliant repartee is not as much in demand as hard playing, and a good tackle is better than a multitude of words. Above all let the team be mindful that "the game is the thing" and that, sometimes, defeat may be more estimable than victory. The fellows that do the yelling must never forget that they are gentlemen and that upon their conduct the visitor's impressions of the college are often based. If the very fair article recently published in the *Franklin and Marshall Weekly* is to be credited, our side line reputation is of the best. Our present duty is to preserve this reputation.

WE are already on the eve of the final game. Enthusiastic support of the team has thus far not been lacking, but in these last few weeks of the season, this enthusiasm should take a more strenuous form. Every man in College should do his utmost to encourage every player, either on or off the gridiron, to make his presence on the team count the most for his college. There have been a few easy victories this year in games which were regarded with presentiments of narrow escape from defeat, and creditable showings in those with stronger opponents, but the success of the past augurs nothing and should only inspire to greater effort. This spirit, we believe, exists in the team and should be reinforced by the same wholesome feeling of enthusiastic determination in the general body of Haverford men. If the team in the face of past success can finally be triumphant, it will deserve even more praise than if a season of utter defeat had been closed in glory, especially if victory be over a worthy opponent. Over-confidence "goeth about like a roaring lion—"

Let all the undergraduates come out and cheer every good play in practice. Be filled with a zeal for the College, a zeal that will make every man on the team realize that he represents more than a mere padded animal wallowing around in the mire after an inflated pigskin; that he stands with his fellows for the spirit of Haverford athletics,—a zeal that will make any opponent feel that he is opposing not eleven men, but all Haverford, on the field. This is the zeal to make things "go."

Let us all show loyalty to the team, active loyalty, and then, whatever the result, we may all rest assured that we have "played the game."

PERHAPS no evil of our present age requires more the corrective influence of the colleges than the tendency to excessive specialization. The world-wide rivalry between the two opposites of the special and the general is such a tremendous problem, such a veritable battle of the giants, that even in the small and familiar field of college life we speak of it with considerable awe. Although a very narrow and special course is frequently chosen by college students, yet the consensus of modern educators is that the college's maximum utility lies in the production of a far broader type. Especial opportunity for this expanding influence is offered in a small college, where every man has a distinct place in nearly every phase of college life,—whether academic, athletic, literary, social or religious. By filling this place he not only shows the greatest loyalty to his Alma Mater, but wards off from himself the destructive germs of lop-sided development.

A VERY different phase of this question is often found in the tre-

mendous and growing complexity of college life. Sometimes by such broad lines of activity as we have indicated we really are falling into a tremendous strife of opposites which threatens utterly to distract us in its vortex. The racked editorial brain is but a single expression of this phenomenon. In this state every one of our psychological me's is brought into continual conflict and kaleidoscopic succession. Now for example with theses, articles, speeches, themes, and hundreds of other things, we may feel as though we are daily being changed into a mechanical literary Produce Plant while at the same time some foot-ball or managerial or social work may be calling for our utmost attention, and all moral meditation and all athletic appreciation is impossible. Such a state of affairs,—and we have purposely exaggerated it—certainly seems pitiable. Yet we may feel quite sure that by concentrated, executive and strenuous effort we shall come through the turmoil of our complex life much nearer to our ideal, well-balanced, all-round type of manhood.

JACQUES COLLIN.

(Sophomore Prize Theme.)

"PERE GORIOT" is replete with interesting characters which give us a true conception of human nature in its various phases. There is good-hearted Bianchon, perfectly contented with his poor lot in life; Victorine, sweet, trustful and loving; Eugène, the poor law student, well-meaning but ambitious and susceptible; Mme. de Nucingen, devoted to Eugène, but devoted more to her own interests; Mme. de Restaud, her sister, likewise unscrupulous and ambitious to rise in Parisian society, whose treachery to her husband

is punished by Maxime's treachery to her; Mme. de Beauséant, also faithless to her husband, but calm and brave in the hour of her trial. Then there is poor old Goriot. His self-sacrificing devotion to his daughters' happiness at first excites our admiration; but later, as we see how completely his mind, body and soul have been blindly subjected to this passion, we cannot but experience a feeling of repulsion; for, as he acknowledges himself, in loving them too much, he has sinned.

Though surrounded by a group of such characters, there rises above them all that of the escaped convict, Jacques Collin, alias Vautrin. After reading his conversation with Eugène, just subsequent to their quarrel, we hesitate between aversion and admiration, and wonder what manner of man this may be. His proposal was undoubtedly infamous, but the question arises in our mind: was it more infamous than the secret intrigues which, at that time, underlay the whole basis of Parisian society, when the sacred ties which bind husband to wife, and parent to child, were violated in every household? I cannot grant that it was. And now, on the other hand, his conversation evinces such an insight into human nature, and such a power to subjugate others' intellects to his own, that we are forced to admire him. He perceived the confusion in Eugène's mind, and, bringing order out of chaos, told him his thoughts even better than Eugène himself could have done.

We cannot but think that this man was turned against society by some chance incident which came under his notice. An occurrence such as the desertion of old Goriot by his daughters might well have inspired in a man of his character a revulsion of feeling which would cause him to say, like Eugène, "Henceforth there is war between us," and start him on his criminal career. Or, perchance, when a young man he was imprisoned for some petty offence, such as refusing to move out of the way of a haughty noble, and, angered by this act of injustice, vowed eternal revenge on the whole fabric of society. And can we, who have not experienced the corruptions of that society, blame him?

It is from men of his calibre that a Napoleon is made; and had it not been for some such chance incident, I do not

doubt that *Trompe la Mort*, were he of real flesh and blood, would have become just as illustrious as that famous general, whom all France is proud to claim. There are also many points of similarity which remind us of the hardy character of the noble outlaw, Robin Hood, who is admired and loved by everyone. In fact, Jacques Collin is a born leader of men; for how many a man can say, as he could, that he had ten thousand brothers ready to do anything for him?

The strength of his character is evinced in the remarkable presence of mind and self-control which he exhibited when surprised by the officers. In a trice he perceived that escape was impossible, and wisely resolved not to attempt it, realizing that any such attempt would result fatally to himself. The instantaneous transformation from the tense position of savage energy and bold defiance to that of calm relaxation and meek submission was superb, and aroused admiration even in the poor specimens of humanity gathered around him at the time.

His contempt for these poor mortals and for the rest of mankind in general, with their petty designs and intrigues, is the haughty exultation of a spirit which never yields. He is proud, not ashamed, to acknowledge the name of *Trompe la Mort*, with all which that appellation signifies. As he looks about him, he sees everywhere in society men cringing to one another, and begging favors of those who have gained a higher station in life; but he stands disdainfully aloof,—he has never put himself under obligation to anyone,—he acknowledges no one as his master.

One peculiar trait of his character is his passionate devotion to the interests of a man whom he happens to fancy,—a devotion somewhat similar to old Goriot's love for his daughters. How many a man would take upon himself the crime of

another, just because he felt a liking for him, as Collin did for the young Italian who had committed a forgery? Not many, I'll warrant.

The proverbial "honor amongst thieves" is forcibly shown by the implicit faith with which the convicts entrust their money to him, never once doubting that he will treat them squarely. Moreover, he would never betray a fellow-man for money, as Mlle. Michonneau betrayed him. We share heartily in the disgust which the lodgers in the Maison Vauquer feel towards that despicable female, and though she was on the side

of the law, who would prefer her position with her three thousand francs, to the proud independence of her victim, Jacques Collin?

The character of Jacques Collin, is, in one aspect, that of a hardened, desperate criminal, who would stop at no crime to remove from his path an obstacle which threatened to balk his own good pleasure. But viewed in another light, it is that of a brave, noble, independent, commanding nature, which bows down to no man. And it is this latter aspect which appeals to me, at least, the more forcibly.

W. T. H., '04.

SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY.

III. As a Humorist.

ALL satire, it seems to me, is inspired by two main motives, misanthropy and humor. And though both often are so nearly co-existent that their respective influences can scarcely be distinguished, yet in any given satirist one element is usually predominant. We have seen how the absurd charge of cynicism was levelled against Thackeray merely through a confusion of the emotional quality with the intellectual and the obscure oblivion of this second possible cause of satire, namely of humor. In this age of critical enlightenment it seems incredible how such an error could have been made. The element of humor is so perfectly obvious throughout all his novels. Indeed it may seem altogether superfluous here to do more than mention such a universally acknowledged and admired trait of the man. But perhaps a slight analysis of it may still more increase its appreciation.

In the first place, according to the dictum of Cicero, we must try to get a definition of our subject of discussion. Humor, when found in its more perfect form,—as I believe it is in Thackeray's novels—is a very subtle and intangible matter, eluding our grasp like a flying

feather. Thackeray himself partially caught the meaning of the word in the opening discussion of his "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century." He says,

"The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretention and imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak."

The humorist then is to moralize upon human life, as he sees its exterior with his senses and as he perceives its interior psychology of emotions with his poetic second sight and divinatory power. But as we have seen, these qualities the humorist has in common with all artists, and though they are a *sine qua non* they are not a technical *differentia*. There is still a subtler part of the term, which, though an essential of the humorist's outfit, Thackeray and many others have neglected in their definitions, or, at least, failed to phrase satisfactorily. To cite at once the best example of this trait,

which all humorists of all ages have possessed, it is the spirit of the Horatian "carpe diem" the sportive playfulness of that author of whom Persius said;—

"Omne vafer vitium videnti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum praeordia ludit."

In summary, then, Lilly seems correctly to define humorist as "an artist who playfully gives us his intuition of the world and human life."

Let us now analyze Thackeray by this statement. I have already referred to his realism as a seer of the actions and emotions of life, and, differentiating between mechanical imitation and artistic creation, have attributed to him the greatest of human titles,—genius, and the title which is strictly divine,—a creator. In regard to his playfulness, I think we need speak but briefly. "Of all the illustrious poets and essayists who have tried to catch the elusive spirit of Horace, none has been more successful than Thackeray," is the unexaggerated statement of one critic. But, of course, there is playfulness and playfulness; "it may be the grim playfulness of the tiger, as in Swift, or the sportive playfulness of the kitten as in Gay." Someone has made the laconic distinction that "wit laughs at you while humor laughs with you." I think that Thackeray's wonderful philanthropy being granted, it is not hard to see which term best characterizes his attitude. Throughout his whole works the spirit of playful humor prevails without a single wasp-sting of direct personal

attack. To be sure he ridicules your weaknesses through those of his characters; but he loves both you and them so heartily and he teases you with so little offense, that you finally succumb to his broad-faced smile and benevolent chuckle and, before you know it, you drop back in the cushions and roar out a heartier "ha! ha! ha!" than ever threatened the integrity of the waistcoat buttons of our good old corpulent Mr. Fezziwig himself. Take for example, the interview between young Arthur Pendennis and Miss Fotheringay.

"Fudge!" says the sour cynic, thereby showing that he is just that same sour cynic, but I guarantee that he, too, will unwrinkle his old screwed-up face before the play is done. And as for you, reader,—"gentle" and "amiable," reader, as you are called, and no sour cynic—, whatever your mood, whatever your cares turn you to the pages of Thackeray. Novalis sought his blue flower, Cortez his El Dorado, Ponce de Leon his "Fountain of Perpetual Youth" and all in vain. You, optimist of the Golden Age that is, seek and find them all in one man and his works. If you are sad, he will cheer you; if you are gloomy, he will unload your heart; if you are gay he will entrance you, and if you are already fairly delighted—well, just order in a doctor for a case of apoplexy with lockjaw and further complications and charge it on the bill to Thackeray the Humorist.

H. J. C., '03.

SKETCHES.

The Sundial.

AS I was passing the sundial which stands under high heaven on the grass plot in front of Founders, I was reminded of an essay,—I think Hazlitt was the author,—about the old English sundials and the mottos engraved upon them. The motto which most im-

pressed me was in Latin and might be translated freely: "I mark only the golden hours." There is something subtly beautiful about this simple statement. Perhaps, we know some people who ought to have it stamped on their foreheads, and, after they have passed behind the veil, cut on their tomb-stone

by way of epitaph. The storms of the world have beaten upon these gentle folk; but, like the sundial, only the golden hours have impressed them, only the hours of sunshine are marked upon their calm faces, and have influenced the gentle serenity of their spirits.

R. P. L., '04.

The Old Arch.

THERE was high revelry in the palace of Jamshyd. Bahràm, that great hunter, had returned from a wild and hazardous emprise, to be received with honor and praise at the court of the great Sultàn. For had he not abandoned the chase in which he joyed, to seek nobler game, to spend laborious days in the pursuit of the enemies of his master's realm? And success had crowned his haughty head with ever-blooming laurel, and the rabble passed his name from mouth to mouth. And now, on this blushing night in early June, the splendid court of the mighty Sultàn rang with the merry sounds of mirth and wine. The magnificent hall was decked with the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind, and blazed with the light of ten thousand chandeliers. At the long tables of ivory and onyx and gold sat the king, and his wives, and his councillors, and all the gay gilded butterflies of the court. Laughter rang loud, wine ran like water. Suddenly, with never an instant's warning the picture vanishes, like mist before the rising sun. Of all the great pile of buildings naught save an ivy-covered arch remains. Not a vestige of the old-time glory, not a hint of the majesty and beauty which was the wonder and the despair of the world, naught save an old, ivy-covered arch. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

W. P. B., '04

A Scholastic Pursuit.

IN a certain Western State there has recently been very keen strife between the liquor interests and the Prohibition sentiment. Among many restrictions passed in the legislature, upon the granting of licenses, one was to the effect that a saloon could not be opened, or liquor be sold within one hundred yards of a church or school house. In the little town of B—— stood a hotel, which to the temperance citizens was a veritable "thorn in the flesh." Consequently, soon after this law came into operation, the enthusiasts obtained some adjoining land, and erected within the prescribed limit a smart little school house. As a teacher was required to justify the name,—“school-house,” a long-nosed “Carrie Nation” was secured,—and soon the little ones were trudging thither of a Monday morning, eager to learn in their hygiene lesson about the relations between whiskey and a weak heart. Soon the saloon-keeper was warned to close his business under penalty of the law. But this dispenser of degenerate Falernian was not so easily discomfited. In a few days he had detached his annex bar room from the hotel, and moved it some distance down the road. The little school-house was not slow to follow its adversary, and several movings followed. At last the bar room was placed on a truck, and, drawn by two yoke of oxen, fled in dismay.

The Prohibitionists lost no time in beginning the pursuit, and their institution of learning, mounted upon a hay wagon and drawn by a team of total abstinence mules, soon disappeared in full chase,—while the wife of the innkeeper remained behind repeating the Scripture: “Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink.”

D. L. B., '04.

A Dissertation on Roast Pig.

What can be more gratifying to the appetite of a hungry mortal than a roast pig? However, a person needs really to have partaken of the delicious repast before he can appreciate the vivid description which Lamb gives us of this dainty. The author's description is so realistic that even a person who has never had the delightful experience of tasting one of these roasts begins to feel his mouth water; but to a person who knows what it is to eat a roast pig it brings back in a very distinct manner the sight which he looked upon when he sat down to the rare feast. He sees the happy faces clustered about the table, at the end of which sits the head of the family in his arm chair, his face beaming with good

nature. About the table, all are smiling and chatting gaily in anticipation of what they know is forthcoming. The fire crackles briskly in the corner on the hearth. The swinging door is thrown open. In comes a waiter with platter high above the head and on top of the platter (Alas! alas!) the unfortunate pig! How peaceful he looks as he lies quietly on his back with his legs stretched straight up in the air! In his mouth is an apple. He makes no attempt to eat it. He is satisfied to know that it is there within his reach. His fat juicy sides are all aglow. They are, however, scarcely less attractive looking than the happy faces of the noble youths and fair maidens who have come to do him honor and justice.

—W. E. S., '03.

VERSE.

The Law of the Gridiron.

When you've donned your trusty moleskins
and the referee shouts "play."

Merge the ego in the teamwork for the honor
of the day,

With a warwhoop wild and furious the
stands will answer back,

As you hit the hostile tackle with a far-re-
sounding whack,

When the enigmatic signal sounds its slogan
through the line,

There's your warpath open, Indian brave,
no thoughts of "mine and thine,"

But a mighty purpose swelling which shall
pile the growing score,

And will only make your Alma Mater smile
on you the more.

At your captain's earnest orders never faint
and never stop,

Play the game for good old College, play it
till you have to drop.

Watch the helmet of your leader, watch that
oriflamme so bright,

And afterwards you're glad to know you're
dubbed a football knight.

Think of Swarthmore, think of bonfires,
speeches by the glowing flame,

Think how sweet will be the praises of the
girl who saw the game;

But, my friend, remember always, if dear
Haverford's to win,
Teamwork, pluck, and skillful headwork,
and all else is mortal sin.

ALUMNUS.

Parting.

You smile and leave me? Well, 'twere better so;
'Twere better that the sun should never guess
It left the world in gloom and loneliness.
Remember, then, those few fond days—and go.

For you, no ashes of the heart that burned,
But just the brightness of another day;
For me, the hopes that evermore decay,
And curses on the joyless truths I've learned.

For you, no backward glance, no bitter tears;
For you, a future, knowing no regret;
For me, the pain I never can forget,
A hideous shape that staggers down the years.

D. B. M., '03.

Catullus 96.

Calvus, if there is aught our grief can do
To please the silent ashes of the dead,
Whereby our former love we may renew
Or weep the friendships that long since
have fled,

Quintilia's pain in death shall never be
As great, as living was her joy in thee.

C. W. S., '02.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

ALL friends of Haverford, and that means all friends of President Sharpless, will be glad to learn that he is now on the way to complete recovery, after his distressing accident. Driving home from Westtown with his wife and youngest daughter, he lost control of his horse and was thrown from the carriage. In falling, he was probably kicked in the temple, getting a bad cut which severed an artery; and he was still further injured by striking his head upon the stones. Mrs. Sharpless and her daughter were also thrown from the carriage, but escaped any serious injury. Fortunately a trolley car, bound for West Chester, was passing at the time of the accident, and one of its passengers was a physician. President Sharpless was taken at once to the hospital, and a careful examination showed no injury to the skull, but only bad cuts and general shock; still, the great loss of blood threatened him with a dangerous collapse. In a few days he was much better, and after a week at the hospital returned to his home. With the exception of two days' fever, the President continued to gain strength, and was ready in about ten days to start for the South, where he

will doubtless recover his usual health. Faculty and students will give him a warm welcome when he returns.

Three dissertations by recent doctors of philosophy ought to be of interest to Haverfordians. Prof Gifford's Thesis in Latin bears the title: "*Pauli Epistolas qua forma legerit Joannes Chrysostomus.*" Dr. Barrett published in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, for May, 1902, a paper on "The Supposed Necessity of the Legal Tender Paper." Dr. Comfort's Harvard dissertation was on "The Character-Types in the Chansons de Geste."

The faculty committee for care of the incoming freshman class includes Professor Brown (chairman), Professors Gifford, Jones, Barrett and Reid, and Dr. Comfort.

Professors Jones and Thomas took part in the Indianapolis convention of the Society of Friends.

Professor Gummere represented the college at the inauguration of President Woodrow Wilson at Princeton; and Dr. Reid was also present as a guest of the new president. G.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

1900 Letter.

THE following notes are a summary of the most important news contained in the 1900 class letter.

C. H. Carter is at Harvard again, studying for a Doctor's degree.

F. R. Cope, Jr., received his A. M. at Harvard last June. He is living in a slum district of New York City studying political and social conditions

there with J. B. Reynolds, Mayor Low's Private Secretary, as holder of the Robert Treat Paine Fellowship from Harvard, (not the Morgan scholarship as announced in error in our June number.)

H. S. Drinker received the Faculty Prize (\$50) for the best examination in a class of 180 at the U. of Pa. Law School last June. He is taking second year work at Harvard.

J. T. Emlen is studying in the Department of Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania.

Christian Febiger is with the firm of Lea Bros. & Co., Medical Book Publishers, Phila.

J. S. Hiatt was married on September 4th at Springboro, O., to Miss Margaret C. Chapman. They are living at George School, Pa.

W. S. Hinchman spent six weeks last summer at Oyster Bay, L. I., tutoring the two sons of Theodore Roosevelt.

H. H. Jenks traveled in Europe during the summer.

H. H. Kingston Jr., took a trip to Martinique as photographer of the St. Pierre disaster for the *Berlin Local Anzeiger*.

F. E. Lutz was in charge of the Survey for the Investigation and Extermination of Mosquitoes on Long Island during the past summer. He is at present in England studying the application of Mathematics to the problems of Entomology.

S. F. Seager is making a tour of the world.

J. M. Taylor is taking a course in mining at State College, Pa.

F. K. Walter is instructor in English and German at Bethlehem Preparatory School, Bethlehem, Pa.

W. W. White is studying forestry at Cornell.

We are indebted to the Secretary for the following summary and individual account of the occupations of the members of the class.

Students 14, clerks 14, engineers 5, teachers 5, gentlemen of leisure 5, chemists 2, draftsman 1, farmer 1, doubtful 8. Total 55.

H. L. Balderston is a draftsman at the Pencoyd Iron Works; he had to pass an examination to get the position.

J. J. Barclay is studying law and expects to enter a law school in 1903.

E. H. Boles worked this summer in the paymasters' department at the Baldwin Locomotive Works; he is now a student in the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania.

Shipley Brown is a chemist in the laboratories of the Lake Superior Power Company.

F. B. Boyer is studying for the foreign mission field.

C. R. Cary is studying chemistry at Boston "Tech."

W. W. Chambers is a student in the U. of P. Law School.

A. S. Cookman is a clerk in the Spanish department of Robert Crooks and Co., New York.

Andrew Caswell is at present with the Northern Trust Co.

W. V. Dennis is a teacher in Moorestown Academy.

Charles Evans is in the employ of Haines, Jones and Cadbury Co., Philadelphia.

E. W. Evans is taking a Senior course at Harvard.

J. S. Fox is teacher of Science at Bloomsburg State Normal School. He is also coaching a football team there.

1902

The Class of 1902 elected the following officers for their alumni organization.

President—A. C. Wood, Jr.

Vice-President—C. L. Seiler.

Sec.-Treas.—W. W. Pusey, 2nd.

Vice-Sec.-Treas.—E. W. Evans.

G. S. Garrett is the chemist for the American Water Softener Co., Philadelphia.

W. H. Grant is working in the Eagle Machine Tool Co., Boston.

R. M. Gummere is with the Provident Life and Trust Co., Philadelphia, as a clerk.

J. B. Haviland started work as a clerk at Glens Falls, N. Y., shortly after close of college year.

W. W. Hall is a duck-farmer at Roxbury, Mass.

H. G. Jones is at present at his home in Ardmore.

K. E. Hendricks is taking the Engineering course at Johns Hopkins.

S. P. Jones is in the coal business.

E. G. Kirk has a position in the Franklin National Bank.

W. C. Longstreth has been abroad all the summer and has not yet decided what his occupation will be.

Silas Lane was abroad last winter.

Lewis Malone is the principal of a school in Denver, Colorado.

E. DeB. Murphy paid a visit at the college early in November.

Herman Newman is with the *American Friend*.

G. A. Newlin is in the Harvard Law School.

Percival Nicholson is studying medicine at Pennsylvania.

W. P. Philips is at Harvard University, as holder of the Haverford College Fellowship.

W. W. Pusey, 2nd, is in the Purchasing Department of the Pusey & Jones Co., Wilmington.

Cyrus Pyle after suffering from lung trouble was sent South, where he has been for a year. He is still far from well.

D. A. Roberts spent the summer abroad.

R. J. Ross is an engineer in the employ of the Westinghouse Electric Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

H. A. Scattergood has not yet decided what business he will enter.

A. D. Schrag is at Johns Hopkins University.

N. A. Scott is a clerk in the Scott Building, 1211 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

C. H. Smith is teaching at the Abington Friends' School.

A. G. H. Spiers is studying in France.

C. W. Stork is studying at Harvard.

G. H. Thomas is a clerk in the Millville Manufacturing Co., being assistant to D. C. Lewis, '89.

E. E. Trout is studying at Harvard.

S. M. Whiteley is in the engineering department of Faunt LeRoy & Co., Baltimore.

Casper Wistar is employed in the De Long Building, 13th & Chestnut Streets.

A. C. Wood, Jr., is working in Camden. He was abroad until late September.

P. L. Woodward is teaching at St. George's Hall, Summit, N. J.

Notes.

'67. The *Penn Charter Magazine* published this month a splendid portrait of Dr. Richard M. Jones, headmaster of the William Penn Charter School, in recognition of the degree recently conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania. The *Magazine* fittingly notices that Haverford was Dr. Jones' Alma Mater and anticipated the University in granting him an honorary degree.

'76. J. W. Nicholson recently returned from a three months trip in Europe.

'83. Bond V. Thomas was married to Miss Josephine Chappelle on July 1st.

'85. Thomas Newlin has been appointed Vice-President of Guilford College, Guilford, N. C.

'87. Isaac T. Johnson and Miss Lida Manson Kimball were united in marriage at Dwight, Ill., on October 7th. They will reside at 407 School Lane, Germantown.

'87. Barker Newhall and Miss Marie Verena Valet were married in New York City on July 1st. They are living at Gambier, Ohio.

'91. W. W. Handy was at the College on Nov. 1.

'92. W. H. Detwiler spent the Summer in Europe.

'92. A. W. Blair is in the position of chemist at the Florida State Agricultural Experiment Station at Lake City, Fla., and also of instructor in the college connected with the station.

'93. John Roberts is at present stationed at Albany, N. Y., as Supervisor of signals of the N. Y. C. and H. R. R. R.

'93. Gifford K. Wright visited college on the 25th inst., and witnessed the foot-ball game with Rutgers. After dinner there was a little gathering of '93 men in Dr. E. Rhoads' room in his honor. Wright is practicing law in Pittsburg, Pa.

'94. William J. Strawbridge is in the employ of the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

'94. Allen De Cou is Principal of the High School at Red Bluff, California.

'94. Parker S. Williams has been taking an active part in Republican politics in Montgomery County.

'95. William Goodman was married on October 15th at Coronado, Cal., to Miss Mary Wilber Healy. They are to reside at 240 Albion Place, Mt. Auburn.

'95. Henry J. Harris is in the Labor Department, Washington, D. C.

'96. D. H. Adams, is Vice-Principal of Haverford Grammar School.

'96. Mark Brooke, who graduated from West Point, June, 1902, is a Lieutenant in the engineering corps, stationed at Washington, D. C.

'96. An article, "The Colonial Parson" by Homer J. Webster, appears in the October Number of the *New England Magazine*.

'97. R. C. McCrea is Professor of Economics at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

'98. J. Edgar Butler has opened a law office in the Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

'98. William W. Cadbury spent the Summer at Atlantic City as resident physician in the Mercer Memorial House.

Ex-'98. Walter V. Holloway is an insurance agent of the Provident Life and Trust Company, with headquarters at San Francisco, Cal.

'98. Arthur S. Harding has for the past year been the assistant superintendent of the Erben-Harding Co.'s woolen yarn mill at Tacony.

Ex-'99. Arthur Haines was married to Miss Ellen Elizabeth Reeves, of Germantown, on October 7th.

'99. Rufus H. Jones graduated at the General Theological Seminary in New York and was ordained on June 15, 1902, at St. Luke's Cathedral, in Portland, Me., where he is an assistant during the ensuing year.

'01. H. V. Bullinger is instructor in English in the Phillips Andover Academy, Andover, Mass.

'01. W. E. Cadbury is a salesman for the firm of George M. Warner, grain brokers, Philadelphia.

'01. L. W. DeMotte left Philadelphia for Porto Rico, on October 25th.

'01. W. O. Mendenhall is professor of Mathematics in Wilmington College, Wilmington, Ohio.

'01. E. M. Scull has recently returned from a year's stay in Europe.

The following Alumni attended either as delegates or visitors the first five years meeting of Friends of America held at Indianapolis, Ind., from October 21 to 27: James Wood, ex-'58, A. C. Thomas, '65, W. P. Clark, '67, James Carey, Jr., '72, R. H. Thomas, '72, Miles White, Jr., '75, E. Tebbetts, '75, L. L. Hobbs, '76, L. M. Harvey, '81, J. C. Winston, '81, D. W. Edwards, '83, G. H. Evans, '83, W. A. White, '83, R. M. Jones, '85, C. L. Michener, A. M., '90, E. H. Gifford, A. M., '92, P. T. Terrell, A. M., '97, W. W. Cadbury, '98.

FOOTBALL DEPARTMENT.

HAVERFORD VS. PENNSYLVANIA.

Played on Franklin Field, October 8th, 1902.

AFTER two weeks of very rudimentary practice the football team opened the season auspiciously by holding the University of Pennsylvania down to twelve points in the first half, and by scoring upon and outplaying her team in every department in the second half.

Pennsylvania won the toss and Lowry kicked off. Baird ran the ball back to the 40 yard line. Weede and Fortiner each made 5 yards. Sloan gained 3 yards through tackle, and then Fortiner carried the ball 10 yards around the end. On the next attempt Brenton gained 6 yards. Short gains through the line brought the ball to Haverford's 4 yard line, from which point it was carried over by Baird. Mitchell kicked the goal. Score: U. of Pa., 6; Haverford, 0.

Lowry kicked off and Sloan ran the ball back 8 yards. The ball was rushed to the 45 yard line, where U. of Pa. was held for three downs. After an exchange of punts, Dale made a brilliant run of 40 yards through a broken field, being forced out of bounds at Haverford's 40 yard line. Haverford regained the ball on the failure of a quarter-back kick. On the next play, however, a fumble occurred, and Thomas fell on the ball. Fortiner then went around right end for a touchdown, making a 35 yard run. Mitchell kicked the goal. Score: U. of Pa., 12; Haverford, 0. The rest of the half was consumed in exchanges of punts, the only feature being another 40 yard run by Dale.

In the second half the Penn line-up was considerably changed. Sloan kicked off and Phillips ran the ball back 20 yards. Twice after rushing the ball down to Penn's 30 yard line Haverford

tried for a goal from the field, but without success. Pennsylvania was again forced to kick, and from midfield. Worthington hurdled the line for eight yards, Lowry broke through for 7 more, and Hopkins, Jones and Thorn also made good gains. With the ball on the 17 yard line Drinker dropped back to the 25 yard line and kicked a perfect goal from the field. Score: U. of Pa., 12; Haverford, 5. After this Haverford continued to gain through Penn's line until Captain Gardiner got into the game. His presence seemed to inspire his teammates and they held Haverford for downs. Weissenfluh then made 30 yards, and soon after Gardiner ran 40 yards for a touchdown and then kicked the goal. Time was called immediately after the goal was kicked. Score: U. of Pa., 18; Haverford, 5. The line-up follows:

PENNSYLVANIA. Positions. HAVERFORD.

Thomas (Bradbury) l. end (R. P. Lowry) Drinker
Torrey (Mitchell) l. tackle.....H. W. Jones
Mitchell (Hoffman) l. guard.....Cornman
McCabe.....centre.....Perkins
Baird.....r. guard.....Simkin
Brenton.....r. tackle.....Worthington
Metzgar.....r. end.....E. F. Jones
Dale (Howard).....quarter.....Phillips
Fortiner.....l. half.....Hopkins
(Weissenfluh)

Weede (Bennett).....r. half.....Thorn
(Gardiner)

Sloane (Hare).....full back.....A. T. Lowry

Touchdowns—Baird, Fortiner, Gardiner. Goals—Mitchell (2), Gardiner. Goal from field—Drinker. Referee—E. M. Wilson, Haverford C. G. S. Umpire—Dickson, Penna. Timekeeper—Dr. Shell, U. of Pa. Time of halves—20 and 17½ minutes.

HAVERFORD VS. FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL.

Played at Lancaster, October 11th, 1902 in the Pouring Rain.

Worthington kicked off. Haverford getting the ball carried it thirty yards down the field until they were forced to kick. F. & M. failing to get through the Haverford line, returned the kick.

Again the visiting team, with some very snappy plays, netting 4 to 10 yards at a time, carried the ball right down the field to the 5 yard line. But there, on a very unfortunate fumble, Stein picking up the ball ran nearly the whole length of the field for a touchdown. Kilheffer failed to kick the goal. The half closed with no further scoring, the ball being kept in midfield. Score: F. & M., 5; Haverford, 0.

In the second half neither side could make much headway at first, but later on Franklin and Marshall's superior weight began to tell, and, by steady gains, they succeeded in pushing the ball over the line for the second touchdown. No further scoring took place and when time was called the ball was in the middle of the field. Unfortunately, in the very last play of the game, Cornman had his shoulder dislocated. Final score: F. & M., 10; Haverford, 0.

The game was a disappointing one from a Haverford point of view. The weather was bad, an almost sure touchdown was suddenly thwarted, and what luck there was, was all against the visitors. The line-up was:

HAVERFORD. Positions. F. & M.

Eshleman.....l. end.....Moyer
H. W. Jones.....l. tackle.....Spotts
Cornman.....l. guard.....Marburger
Perkins.....centre.....Strohm
Simkin.....r. guard.....Stern
Worthington.....r. tackle.....Bell
C. C. Morris.....r. end.....Schrock
Phillips.....quarter.....Westerman
Smiley.....l. half.....Gitt
Thorn.....r. half.....Kelheffer
E. F. Jones.....full back.....Horn

Touchdowns—Stein, Marburger. Referee—Morice, U. P. Umpire—Garwood, F. & M. Timekeeper—Hoffman, F. & M. Time of halves—18 minutes.

HAVERFORD VS. PRINCETON.

Played at Princeton, Wednesday, October 15th.

Haverford kicked off and Princeton punted on their first down. The first

ten minutes of the game consisted largely of kicking. Haverford gained two first downs and twice held Princeton for downs. After almost fifteen minutes of play had passed, Hart broke through right tackle and ran 40 yards for a touchdown. On the next kick-off Burke received the ball and made a magnificent run of 85 yards for a touchdown. The first half ended without further scoring, time being called with the ball in Princeton's possession on Haverford's ten yard line. Score: Princeton, 12; Haverford, 0.

At the beginning of the second half, Haverford was forced to kicked immediately. Princeton advanced the ball by short gains to Haverford's forty yard line. Hart went through left tackle for twenty-five yards; and Short scored a touchdown on a fifteen yard run through the same hole, five minutes after the half opened. Two more touchdowns were scored by Hart and Reed respectively.

The team work of Princeton was the most noticeable feature of the game. Time and again, by keeping with the runner, they gained many yards after he had been tackled. Dewitt, Davis and Burke did the star work for Princeton, while Worthington, Thorn and H. Jones played the best football for Haverford. Final score: Princeton, 30; Haverford, 0. The line-up:

PRINCETON.	Positions.	HAVERFORD.
Davis.....	l. end.....	Eshleman
Short.....	l. tackle.....	H. W. Jones
Bradley (Waller).....	l. guard.....	Priestman
Baker.....	centre.....	Perkins
Dewitt.....	r. guard.....	Simkin
Reed (Rafferty).....	r. tackle.....	Worthington
Henry.....	r. end.....	Morris
Burke (King).....	quarter back.....	Phillips
Hart (S. McClave).....	l. half.....	Smiley
Foulke (Moore).....	r. half.....	(Tilney) Thorn
Kafer (Delaney).....	full back.....	E. F. Jones

Touchdowns—Hart, Burke, Short (2), Reed. Goals from touchdowns—Dewitt (5). Referee Thomas. Umpire—Price, H. C. G. S. Time of halves—20 and 15 minutes.

HAVERFORD VS. DELAWARE.

Played at Haverford on October 18th, 1902.

Delaware kicked off and Jones ran the ball back 10 yards. On the third play Lowry broke through centre for 10 yards. Soon after this Worthington made a sensational 35 yard run through left tackle. After a few more rushes, the ball was carried over for a touchdown by Worthington. Lowry kicked the goal. After the second kickoff the ball was quickly carried down the field. E. Jones ran 20 yards around left end. After a few minutes of play, Smiley scored a touchdown. Lowry missed the goal. One more touchdown was made in the first half, Lowry carrying the ball over after several brilliant runs. Lowry kicked the goal. Score: Haverford, 17; Delaware, 0.

In the second half Haverford continued with still more force to outplay Delaware's defence, and three touchdowns by Lowry and H. W. Jones followed in quick succession. Lowry kicked every goal. Delaware was unable to gain a single first down in this half.

The final score was 41 to 0. Bevan and Wilson did the best work for Delaware, while Lowry, Worthington, and Jones excelled for Haverford.

The line-up was as follows:

HAVERFORD.	Positions.	DELAWARE.
Eshleman.....	l. end.....	Wharton
H. W. Jones.....	l. tackle.....	Ferguson
Priestman.....	l. guard.....	Hessler
Perkins.....	centre.....	Shabinger
Simkin.....	r. guard.....	Green
Worthington.....	r. tackle.....	Marshall
(Pearson)		
Morris (R. P. Lowry).....	r. end.....	Powell
Phillips.....	quarter back.....	Wilson
Smiley (Tilney).....	l. half.....	Lawson
E. F. Jones.....	r. half.....	Lawton
A. T. Lowry.....	full back.....	Bevan

Touchdowns—Lowry (4), Worthington Smiley, H. W. Jones. Goals—Lowry (6). Referee—W. N. Morice, Penn. Umpire—Cann, Delaware. Time of halves—20 minutes.

HAVERFORD VS. RUTGERS.

Played at Haverford on October 25, 1902.

Haverford scored inside of three minutes after the beginning of the game, Worthington making the touchdown. Lowry kicked the goal. Score: Haverford, 6; Rutgers, 0.

After the second kick-off, with the ball in midfield, Lowry attempted a run through the centre, but unfortunately had the ball knocked from his hands in hitting the line. Rutgers profited by the fumble and began a series of steady gains through the Haverford line. R. Morris gained 10 yards through right guard and Bevan made 5 through centre. This brought the ball to Haverford's 10 yard line. Here Rutgers was held for three downs. Captain Hitchner then dropped back and kicked a neat goal from the field. Score: Haverford, 6; Rutgers, 5.

After this Rutgers never had a chance to score again, and the ball remained in Haverford's possession most of the time. On a fumbled punt the ball rolled back of Rutgers' line and Moon was downed

by Eshleman for a safety. Score: Haverford, 8; Rutgers, 5. Two more touchdowns were then made, one by Lowry and one by E. F. Jones. Lowry kicked both goals. In the second half Haverford ran up 23 more points with ease, one touchdown being made by Lowry after running back a kick for 65 yards through a scattered field. The game ended with the ball in Haverford's possession on Rutgers' 3 yard line. Final score, Haverford 43, Rutgers 5. The line-up was as follows:

HAVERFORD.	Positions.	RUTGERS.
Eshleman.....	l. end.....	Edgar
H. W. Jones.....	l. tackle.....	Brogger
Priestman.....	l. guard.....	Murphy
Perkins.....	centre.....	Green
Simkin.....	r. guard.....	R. Morris
Worthington.....	r. tackle.....	F. Morris
R. P. Lowry (Ewing).....	r. end.....	Hitchner
Phillips.....	quarter back.....	Volker
Winslow (Smiley).....	r. half.....	Herbert
E. F. Jones.....	r. half.....	Schoonmaker
A. Lowry.....	full back.....	Moon

Touchdowns—Lowry (3), Worthington (2), E. F. Jones (2). Goals—Lowry (6). Goal from field—Hitchner. Safety—Moon. Referee, Conger, New York. Umpire—Price, H. G. S. Time of halves—20 minutes.

SOPHOMORE—FRESHMAN SPORTS.

THE annual Sophomore—Freshman sports were held on the afternoon of Monday, October 27th on Walton Field. The Freshman class were victorious scoring 42½ points against the Sophomore's 29½ points. The class of 1905 were severely handicapped by the absence of Hopkins, who was obliged to remain out of the sports on account of a football injury. The weather was fairly good and records for the fall sports were broken in the 440-yard dash, half mile, broad jump and 120 hurdles. T. K. Brown, Jr., '06 made the most individual points, winning three first places. On the whole the Sophomores excelled in the track while the Freshman won in the field events.

100 Yard Dash.—Won by Brown, '06; second, H. W. Jones, '05; third, Winslow, '05. Time, 11 seconds.

Half Mile Run.—Won by Bushnell, '05; second, Miller, '06; third, Cox, '05. Time, 2 minutes 13 seconds (record).

Running High Jump.—Won by Philips, '06; second, Pleasants, '06; third, a tie between Priestman, '05, and Cary, '06. Height, 5 feet 3 inches.

220 Yard Dash.—Won by Priestman, '05; second and third, a tie between Eshleman, '05, and H. W. Jones, '05. Time, 25 3-5 seconds.

Shot Put.—Won by Lowry, '06; second, Philips, '06; third, Pleasants, '06. Distance, 32 feet 1 inch.

120 Yard High Hurdles.—Won by Brown, '06; second, Pleasants, '06; third, Downing, '05. Time, 17 4-5 seconds (record).

440 Yard Dash.—Won by Priestman, '05; second, Winslow, '05; third, Eshleman, '05. Time, 57 seconds (record).

Running Broad Jump.—Won by Brown, '06; second, Pleasants, '06; third, Smiley, '06. Distance, 19 feet 9 inches (record).

COLLEGE NOTES.

WITH the passing of the football season comes the gymnasium and its work. There remain but a few more weeks of active football, after which real lively gymnastic work will begin. The schedule will be somewhat stronger than heretofore, but the prospects for a good team are quite encouraging. It will be noticed that Rutgers has been dropped from the schedule this year, but this loss will be more than equalled by the appearance of Yale on our floor in an exhibition. Lehigh also comes to Haverford for the annual contest. These, together with the interacademic meet will give Haverford our dates in her own gymnasium. It is well to remember that Yale has won the intercollegiate championship for the past two years, and Haverford is extremely fortunate in having them join us in an athletic exhibition.

D. B. M., '03.

The Scrub played a football game with Penn Charter on October 10th. Penn Charter, after several line plunges, succeeded in pushing the ball over the line for a touchdown in the first half but after this the scrub held well and both sides had to resort to a kicking game. Team work was lacking with the scrub and they could not make substantial gains. The final score was 5 to 0 in favor of Penn Charter.

A prohibition class has been formed under the presidency of W. E. Swift, '03. The object of the class will be to study advantages and disadvantages of prohibition. The Secretary is F. R. Winslow, '03; the Treasurer, R. J. Shortridge, '06.

A festival of the Haverfordian Board was held behind closed doors on the evening of Thursday, October 23rd.

The advisory board, to which classes and individuals in time of trouble should present their cases, has elected for officers, O. E. Duerr, '03, president, and S. C. Withers, '04, secretary.

A meeting of the Association of the "royal and ancient game" of golf was held in Barclay Hall. Several members of the faculty were present and helped to elect the following officers:—

President, W. M. Wills, '04.

Vice-President, W. T. Hilles, '04.

Secretary-Treasurer, G. Peirce, '03.

Improvements have been going on slowly but surely in the library: the 40,000th book was filed the other day and new shelves are now being erected in the middle section.

Elliot Field, '97, Ralph Mellor, '99, and D. B. Miller, '03 are busily engaged in compiling a book of Haverford College songs. The book will contain all the Haverford songs of past and present popularity and also many other compositions which have been familiar about the college. As the editing of this book entails a great deal of work the volume will not be on the market until next spring.

The following Alumni have been out coaching the foot-ball team or playing on the scrub during the past month; T. F. Branson, '89; C. G. Hoag, '93, E. B. Hay, '95, W. K. Alsop, '96, J. A. Lester, '96, J. H. Scattergood, '96, L. H. Wood '96, Elliot Field, '97, J. E. Butler, '98, A. G. Scattergood, '98, H. H. Lowry, '99, S. W. Mifflin, '00, W. E. Cadbury, '01, Walter Mellor, '01, W. H. Wood, '01, W. W. Chambers, '02, H. A. Scattergood, '02, Caspar Wistar, '02, S. A. Warrington, '03.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Earlhamite* for September contains a scathing, blistering criticism of the HAVERFORDIAN, or rather of the HAVERFORDIAN'S Exchange Editor. Among other things it accuses him of being versatile, and it sympathizes with his family. The *causa belli* was the *Earlhamite's* statement that one of their athletes had run the 220 yards dash in 17 4-5 seconds. "Athlete" indeed! The HAVERFORDIAN realized that the error was typographical, and intended merely to reprove in a kind and gentle way the negligence of the proof-readers. The "*Earlhamite*," instead of taking the reproof in the spirit it was meant, flares up, regrets that the HAVERFORDIAN Exchange Editor is subject to such attacks, and then lays the blame on some alleged "poor type-setter." The type-setter may possibly be a poor one, but that does not release the editors from the duty of reading and correcting proof. Then the October *Earlhamite* contains a little homily to its exchanges. We quote:—"What is needed on a college paper is a good proof reader, not one whose thoughts are far away from his work. It is a disgrace to a college to send out a paper in which mistakes are made——" Surely a pot should not throw stones, nor should one who lives in a glass house call the kettle black.

The *Susquehanna* contains some very serious articles this month. In these same articles one may find many striking and instructive similes and illustrations. The gifted author of the "Prize Oration of Junior Oratorical Contest, delivered June 9, 1902" says that "as the axe is laid to the tree, or even to the neck of the animal, they all seem to bow in humble submission and smile with pleasure to know that they are serving some purpose." This is a vivid and pictur-

esque way of presenting a deep philosophical truth. We ourselves have often noticed when the "axe has been laid to the neck" of some fat chicken for example, how a smile of serene contentment would illumine its countenance at the thought of "serving some purpose," were it only the lowly one of furnishing soup for a boarding house. But it is not fair to laugh at the *Susquehanna* because it contains one absurdity; it is really a bright, well-edited magazine, and we wish it well.

"The Jolly Student, a characteristic March-Song and Two-Step" by H. H. Tickel and H. M. Feckner has been received. The words are not very much more inane than those of many *soi-disant* "popular" songs of the day, but the "music" is about as feeble an attempt at a tune as it has ever been our misfortune to meet.

The *Red and Blue* contains a couple of very creditable stories this month. The cover design is not ineffective. But the general tone of the paper is tremendously lowered by the exceedingly weak and puerile editorial on preliminary football training.

There is a "Communication" in the *F. & M. Weekly* which is very interesting to any Haverfordian. The writer is referring to the football game between Franklin and Marshall and Haverford. He congratulates the team on their victory, and says they will no doubt profit by the mistakes they made. Then he says;—

"The student body has a lesson to learn, and that lesson is more gentlemanly conduct towards the visiting team—good hard cheering helps win many a game, but 'rooting' is not jeering at the mistakes of the visiting team or cheering so loudly and rudely at times when the game is going against us that the visitors cannot hear their own signals.—The writer has seen several games played by the F. & M. team at Haverford and he is sorry to say that there is a contrast in the conduct of the students decidedly in favor of Haverford."

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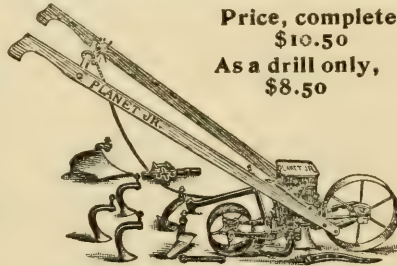
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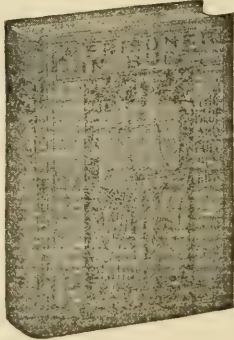
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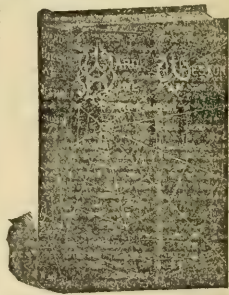
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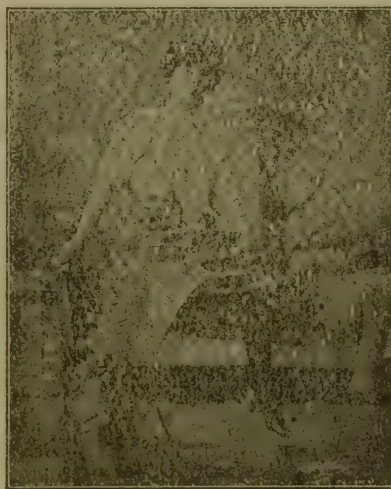
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THE

HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIV, No. 7

DECEMBER, 1902

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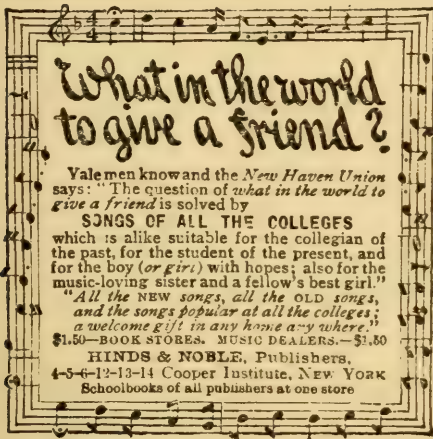
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXIV.

HAVERFORD, DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 7.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITORS

HENRY J. CADBURY, 1903.

Editor in Chief.

OTTO E. DUERR, 1903.

W. PARKER BONBRIGHT, 1904.

D. LAWRENCE BURGESS, 1904.

ROBERT P. LOWRY, 1904.

A. GLYNDON PRIESTMAN, 1905.

SIGMUND G. SPAETH, 1905.

H. A. DOMINCOVICH, 1903, *Business Manager.*

B. LESTER, 1904, *Assistant Business Manager.*

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Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

THE Haverford yo's never echoed with more genuine zeal and pleasure in the walls of the Old Collecting Room, than on the morning of Monday, November 17th, when we welcomed President Sharpless again to his accustomed place, sound and well. The simple offering which the College Association presented to him on that occasion, we feel sure, did not half express our real anxiety at his accident and our equally genuine gratitude for his recovery. If it were possible to record in some weak verbal form any additional fraction of these feelings, it would be the purpose of the HAVERFORDIAN to do so. At any rate we may one and all seize the oppor-

tunity of pledging anew our hearty support to his administration, and of wishing him a continued long and prosperous term in his position of esteem and honor.

AS we reflect upon the foot-ball season which has just closed, and all its mistakes, we no doubt resolve to enter into the new sports that present themselves with a determination to wipe out all error of the past. We mean to fight to a finish all opposition, and to make any man who holds a coveted position hold it only because he fights harder than we are able. Never give up until our last chance and last bit of energy are spent.

If we have fought well, if we have played the aggressive and offensive game from first to last, in the face of either seemingly unsurmountable difficulties or what is still higher sport, when there was a lack of opposition, we may have the reward of a free conscience. If we have slumped, and played the defence, and offer as an excuse that the onslaught of our rivals was too great, or on the other hand that opposition offered no incentive, we may accept the suitable reward. How many free consciences there are should be a matter of roll-call. You may fix the number for yourself.

To play a fighting game does not mean to be unsportsmanlike. And to be amateurs does not bar us from being the most stubborn antagonists our opponents have to meet. It only requires that we be true to the name we bear and play the clean and open game which all the world admires. Granting that we have

not done all that we know, yet without admitting that we have over-run the bounds of pure athletics, let us be more doggedly determined to make a name for our teams. But a threat in itself is worth no more than the crooked pin set in a playmate's chair. We forget it just in time to be caught in the snare set for another. See to it that we live up to our boasts, and do not be afraid to make them.

WITH the passing of the regular football comes the association season.

Our association foot-ball team of last year was, in a quiet way, a decided credit to Haverford and, although many of the men who played last season are no longer in college, it is to be hoped that this year's team will be no less successful. Association football has many points of superiority over the inter-collegiate game. In the first place, the players themselves enjoy the game more for its own sake, and victory is not absolutely essential to their happiness. It is a clean, wholesome kind of exercise in which the danger of physical injury is reduced to a minimum. It combines, in fine, all that is worthy of emulation in the English sporting spirit, and, although we are prone to poke fun at the way our cousins over the water conduct their games, if we look at the matter fairly we will find that we have a great deal to learn from them in their attitude toward sports.

OF the indoor intellectual pursuits to which undergraduates may devote themselves aside from their studies, none perhaps is productive of better results than debating. The Loganian Society is one of the oldest of Haverfordian institutions, and, as the only dues are the small assessments which are levied to meet the few expenses that

accrue, every student not already a member should think seriously of joining. The thorough study of both sides of a topic of live interest and the subjection of the results of that study to mutual criticism is one of the best educators conceivable. We hear so much of the broadness of the life of the College man. There is sometimes danger that this broadness may become too closely defined by the limits of the course or that the very important quality of depth may be lacking. This tendency debating in a large measure counteracts. Besides, the college man owes to his community the duty of investigating the important issues upon whose consideration he may in active life shed the light of the knowledge which he has gained. Private discussion does much to further this investigation, but once a man is able to stand up before a number and "have his say," he is thereafter inspired with a confidence which will force conviction.

But to leave the subtleties of abstract argument by which we endeavor to entice the timid to take part in this characteristic Haverford pastime (for it is a pastime, as well as a labor) we need only to remind the loyal student that in this field, as in every other, he owes it to his College to impel Haverford to do her best. In the South and West whole families come great distances to attend inter-collegiate debates, and there is no reason why a spark of this spirit should not find lodgement among us.

The inter-class debates will probably be held earlier than usual this year and it is essential that the most bashful and awkward novice who feels any ability at all in this line should try for the team which is to represent his class. The annual debate with the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania occurs in March or April and the conscientious efforts of all debaters in the College should be enlisted in the attempt

to have as representatives of the Logonian Society a winning team. We need not feel that we are actuated by millennial emotions if we maintain that a

struggle in the intellectual realm "for HAVERFORD" is deserving of the support of every undergraduate, and every Alumnus as well, of the College.

THE LAND OF THE LOTUS.

SOME people would have us believe that the land of the lotus exists only in the sweet realms of fancy, or that, like the "Islands of the Blest," it is hidden far away in some remote corner of a summer sea always.

—"just beyond the sky-line, howe'er so far you cruise

In a ram-you-damn-you liner with a brace of bucking screws."

But we voyageurs of the past summer take issue with these worthy souls, for we affirm that we found the land of the lotus in the course of our wanderings and found it, too, not tucked far away from the frequented haunts of men, but lying in the open, where all who will may enter in. Doubtless many have passed through it unwittingly; for it does not always present its most pleasing aspect and the "sweet music" is not always to be heard. But to us it revealed charms so alluring that we were drawn to it even as the seamen in the old days were drawn to the enchanted coast by the sirens' song. And this is how it came about.

We had been leading the strenuous life for three weeks in Switzerland, glorious life it was too, up among the high Alps where the air comes keen and fresh from the great towering snow-peaks, savoring of vigor and health and continued action. The spirit of the Alps had gotten into our souls and we had been scrambling up on the snow fields, tramping over the high passes and all the while revelling in the fact that we were very close to nature and could commune with her in her grandest forms. One of us felt that this was the acme of

all bliss, all enjoyment. Others began to feel that there is a time to climb and a time to refrain from climbing, and expressed their view accordingly with much vigor and spirit. Be it known also, that at the moment this question came up, we were seated in a state of great heat and much filthiness in our hotel at Zermatt, having just completed a long and exhausting tramp, and the poetry of motion did not appeal to us as it had in the morning hours—"I don't want to seem stubborn or disagreeable or anything like that," said one, "but really it's my opinion that Tennyson's swain has the right idea. I can't see 'what pleasure lives in height' for all your arguments and besides that," he said, with a gleaming eye, "remember that 'Love is of the valley' therefore 'come thou down and find him.' " "If you feel as badly as all that about it" said the dissenting one, "I give in. If the little blind god has you in tow there's no use trying to stop you. Therefore it's 'ho for the sunny South lads.' "

So it was that we turned our backs on the great, grim Matterhorn and all his white-robed courtiers, and another day saw us moving, behind three laboring horses, over the Simplon Pass on our way into Italy, the land of sunshine and flowers. Jagged peaks and waste of barren rock disappeared behind us. Mighty gorges and howling glacial streams became things of memory only; and, as the purple shadows of evening closed around us, we came out upon the warm, fertile plain on which stands the little Italian town of Domodossola.

It was a different world into which we had come. Gentle breezes touched our foreheads caressingly now and then; the air was warm and still, and sounds came to the ear softly as though fearful of breaking the spell. All was peace and quite and repose, and with every breath one felt more incapable of violent action. Late that evening we leaned from our window and watched the inevitable Italian moon flooding the plain with its soft radiance. In the café opposite, men were talking in subdued voices over their wine and, in the pauses, when all about us was still, we could faintly hear the dogs out on the shadowy plain, paying their tribute to the summer night. "Ah it *is* good to be in Italy," some one said, and even the dissenting one agreed, while he of the sentimental turn breathed out some nonsense about his heart taking wings and flying across the sea, until he was reminded that this was manifestly impossible and was also politely requested not to behave himself in a manner so worthy of the animal with long ears and strident voice. Already the spell was working upon us and we felt that we were indeed entering upon the land of day-dreams and many forgetfulness of things. And with the morrow, we passed the portals and entered the promised land. A jolting little train bore us away from Domodossola in the heat of noon when the yellow sunlight lay like a garment over all the land, and we were carried down toward the lakes, the pride of northern Italy. Another hour and the train rumbled slowly away, leaving us at Gravellona, whence a carriage bore us through the lonely country to the shores of Lake Maggiore.

Here it was that we came into the true land of the lotus. Slowly we sauntered over the shaven lawns to the lake shore and, embarking in a little skiff, gave ourselves up to the charm of pure delight.

Soft purplish haze hung over the hills, and through it we could vaguely see the depths of rich green foliage which swept down to the lake shore. The sunlight struck gently upon this enchanted land and the enchanted lake which spread before us like a polished mirror. Hardly a sound came to us, as we lay back on our cushions gazing with half-closed eyes and conscious of nothing but the charm of blissful indolence, save when the melodious sounds of answering chapel bells beat gently over the still waters.

"In the afternoon they came into a land—
In which it seemed always afternoon;
All round the coast the languid air did
swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream,
And like a downward smoke, the slender
stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause, and fall did
seem."

It was the dissenter who broke the silence but even he could do nothing but quote poetry in this land and in half audible tones he murmured:

"With dreamful eyes, my spirit lies,
Under the walls of Paradise."

"Well said, fair youth," murmured he of the sentimental turn, "'Dolce, dolce far niente' is a great and lasting truth. I fancy I shall make it my motto," and he lapsed into silence.

The glow of sunset was tingeing the clouds, and the bells on Isola Bella and Isola Madre were pealing vespers before we slowly rowed our boat to the shore, and wandered dreamily back to our hotel. And in the evening we sat on the terrace overlooking the lake and watched the moon climb over the eastern hills. The night wind, which now and again nestled in the palms above us, came laden with the fragrance of oleander blossoms; a little fountain flashed softly behind us; then from somewhere in the greenery, an orchestra swung into the ravishing strains of a waltz. That settled us. The

strenuous life was of the past ; one could do nothing now but dream. Then some one said, "What's the use of going on? It's good to be here ; why not stay? Here is the sum of all delight, therefore:

—'Rest ye brother travellers we will not wander more.'"

So it was that we found the land where the lotus grows.

A. C. W. JR. 1902.

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(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

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SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY.

IV. As a Sentimentalist.

CRITICISM exhibits that strange human quality of jumping to extremes; and now the pendulum of Thackerayan criticism has swung from cynicism to sentimentalism. We have seen that Taine and a number of others lodged severe complaint against Thackeray on the score of cynicism; and we have seen, too, I hope, the injustice of their criticism. During more recent years the army of anti-Thackerayans, routed from their old stronghold of cynicism, needing some point for attack and lacking a better, have chosen the charge of sentimentalism.

It may be necessary here to define this word, so much used by the critics as a term of reproach. Its primary meaning is simply susceptibility or sensitiveness to sentiment. As such it refers to all those higher instincts of human sympathy and kindness. But unfortunately the pessimist who has taken so much sweetness from our language, has placed his souring stigma upon this word also, so that it now means, according to Worcester, "Excess of sentiment; indulgence of the sensibilities for the mere luxury of their excitement; artificial or affected tenderness." The distinction is therefore, first, of sincerity, and second, of degree.

Let us first consider the point of sincerity. By temperament Thackeray was a sentimentalist. As a man he was extremely sensitive to the feelings of his fellow beings, and at times superlatively so. From the great piles of "ana" that have clustered about his name since his death we have learned of his great

human sympathy and sensitiveness. There are countless instances which testify to his chivalry, his generosity, and his artless kindness to all. "His fondness for children is proverbial. He used to go to St. Paul's on Charity Children's day to hear the thousands of young voices singing in unison, with the result and for the purpose of the dimming of his spectacles and the enjoyment of 'happy pity.'" What displeased him most was affectation and hypocrisy both in himself and in others. He never posed.

Such, in brief, was the sincerity of his sentiment in life; and it did not lose a particle when transferred to his books. In the writer, as in the man, the same unfeigned sensibility, the same honesty to himself, the same heartfelt sympathy is predominant. The realness of his characters to himself compelled it to be so; they are nearer to him than flesh and blood, and he treats them all with the same philosophical good feeling as if he met them on the Strand or in White-chapel. Never was sincerity more mixed with ink than as it flowed from his pen. Take for example the passage quoted above about Amelia Sedley or the account of Colonel Newcome's death in Charterhouse. Greater would the hypocrite be who applied that title to Thackeray when he wrote such touching passages as these. Their ring is unmistakable in any but the basest misanthrope's ear.

With this question of Thackeray's sincerity established, I think that the other in regard to the degree of his sentiment will follow suit. We have seen

that by nature he was a sentimentalist and he would have been so in fact, had there been no counteracting qualities. If he had yielded to his abundant sympathetic emotions and poured out his soul from its depth, his sentiment, no matter how sincere in its expression, would deserve from its mere superabundance all the contumely that his enemies have tried to heap on his head. Such, fortunately, was not the case; enough of these whimpering, puling sentimentalists have already disgraced the name of English literature. Thackeray's sentiment is not excessive.

Three qualities, all of which I have already referred to in this series, appear to have restrained him from extreme sentimentalism. The first is this same quality of sincerity. The instances quoted may seem to represent but one phase of Thackeray's sincerity. Yet the other phase balances it just as well as the two sides of an arch. The same self-honesty that made him the champion of real sentiment made him, likewise, the enemy of its sham. The affected and artificial sentimentalist, Thackeray makes light of through the character of Blanche Amory. *Il faut pour moi aimer*, she says, and Thackeray laughs in her face.

The second quality to which I referred is his humor. Enough has already been said of this striking feature of his temperament. As a counter irritant to all

proximity to sentimentalism, humor acts as saving salt. And 'tis this quality, for lack of which so many of the great sentimentalists of our literature have lost their sanity, which saved Thackeray from the fate of melo-drama, if no worse one.

The third quality is his supreme art with which his intellect directed and guided his emotions. Whereas sincerity and humor are traits of temperament, art is one of genius. It restrained him from all excesses into which his versatile nature might lead him unawares, and especially from any tendency towards supersensitiveness. No finer example can be found in all literature than that tremendously powerful account of the battle of Waterloo, when, after a day of awful suspense in Brussels, far from the battle ground, "darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart."

In summary then we may say, that as a munificent gift of his nature, purified by his sincerity, visualized by his veracity, made sane by his humor, and tempered by his consummate art, sentiment becomes the perfect tool of a perfect workman in the hands of "Thackeray the Sentimentalist."

H. J. C., '03.

FOOTBALL DEPARTMENT.

HAVERFORD VS. URSINUS.

Played at Haverford, November 1st, 1902.

THIS was one of the most even and stubbornly contested games ever engaged in by a Haverford team. The heavy Ursinus team had a victorious record and a big crowd of supporters to back them. Haverford was in excellent condition and played the best football of the season. It is only to be regretted that a slight error in decision

prevents us from recording the score of the game as a tie. Referee Lecomte recognized his mistake in calling Faringer's attempt a goal only after it was too late to correct it.

Lowry kicked off and the ball went over the line. Ursinus punted out. On the first play, E. F. Jones ran outside of tackle for 20 yards. Lowry then tried a goal from the field, but missed. On the punt-out, H. W. Jones ran the ball back 20 yards. Soon after this Lowry tried

another goal but missed it again. Both teams now played a punting game, Haverford gaining considerably on the exchanges. Lowry failed on a third attempt at a goal from the field, the ball being blocked; but he picked it up and ran 15 yards before being downed. E. F. Jones then made 5 yards, H. W. Jones 6, and then E. F. Jones was pushed over for a touchdown. Lowry missed the goal. Ursinus then came very near scoring. After a 25 yard run by Place, short gains by Newmiller and Faringer, and another run of 20 yards by Place, the ball was on the 10 yard line. Here Haverford held for three downs and Price tried for a goal from the field which was blocked, R. P. Lowry falling on the ball. A few minutes later the half ended. Score: Haverford, 5; Ursinus, 0.

In the second half both teams put up a very stubborn defense. Ursinus rushed the ball to Haverford's 15 yard line, where they were held for downs. Lowry punted and after Place had smashed through the line for 15 yards Ursinus was again held for downs. H. W. Jones made 5 yards, but on the next three plays the Ursinus line held firm, and Haverford lost the ball. Price circled right end for 10 yards and Newmiller made 5 outside of tackle. Then for the third time within 5 minutes, Haverford held Ursinus for downs. E. Jones gained 6 yards, but on the next two attempts no gain resulted. Perkins made an inaccurate pass for a punt, and Lowry was tackled and thrown back. This gave Ursinus the ball on Haverford's 25 yard line. Price made 3 yards, Roth 4, and Faringer 3. On the next play, Roth fumbled the ball rolling far to one side. Price picked it up and, with a clear field before him, sprinted 15 yards for a touchdown. Final score: Ursinus, 6; Haverford, 5. The line-up:

URSINUS.	Positions.	HAVERFORD.
Price.....	l. end ..	(Pearson) Eshleman
Place.....	l. tackle.....	H. W. Jones
Hobson.....	l. guard.....	Priestman
Trexler.....	centre.....	Perkins
Ziegler.....	r. guard.....	Simkin
Haines.....	r. tackle	Worthington
Rapp.....	r. e. (Hodgson)	R. P. Lowry
Gettel.....	q. back.....	Phillips
Faringer.....	l. h. back.....	Smiley
Newmiller.....	r. h. back.....	E. F. Jones
Roth.....	full back.....	A. T. Lowry
Touchdowns—E. F. Jones, Price. Goal—		
Faringer. Referee—Lecomte, Ursinus. Umpire		
—Gillinder, U. of P. Time of halves—20 min.		

HAVERFORD VS. LEHIGH.

Played at Haverford, November 5th, 1902.

Haverford was defeated by Lehigh, by the onesided score of 39 to 0. Coming right after the hard game with Ursinus, this game found the Haverford team in very bad shape, and consequently Lehigh had an easy time. Haverford was without the services of Lowry, Thorn and Eshleman. Lehigh won the toss and Haverford kicked off. Torrey made 4 yards, Waters 3 yards, Butler 5 yards, and Waters 4 yards. Then a fumble occurred and Haverford got the ball. E. Jones made 5 yards through centre, Worthington 5 yards, and H. Jones 1 yard. Winslow then lost 5 yards on an end run. Priestman punted. Waters was thrown for a loss and Farabaugh punted. H. W. Jones gained 4 yards and then the ball was again lost on a fumble. After Butler had gained 5 yards, Lehigh also fumbled. On three plays the Jones brothers gained 13 yards. Here Lehigh held for downs and on the next play Smart ran 70 yards for a touchdown. A. Farabaugh kicked the goal. On the first line-up after the kick-off, Torrey broke through centre and ran 90 yards for a touchdown. A. Farabaugh kicked the goal. One more touchdown was made in this half, Smart carrying the ball over after a series of line plunges by Waters, Geare, Johnson

and Butler. Farabaugh missed the goal. Score at end of first half, Lehigh, 17; Haverford, 0.

In the second half, a bad pass for a punt resulted in Lehigh's getting the ball on Haverford's 5 yard line, from which point Waters was pushed over for a touchdown. Farabaugh kicked the goal. Soon after the next kickoff A. Farabaugh made a run of 30 yards and then kicked a goal from the field. Butler then made two touchdowns, one being the result of a 40 yard run by Farabaugh. Final score, Lehigh, 39; Haverford 0. The line-up follows:

LEHIGH.	Positions.	HAVERFORD.
A. Farabaugh.....	l. end.....	Pearson
Waters	l. tackle.....	H. W. Jones
Straus.....	l. guard	Priestman
Barnard.....	centre.....	(Perkins) Hopkins
Johnson	r. guard.....	(Brown) Simkin
Geare (Brush)	r. t.	(Hilles) Worthington
Dornin.....	r. e.	(R. P. Lowry) Hodgson
L. Farabaugh.....	q. back.....	Phillips
Smart.....	l. h. back.....	Smiley
Torrey.....	r. h. back.....	Winslow
Butler.....	full back.....	E. F. Jones

Touchdowns—Smart (2), Butler (2), Torrey, Waters. Goals—A. Farabaugh (4). Goal from field—A. Farabaugh. Referee—Morice, Pennsylvania. Umpire—Randolph, State College. Time of halves—20 minutes.

HAVERFORD "LOBSTERS" vs. DICKINSON.

Played at Carlisle, Pa., November 8th, 1902.

Owing to injuries, Haverford was unable to play a strictly representative team. It was considered advisable, however, to play several alumni, with Dickinson's consent, rather than cancel the game.

Dickinson played a hard fast game. Haverford gained at times, but not consistently, on account of fumbles and lack of team work. Stanton and Revell were Dickinson's best ground gainers, while Scattergood, Wood and Carter played well for Haverford. The final score was, Dickinson, 34; Haverford, 0. The line-up:

HAVERFORD.	Positions.	DICKINSON.
Wheeler (E. Jones)...	l. end.....	Cramer
Brown.....	l. tackle.....	Tomkinson
Chambers, '02.....	l. guard.....	Seeley
Perkins.....	centre.....	Ammerman
Hopkins.....	r. guard.....	Harman
Wood, '01 (H. Jones)...	r. tackle.....	Carlan
Mellor, '01.....	r. end.....	Williams
Phillips (Eshleman)...	q. back.....	Curtis
Winslow.....	l. half.....	Stuart
Scattergood, '96.....	r. half.....	Revell
Carter, '99.....	full back.....	Stanton

Touchdowns—Stanton (3), Curtis (2). Goals from placement—Stanton. Goals—Stanton (4). Time of halves—20 minutes. Referee—Dr. Smith. Timekeepers—Prof. McIntyre, Dickinson; C. N. Sheldon, Haverford.

HAVERFORD VS. JEFFERSON MED.

Played at Haverford, Wednesday, November 12th, 1902.

The two teams were nearly matched in weight, but Jefferson played with more vim and snap, getting the plays off quickly, and breaking through their opponents' defense and interference. Haverford won the game by brisk work in the first three minutes, and by Winslow's brilliant 45 yard run in the second half. Lowry kicked off. Jefferson was forced to punt. Lowry returned the ball 10 yards, and the Jones brothers by long gains around the end and through tackle brought the ball within striking distance. Worthington made the touchdown within three minutes after the game had begun. The goal was missed. Jefferson soon secured the ball, and during the remainder of the game outplayed their adversaries in nearly every point. Simpson made a long end run, and short line bucks brought the ball over Haverford's touchdown line. Triekler kicked a goal. Score: Jefferson, 6; Haverford, 5.

In the second half Haverford tried desperately to add to their score, but were unable either to advance the ball, or to stop the fierce assaults of the Medicals. But at the darkest moment of the game, Winslow, who had displaced Thorn at left half, took the ball, and followed

strong interference around the end. He then dashed past the backfielder, and never stopped until he had planted the pig skin behind the goal posts. Lowry kicked the goal, making the final score : Haverford, 11 ; Jefferson, 6.

For Jefferson, Triekler, Simpson, and Wagoner earned considerable credit. For Haverford, Capt. Phillips played with a spirit which his team seemed to lack. He tackled hard and low on the defensive, supplementing in some measure the weakness of the line. The line-up :

JEFFERSON.	Positions.	HAVERFORD.
Schnader.....	l. end.....	Eshleman
Mylin.....	l. tackle.....	H. W. Jones
Hart.....	l. guard.....	Hopkins
McClure.....	centre.....	Perkins
Hemphill.....	r. guard.....	Priestman (Brown, Simkin)
Wagoner.....	r. tackle.....	Worthington
Walters.....	r. e. (Hodgson)	R. P. Lowry
Fluke.....	q. back.. (Thomas)	Phillips
Simpson.....	l. h. back. (Winslow)	Thorn
Triekler.....	r. h. back.....	E. F. Jones
Hoskins.....	full back.....	A. T. Lowry

Touchdowns—Worthington, Winslow, Triekler. Goals—A. T. Lowry, Triekler. Referee—Gillinder, U. of Pa. Umpire—Price, H. G. S. Time of halves, 25 and 20 minutes.

HAVERFORD VS. SWARTHMORE.

Played on Whittier Field, Swarthmore, November 22nd, 1902.

Swarthmore evened up the record of Haverford-Swarthmore games by winning the twenty-first annual match. The two teams were very evenly matched in weight, but Swarthmore had the advantage in point of condition. The home team, too, had played together almost without change during the present season and with a few exceptions all last season also, while Haverford's line-up included several new and inexperienced players.

Promptly at two o'clock when both large grand stands were filled and crowds gathered along the sidelines, the two teams ran upon the field. In a few

minutes at Captain Stewart's choice, Lowry kicked off toward the east goal, Smith catching the ball. Smith and Stewart failing to gain, the former punted to Thorn. On the next play E. F. Jones fumbled. Swarthmore getting the ball, was soon forced to kick. H. W. Jones and Lowry made first down. Eshleman made 10 yards along the sideline on a trick. Lowry punted to Hall who ran the ball back 20 yards. By short gains and by two 10 yard end runs by Smith and Sinclair Swarthmore advanced the ball to Haverford's 25 yard line. There on a third down Smith tried for a field goal. The attempt was blocked, but the ball went to Swarthmore, and after a few short gains Sinclair crossed the line. Owing to Hurley's being offside, Smith's goal was not allowed by the umpire. Score : Swarthmore, 5 ; Haverford, 0.

Lowry kicked off again to Hall who made 10 yards before being downed. The ball changed hands several times on punts and fumbles, but kept generally near midfield. Finally Swarthmore gaining the ball on their 20 yard line began again to carry it down the field. Smith netted 30 yards around his right end, Hurley half that amount around right end, and other shorter gains finally brought the ball to Haverford's 25 yard line from which Smith slid the ball over the bar for a field goal. During the remaining few minutes of the half an exchange of punts occurred ; and a clever tackle of Sinclair by Phillips left the ball near midfield when time was called. Score : Swarthmore, 10 ; Haverford 0.

In the second half E. F. Jones received Smith's kick-off and H. W. Jones made first down on two plays. Worthington gained 4 yards through the line and Lowry followed him for 15 yards, Thorn circled his left end for 25 yards. H. W. Jones forfeited the ball to Stewart on a fumble. Bell's 10 yard gain and

Hurley's end run for 25 yards soon brought the ball back into Haverford's territory. The latter, however, soon got the ball. Eshleman made 20 yards before being tackled by Hurley, but soon had to withdraw from the game, his place being taken by Reid. Several times during the next ten minutes the ball changed hands on punts and fumbles, and Sinclair made a run of 35 yards. From the midfield Smith, Stewart, Sinclair and Hurley gradually brought the ball towards Haverford's line, which Stewart finally crossed on a trick play. Smith kicked the goal. Score: Swarthmore, 16; Haverford, 0.

Hurley ran back the kickoff 25 yards. Haverford soon got the ball on downs but were soon forced to kick. Smith, Stewart and Hurley gained continuously through the line until Lippincott crossed for another touchdown. Smith kicked an easy goal. In a few minutes time was called. Final score: Swarthmore, 22; Haverford, 0.

The game was characterized by much fumbling and rather uneven offensive

play on both sides. Though losing, the Haverford team did not slacken their defense throughout the game, H. W. Jones and Simkin, charging continually in the line and Phillips and Thorn tackling hard and low in the back field. Both teams were loudly supported by the cheering of their respective college mates, the Haverford student body giving a splendid exhibition of college spirit in the face of defeat.

SWARTHMORE. Positions. HAVERFORD.

Satterthwaite.....	l. end.....	(Reid) Eshleman
Bell.....	l. tackle.....	H. W. Jones
Jackson.....	l. guard (Priestman)	Folwell
Brosius.....	centre.....	Perkins
Lippincott.....	r. guard.....	Simkin
Bower.....	r. tackle.....	Worthington
Hurley.....	r. end.....	Pearson
Hall.....	q. back.....	Phillips
Smith.....	l. h. back.....	Thorn
Sinclair.....	r. h. b. (Winslow)	E. F. Jones
Stewart.....	full back.....	Lowry

Touchdowns—Sinclair, Stewart, Lippincott. Field goal—Smith. Goals from touchdown—Smith (2). Referee—J. R. Gardiner, U. of Pa. Umpire—M. V. Bergen, Princeton. Timekeepers—O. E. Duerr, Haverford, and Sordmer, Swarthmore. Linesmen—Eliot Field, Haverford, and Palmer, Swarthmore. Time of halves—35 minutes.

THE "STRENUOUS LIFE."

MABEL leaned back in the great arm-chair and laughed till the lamp shades began to sing little tunes. It certainly was funny on the first reading! Then she glanced at the ending again and tried to be angry, but failed utterly, and ended by crumpling the letter in her brown hands, and was just going to throw it into the fire, when a little smile stole into her big blue eyes; so she smoothed it out and began to read aloud to herself.

Sunday.

My Dear Miss Alden:—

This time I am the goat for keeps but you and I are the only people who will ever know it, so mum's the word. I guess you haven't the faintest idea who I am, but do you remember one time last summer when you and another girl, with

blue eyes not quite as large as yours, lost your oars out in the middle of the bay and a heroic youth sailed out and brought you in? Well, I was it, the blushing hero. You must forgive me, but when I came back to college this fall I couldn't forget your face with those heavy big blue eyes and the sunny hair, and you've honestly been a good bit more trouble to me than I care to say, but that's not the cause of this epistle.

Last night we had a hot discussion here in my room as to whether girls with blue eyes were more kissable than ones with brown, and I came out strong for the blue. One of the fellows knows you very well, and knows, too, that I had seen you last summer, so when I said that I had seen a girl last summer with blue eyes who had the most kissable

mouth that ever cried, "Oh please don't!" he took it as an insult to you and knocked me down. As I fell I twisted my ankle and broke it, so "hier bin ich" in bed. What I want to know is, "Did I insult you or not? I hope I did, because, if so, I'll try to get Charlie to introduce me and apologize in person. If not forget formality for a while and try to make yourself write me. You know I'm not so worse and I really am worried. I'll struggle on till then.

Yours,

Kenith Foster.

"Well for cool nerve that letter takes the cake," Mabel said to herself, "that fellow is either an awful bluffer or a very sincere idiot. Of all the mean things a man can say about a girl I think that's about the worst. The very idea of a man I've never met writing to me to tell me I have a kissable mouth. Well, I never!"

She was very pretty as she sat there with the firelight dancing on her hair and a half angry, half laughing expression in her big blue eyes. People always said she looked as innocent as a lamb, but acted exactly the opposite. Well, I guess it was true, she certainly was no blissful innocent.

In a minute or two she gave a little self-satisfied smile and going over to a desk began to write.

Sunday.

My Dear Mr. Foster:

I suppose I shouldn't be writing this at all, but such a nervy exhibition of literature as you have sent me undoubtedly deserves some reward. I have a great respect for the man who knocked you down and when you see him again I do wish you'd ask him to do it just once more for my sake, won't you please? I really don't know enough names to call you to give you your dues, but if I were a man I know I shouldn't leave out any of the long words in this letter. Yes, you did insult me, if not in words, by merely thinking of me when you said that, and if I meet you at the Sophomore

dance next month I think the people near will smell powder burning.

Yours sincerely,

Mabel Alden.

P. S. When you came out to us in the bay you had on a blue flannel shirt and a dirty white hat. You are about six feet one and not bad looking. Yes?

That night when Mabel passed the tall glass in the hall she looked intently for almost a whole minute at the image reflected there.

II.

He was leaning lazily against the wall with his hands in his pockets watching the laughing crowd as it surged by. He was not handsome, but distinctly manly, with a strong grace about his whole make-up that always made the men look twice at him.

"She'll think I'm an awful lobster," he said to himself. "Seems to me it's about time for her to be here anyway." He took out his watch and looked at it with a frown. Just then the orchestra started off with a swing into the "Invincible Eagle" and the couples began to walk on his toes again. A girl in grey, with big black eyes, nudged him as she glided by and then looked up and laughed out, "When are you going to ask me to dance, Kenith? That wall will stay there perfectly well without you to support it!" and then she was gone too. He straightened up and made for the door with long strides. What he wanted was fresh air and lots of it. On the stairs he ran face to face into Charlie Clinton.

"Hello, Kenith, what are you doing now, after Miss Alden I suppose? She's coming up here in a minute; you just wait and I'll do the act." And then before he knew it, it was all over and he was sitting on the porch with her alone.

"And so that was all a fairy tale about the broken ankle and kissable mouth, was it?" she asked with a little low laugh, "and you just did it to see if I remem-

bered you. Well I like your nerve! The funny part about it though was that I got a letter from your room-mate, Charlie, two days after, in which he praised your foot ball that afternoon up to the skies, so I naturally began to think that your ankle must be getting well rather quickly."

He only smiled contentedly to him-

self and said irrevelantly. "They say the moon looks much more beautiful from the walk by the river, wouldn't you like to investigate?"

When the engagement was announced the next week everybody was confirmed in their opinion that Kenith was a first class specimen of a man who really did lead the "Strenuous Life."

VERSE.

When your mind, my friend, is struggling
On the literary rack,
And your thoughts are fairly dancing,
And your brain is fit to crack;
Court the old Horatian wisdom
Never can its precepts fail;
Its felicitas will steer you
Through the perils of the gale.

When you're working like a beaver,
Cutting ice and sawing wood;
When your mind is tired of figures,
And your stomach tired of food;
Go, meander to your book-case
Where the good old poet lies;
Renovate the joys of college,
Read the words that make you wise.

When your married cares annoy you,
And you're rather down on life;
Leave the squabbings of your children
And the lectures of your wife;
Fill your pipe with soothing mixture
And your room with soothing smoke,
Turn again to happy Horace,
And I'll bet you cease to croak!

R. M. G. '02.

SKETCHES.

Purpose of Literature.

KEATS may do to lull one to sleep,
or Poe to bring bad dreams; but

I prefer poetry which is written for a purpose. What in the world is there worth having that is not purposive? Of what good is a man without a purpose? What right has he to be,—to exist without a purpose? He were better not born, than be a dead weight impeding progress, spreading contagion,—merely drifting along in the direction of least resistance. Of course, there is a difference between a harmful thing and an esthetic thing. But our lives are too short, and our brief energies too precious

to waste on things of purposeless beauty. In the man of letters is invested power,—talent over his own and the following generation. Should he squander his genius on ethereal themes serene when a thousand abuses call to be exposed, and a thousand weak causes need support? Carlyle is a true writer because he hates evil, and hurls himself against it as uncompromisingly as ever Luther hurled his inkstand at the devil. The man of eternity will not prostitute his heaven-given genius to beauty, or mirth, or any other temporal seduction,—but will write with a purpose,—and that purpose will be the achievement of the better man.

D. L. B., '04.

Mythological History of the "Old Arch."

SOME two centuries ago, there dwelt in the land of New Netherlands a sturdy Dutchman named Hans van Tassel. Virtuous as he was, he also had one fault, namely vanity in dress; and above all things in earth or heaven dear to his heart, he passionately loved his best breeches. St. Nicholas, the good old Dutch divinity, was proud of his own nether-garments, and being exasperated at hearing Hans brag that no breeches existed between Amsterdam and Schenectady like his, decided to arise and punish the offender. When Hans beheld his foe drawing nigh, his vain, guilty heart smote him with remorse, so that he fled from before the face of the avenging deity. "St. Nick" although a god was fat and could not run rapidly, while Hans suffered from like disadvantages. But each possessed inexhaustibly good lungs, so the race was a long one. At last the pursued began to gain, for the kind-hearted wind blew strong from the north, inflating Han's breeches and making him to sail head on. Then St. Nicholas was enraged and his wrath waxed mighty. He uttered a tremendous Dutch oath, so that all the hills shook,—and commanded the breeches of Hans van Tassel to turn into stone. The breeches obeyed, leaving dismayed Hans destitute, to go home by a roundabout way. And there they stand to-day, those stone breeches, out on the Haverford campus. Unknowing people call them an arch, and do not believe in this tale of their origin; but let such people go out of doors on a windy November eve, and over by the arch they will hear a hoarse moaning. It is the spirit of old Hans, come back again to weep and mourn by the side of his lost breeches.

D. L. B., '04.

A Literary Lineup.

IT all came from my having hurt my ankle in a scrimmage. Not being able to play the game myself, I determined to get together a team and

coach it personally. At once I commenced to look about me for material, when my attention was arrested by my books. What could be better? There were my big Latin and German dictionaries, just the very books for guards, both because of their size and because they were good, steady ground gainers. For centre I selected Horace who was aggressive and at the same time cool and collected. Green and Boswell made good tackles, as they were hard men to tackle. The translations of Juvenal and Horace led all other rivals for the half-back positions on account of their ground gaining abilities and value in time of extremities. Shakespeare I made quarter-back for his all-around knowledge of the game. Barrett Wendell with his ability for getting above people's heads and his skill in mass formations was clearly the man for a hurdling full-back. My ends gave me considerable trouble, but I at last selected from the many candidates Richard Carvel and Hugh Wynne for their popularity and general merit. Pol. Econ. I chose for manager on account of his keen business head. With this team I started the battle of the books.

J. M. S., '04.

A Parable of Life.

FOR some time the train has been rushing through the narrow passes of the Rockies. As you proceed the rugged mountains crowd closer together until the way seems almost entirely blocked. Suddenly, the train swerves a little to the left, the hills fall away to the right, and before you lies one of the most beautiful spots in the Rocky mountains; a long and narrow lake, whose quiet waters reflect perfectly the sky, the floating clouds and the wooded hills that rise abruptly from the opposite shore. On all sides the lofty mountains tower in silent majesty, peak on peak. The whole scene is one of peaceful grandeur. Even as you look, the sun

breaks over the hilltops and sends its long beams across the lake, adding to every object a golden splendor. You gaze in awed silence; you seem for the moment to be transported to another world—a world of celestial grandeur. But suddenly, almost before you are able to comprehend the perfect beauty of the place, the whole scene is darkened. It was opened like a flash before your eyes and just as suddenly it is snatched from your sight—for your train has entered a tunnel. One fleeting glimpse of beauty, then utter darkness—How like life!

H. M. H. '03.

A Fight.

THE gong sounded. The two contestants advanced to the centre of the saw-dust covered ring, shook hands, squared off, and the fight was on. For a time the only sounds to be heard were the sharp slapping of the gloves, and the occasional stamp of the fighters' feet; and then as things began to warm up some irrepressible enthusiast implored his favorite to "give him hell."

Again the gong sounded and the boxers sank back in their corners, while their trainers rubbed them, and wafted back their exhausted breath by means of towels. Between the rounds we took note of the decidedly tough crowd, and talked of Hazlitt's essay "On Going to the Fight." Soon the men were on their feet again. They were fighting more briskly than before, and the spectators howled with delight at a hard blow, or a clever bit of dodging. Then quite unexpectedly, one of the men was knocked down, and the referee began to count, swinging his arm with each number, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, out! R. P. L., '04.

A Recipe.

THE favorite diversion of many authors seems to be the composition of essays on the works of other authors. There is hardly a form of

literary production which is easier to read, and I suppose hardly any less difficult to write. Here is the way you go about it. Read over carefully a list of the author's works, so that in your scintillating pages you may speak with easy familiarity of his little known productions. Then set down a few brilliant, highly polished sentences, neatly garnished with apt epithets and appropriate quotations, describing the general characteristics of his style. The less you have read of your author, the better you can do this. Your mind is more likely to be free from prejudice, and your opinion from bias, if your actual acquaintance with his works is not too deep. Next pick out a few favorite quotations and introduce them in some such way as this—"but to describe the death of little Susan Jane in any other words than those of the inspired author of her being would be sheer sacrilege. We therefore subjoin the following extract." Here you put in enough to fill two or three pages, describing the touching scene. This process may be repeated several times. It is also considered good art to introduce little anecdotes of what the great man has said to you on various occasions. For instance, you begin—"I remember how Matthew Arnold used to lay his hand upon my shoulder, and pour into my sympathetic ear his impressions of the coal strike,"—or—"Once Carlyle and DeQuincey came to me to settle a dispute they were having on the Sampson-Schley controversy,"—etc., etc. Such little touches give a personal tone to the essay, and make it more interesting to all students of human nature. So here you have your recipe. Take a few "glittering generalities," a few select quotations, a few personal anecdotes. Stir well, and bake in a quick oven. And *voilà*, your literary essay!

W. P. B., '04.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

'90 Class Reunion.

THE twelfth annual reunion and dinner of the class of '90 was held in Philadelphia on the evening of November 22nd most of those present having been at the Swarthmore game in the afternoon.

George T. Butler was elected President.

The absence of those who had done much to make our annual gatherings successful and who can never meet with us again was keenly felt, but the spirit of good fellowship and of loyalty to Haverford prevailed and it was one of the best of the twelve meetings that the class has held since leaving College.

Those present were G. Audenried, Jr., P. Bailey, T. Butler, T. Coffin, P. Hibberd, S. Janney, R. Longstreth, W. Simpson, J. M. Steere.

J. M. STEERE,

Secretary.

'92 Class Reunion.

The class of '92 held its annual class supper on the evening of November 22nd, at the University Club, nine members being present. The supper was entirely informal, and memories of college days were pleasantly received and present occupations and opinions were freely discussed.

Those present were: B. Cadbury, M. P. Collins, W. H. Detwiler, L. McAllister, J. M. Muir, W. H. Nicholson, Jr., W. E. Shipley, W. N. L. West and S. R. Yarnall.

B. CADBURY,

Secretary.

'96 Class Reunion.

The Class of '96 held its annual dinner the night of the Haverford-Swarthmore Game, at the Colonade Hotel. The following men were present, D. H.

Adams, W. H. Bettle, T. Y. Field, Jr., C. R. Hinchman, P. O. I. Maier, J. H. Scattergood, M. W. Way and L. H. Wood. All the members of the class had been heard from, but many are so situated that it was impossible to attend the reunions. A special effort will be made next year to have a large reunion.

P. D. I. MAIER,

Secretary.

A. D. Hartley is teaching school at Herbertsville, New Jersey.

'97 Class Dinner.

Twelve members were present at the sixth annual dinner of the Class of '97, which was held in the Senior dining room on Friday, November 21st, 1902, viz:—Burns, Collins, Field, Hoffman, Howson, Hume, Hutton, Jacobs, Palmer, Thacher, Chalfant and Rhoads.

The committee appointed to present a silver cup to Master Sidney Meader White, the first child in the class, reported that the cup had been duly inscribed and sent. The letter of thanks from his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. White, was read. A later letter announcing the death of the child called forth expression of deep regret, and the Secretary was instructed to prepare and send to the parents a suitable memorial.

A letter was read from Mr. R. H. Thomas, of Baltimore, announcing the death in February last of our classmate, J. C. T. Watkins.

The following memorial was sent to his parents:

"The news of the death of your son, found in the heart of each of his classmates a chord of sympathy for you in your bereavement, as well as a realization that, in his death, the class has lost a valued member and the influence of an upright, Christian life.

The Secretary was requested to prepare and send to his parents this tribute to his memory.

A letter from R. C. McCrea announced the advent of a daughter to his family.

After considerable discussion of the subject of a gift to be presented to the college, Messrs. Collins, Hume and Palmer were appointed a committee to select such a gift as seems suitable and available with such money as they may be able to collect among the members of the class.

The same officers were continued for another year.

GEO. M. PALMER,
Secretary.

'98 Class Reunion.

Cadbury, Gilpin, Haines, Rhoades, Scattergood, Stadelman, Strawbridge and Wistar celebrated the fifth annual reunion and dinner of the Class of '98 by driving over to Haverford in a coach and four after the Swarthmore game. This proved a good occasion to review our old songs and jokes and helped to prepare us for the dinner, as did also the regular *annual* exercise and swim in the Gymnasium.

Lee joined us at the dinner, which, as usual, passed off informally and very enjoyably. The Treasurer's report was read; also the report of the Committee appointed to furnish one of the Alumni Sleeping Rooms in the Gymnasium, showing that, while the room was already in use, more money was needed for its entire completion. On this account the committee was continued.

Some interesting bits of news about the absent members were reported by the Secretary, who created considerable surprise by reporting six marriages and three engagements since last year.

After deciding to meet at the same time and place next year, we separated about 9.30.

ALFRED G. SCATTERGOOD,
President.

'99 Reunion.

The third annual class dinner of the class of '99 was held in the Y. M. C. A. room of the College on Friday evening, November 21st. After the dinner, President Lycett called the meeting to order to transact some routine business, after which the election of officers was held for the ensuing year, which resulted in the election of J. P. Morris, President; R. Mellor, Vice-President; and A. C. Maule, Secretary-Treasurer. The meeting adjourned, and the remainder of the evening was spent in an informal talk by the several members, each one stating what he had been doing since the last meeting.

Lycett has become a member of the firm of Lycett, Williams & Churchman, Insurance, with offices in Library street.

Butler & Wild were both practicing Law.

Shipley after being ordained a deacon of the Episcopal Church had been made an assistant to Dr. Tompkins at the Church of the Holy Trinity.

Evans was still in the trust department of the Girard Trust Co.

Morris was with his cousin P. H. Morris, General Machinists in South Front Street.

Richie had received his degree of M. D. at the Hahnemann College and was practicing in Moorestown, N. J.

Bathey had charge of the N. Y. office of Borton & Tierney, air machinery.

J. D. Carter was assistant to Dr. Hall in chemistry at the College.

Maule had just returned from an eight months' stay at Johnstown in the interests of the Southwark Foundry and Machine Co., by whom he is employed.

Mellor was still in the employ of Miller & Rittenhouse, licorice manufacturers, with works and offices in Camden.

NOTES.

'61. John C. Thomas has been appointed Treasurer of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md. He has been connected with the administration of this large trust for twenty-two years.

'90. Edward M. Augell is corporation counsel for Glens Falls, N. Y., where he is a practicing attorney.

We regret that the following note has not yet appeared in this column.

'91. Arthur Hoopes and Miss Christine Otilie Lippert were married July 17th, 1902. They are living at Clarksburg, W. Virginia, where Hoopes is Superintendent of the Lukins Coal Co.

Ex-92. The artistic work of Parrish continues to gain the praise and esteem of both laymen and virtuosos. The eminent European artist, Hubert Herkomer has passed the following appreciative comment upon his illustration in the new edition of Kennet Grahame's "Dream Life" issued by John Lane, New York.

"Mr. Parrish has absorbed, yet purified every modern oddity and added to it his own strong original identity. He has combined the photographic vision with the pre-Raphaelite feeling. He is poetic without ever being maudlin, and has the saving clause of humor. He can give suggestions without loss of unflinching detail. He has a strong sense of romance. He has a greet sense of characterization, without a touch of ugliness. He can be modern, mediæval or classic. He has been able to infuse into the most uncompromising realism the decorative element—an extraordinary feat in itself. He is throughout an excellent draughtsman, and his finish is almost phenomenal. Altogether this original artist is the strangest mixture I have ever met with. This man should paint and not lose himself for the art world by merely doing illustrations. He will do much to reconcile the extreme and sober element of our times."

'94. Louis J. Palmer has opened a law office in West Chester, Pa.

Ex-'98. Alpheus G. Varney has left the employ of Charles B. Prettyman,

real estate broker, and has associated himself with F. R. Ristine, '94, and F. H. Conklin '95, in the banking and brokerage business in Philadelphia.

'97. William G. Rhoads has announced his engagement with Miss Nora Ward of Germantown.

Ex-'98. C. Herbert Bell has become Vice-President of the Quaker City Mills Co., of 3042 Market St., Philadelphia.

Ex-'98. A. H. Bishop was married last April to Miss Sarah S. Wallace, of Philadelphia, and is now living at Ardmore. He is still connected with the Overbrook Steam Heat Co.

'98. The engagement is announced of Alfred G. Scattergood to Miss Mary Cope Emlen, of Awbury, Germantown.

'98. Robert N. Wilson has been coaching the football team of Guilford College this year. He is also Treasurer of the Audubon Society of North Carolina.

'99. William A. Battey has recently been appointed an Overseer of Brooklyn Friends Meeting, N. Y.

Ex-'99. Louis R. Wilson is Librarian of the University of North Carolina, from which institution he received the degree of M. A. last June.

'01. E. Marshall Scull has joined many of his fellow collegians on the reporting staff of the *Evening Bulletin*.

'02. C. Linn Seiler is in the draughting department of the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

'02. A class dinner of the class of 1902 will be held in Founders' Hall, on Friday evening, December 26, 1902.

Ex-'03. John W. Greb, Notary Public, Public Stenographer and Law Stenographer has his office in Philadelphia.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Y. M. C. A. was addressed on three consecutive Wednesdays, beginning Nov. 5th, on the subject of Character. The speakers were Professor W. W. Comfort, '93 on "Character from a Professor's Standpoint," Dr. J. R. Gardiner on "Character from a Doctor's Standpoint," and Mr. Hollingsworth Wood '96 on "Character from the standpoint of a Lawyer." The meetings were held in the collection room and were all well attended.

The football H and sweater was awarded to the following men: A. J. Phillips, '03; H. N. Thorn, '04; H. W. Jones, '05; A. T. Lowry, '06 and E. F. Jones, '06. At a meeting of the college association held November 25th it was decided that the number of "H's" to be awarded should be left to the discretion of the committee instead of giving a definite number—fourteen—as heretofore. The committee thought it proper to give but five emblems.

President Sharpless entertained the students by reading a letter, dated 1834, from a mother to her son, who was then at Haverford School. The letter contained much motherly advice and censured the son for bad spelling.

A challenge was received from the University of Pennsylvania Chess team for a match, but as there are not many men in college who take an interest in the game it had to be declined.

A meeting was held on November 24, at which an Association Football Association was formed. The following officers were elected:—President, A. J. Phillips, '03 vice president, H. M. S. Schabacker, '04 secretary and manager, C. C. Morris, '04 treasurer, A. G. Priestman, '05. H. H. Morris, '04 had previously been elected temporary captain. It is probable that a team representing

Haverford College will be entered in a league consisting of the second elevens of the cricket clubs.

On the return of President Sharpless to college after his severe runaway accident he was greeted with rousing cheers and presented with a loving cup in token of the sympathy and esteem felt for him by the undergraduates.

The regular recitation periods were resumed on November 22nd, and a week later the Sophomore and Freshmen gymnasium classes commenced.

George Wooley is busy teaching the Freshmen cricket; there are a good many of new men who have regular periods in the shed, the most promising of whom are Lowry, Pleasants and Doughton.

Scrub H's were awarded to the following men: J. R. Thomas, '04, Capt; Hilles, '04; Schabacker, '04; H. H. Morris, '04; Boher, '05; Evans, '05; E. F. Winslow, '05; Wheeler, '05; Fleming, '05; Brown, '06; and Haines, '06.

At the meeting of the Foot Ball Department of the Athletic Association, C. N. Sheldon, '04, was elected manager for the season of 1903 and E. C. Peirce, '05 was chosen assistant manager.

The following interesting resolution was adopted recently by the Campus Club. It is likely that something further will be heard of the matter.

WHEREAS our late friend Mary Newlin Smith was a devoted member of this club, and took unusual interest in the work, believing that no feature of Haverford life so thoroughly deserved and would so abundantly repay attention as the care of our lawn, therefore,

RESOLVED, that the Haverford College Campus Club place on record its deep sense of loss in the death of Mary Newlin Smith, and furthermore, that a committee of seven be appointed by the club to report on the advisability of founding to her memory an alcove in the library which shall contain books relating to forestry and outdoor life,—or to propose a similar memorial.

TENNIS DEPARTMENT.

THE annual tournament developed much more interest than ever before, and some excellent tennis resulted. C. S. Lee, '05, for the second time captured the college championship.

SINGLES TOURNAMENT

[illegible]

DOUBLES TOURNAMENT.

First Round.	Second Round.	Semi Finals.	Finals.	Winners.
Sheldon & Spencer, '06.....	Sheldon & Spencer....			
Bainbridge & Hopper, '06....	By Default.	Lee & Spaeth.....		
Lee & Spaeth, '05.....	Lee & Spaeth.....	6-0, 6-1.		
H. H. Morris, '04 & Smyth, '03	6-1, 6-1.		Lee & Spaeth.....	
Cadbury & Hoskins, '03.....	Cadbury & Hoskins...		6-3, 6-1, 6-3.	
Brinton & Schabacker, '04....	6-0, 7-5.	Cadbury & Hoskins..		
Doughten & Mott, '06.....	Doughten & Mott.....	By Default.		
Dickson & Taylor, '06.....	6-2, 6-2.			
Hilles & Megear, '04.....	Hilles & Megear.....			
Maloney & Monroe, '06.....	6-2, 6-2.	Hilles & Megear.....	
Boher & Ritts, '05.....	Bonbright & Cookman	2-6, 8-6, 6-4.		
Bonbright, '04 & Cookman, '05	6-0, 3-6, 6-3.			
Pleasants & Smiley, '06.....	Pleasants & Smiley...		Pleasants & Smiley...	
Burgess & Lester, '04.....	6-2, 6-4.	Pleasants & Smiley...	6-2, 6-3.	
Murray & Peirce, '05.....	Murray & Peirce.....	6-2, 6-3.		
Cary & Shortlidge, '06.....	6-4, 8-6.			

EXCHANGES.

THE *Maryland Collegian* from the College for Young Women, Maryland, contains twenty-one pages of bright well-diversified material. Seven of the articles have printed above the title: "Written for the *Maryland Collegian*." Are we to infer that all the other articles, including the editorials, were written for some other publication?

There is an excellent sonnet in the *Haileyburian*. The metrical accents in one line do not always coincide with the word-accents, but the same is true of many lines in Shakespeare. However, this is a blemish on an otherwise very creditable piece of work.

The *Wilmingtonian* contains an article called "An Opportunity." It starts out by saying, "This is the age of Schools." Then the gifted author goes on to tell what percentage of the population of the United States and of Europe is to be found engaged in scholastic pursuits. "But," says he "there are pseudo-schools, to use no harsher term." Later he compares them to Jonah's gourd, and calls them "veritable mushrooms." We learn on further perusal that the most gourdly gourd and mushroomly mushroom of all is the so-called "School of Journalism." It is not so much that the writer wishes to "inaugurate a crusade" against these schools (what a thrill of delight must have passed through the schools' hearts when they received this happy intelligence.) No indeed! Far be it from him to "inaugurate a crusade" against anything or anybody. He simply wishes to call attention to a much better way of learning journalism:

"The very best way to learn most practical things is by doing them, and if any young man or woman in the College aspires to a journalistic or literary career, he can find no better way to begin than by contributing something to the pages of the *Wilmingtonian*. The practice

thus gained will be worth more, from every point of view, than a full course in a school of journalism. . . . The practice will do you good anyway, and you may find your life-work."

And lest the hope of finding one's life work be insufficient inducement, the staff offers two prizes for stories, one of a dollar, and another of a dollar and a half.

We welcome the *Brunonian* among our exchanges. It is full of good things. There is a yarn of an old sailor concerning the doings of Captain Kidd, which has somehow, up to this time, escaped the historians. The "Garden of Dis" is a very delicate bit of verse. "A Romance in Miniature" and "The Teacher Taught" are well done.

Our English exchanges are so steadily full of mere news items, that when one comes across some *belles-lettres*, it is a source of deep joy and thankfulness. The *Harrovian* this month contains two contributions which might come under the head of humor. One is the account, in archaic language, of the cricket captain's love for the laundry maid, and how a Greek scholar, his rival, brought him to open shame, to-wit, revealed him to the astonished gaze of the headmaster in the act of "bussyng ye laundrie damsel." The other humorous contribution purports to be an extract from a philosophical treatise "De Rebus Agendis." It is not without a good deal of sly fun.

There is in this same magazine a list of the alumni of Harrow who are mentioned in the "Dictionary of National Biography. Including men born as late as 1745, there are forty-two old Harrowians in the "Dictionary."

The following is merely a curious fact, and elucidates no great philosophical truth, but it may be of interest. In the score of a cricket game played between two Harrow sides, on one team there were five men who had four initials

apiece ; on the other side two with four initials, and two with five !

The *Delaware College Review* has a story called "Lane's Choice," which is not uninteresting. Lane was a freshman who had managed, greatly against every one's expectations, to get into the finals of the tennis tournament. He was playing his match for the college championship with a senior. They each had a set, and in the third set they had gotten to a place where one point would give the match to the senior. The freshman served and the ball was driven back out of his reach. The umpire said "out !" but Lane saw that it was in and said so. Then every one cheers enthusiastically for him. In another story in same paper the following improbable event occurs. It is on Franklin Field, at a track meet. Just before the hundred yard dash (which Delaware was sure to win) their man turned his ankle. Then one of the Delaware men in the grandstand, so much did he love his college, threw off his hat and coat, "at the same time requesting a pair of running shoes." Then without making any other changes in his attire, he goes in and wins the hundred in ten and a fifth seconds.

At this same college the general tone must be rather unfortunate, for the editor of the *Review* thinks it necessary to write an editorial in which he defends the right of any man to study who wants to, and says you ought not to sneer at such fellows.

At Delaware the library is open only two hours a day, from one till three in the afternoon.

"The general and department library . . . are now resting peacefully on their shelves, *without the hindrance of a but few being removed for perusal.*"

Tom—Rich people don't be worrying much about the coal strike, do they ?

Jerry—No ; the lucky devils have money to burn.

Roggs—The price of coal doesn't seem to worry J. Pierpoint Morgan in the least.

Boggs—Of course not. He's got money to burn.

One of these jokes (?) appeared in the *Columbia Jester*, the other in the *Earl-amite*. Returns are not all in yet, but so far statistics show that the same outrage has been perpetrated by nine thousand seven hundred and eighty-one other papers, all over the English speaking world.

In the *Gettysburg Mercury* there are several articles which are very well done. Perhaps the best is the one on the "Influence of music." There is also a so-called "Fable," which is a rather curious thing. There seems to be no moral, and no point. Perhaps there is a point, really, but it is a very subtle one. The whole magazine is defaced by numerous misspelled words, such as "upou," "dangeroug," "melancholly," "emminent." On the whole, however, the paper is a very good one.

The *Harvard Monthly* is of an exceedingly high grade all through. One story especially, "Her Kings," is, both in interest and style, beyond praise.

"A million at Five Per Cent" is a fairly interesting, tho' highly improbable story in the *Red and Blue*.

The *Monthly Maroon* of the University of Chicago, Vol. I. No. I, has been received. Is good all thro' its sixty-three pages. Especially commendable are the story "For the Faith," and the poem "Vox Humana."

Probably the highest class literature that finds its way to our exchange table is in the *Nassau Literary Magazine*. The story entitled, "For the Honor of the Class" has a novel plot.

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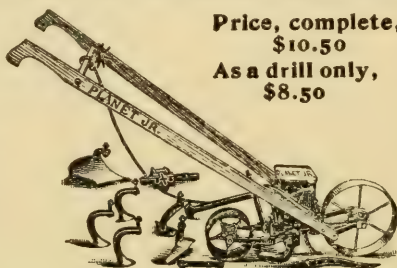
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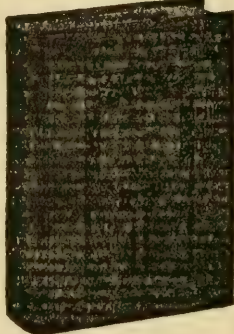
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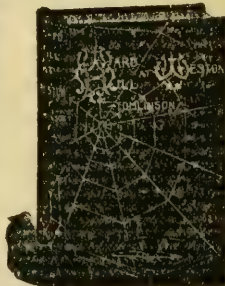
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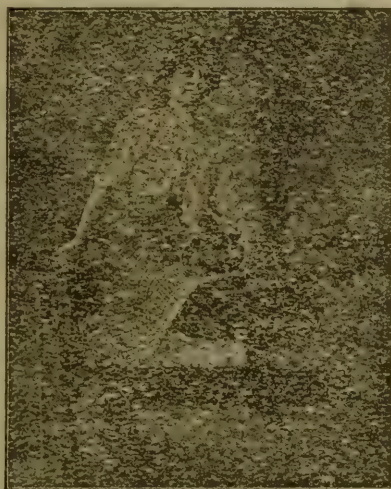
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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIV, No. 8

JANUARY, 1903

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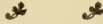
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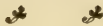
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AT the close of the vacation season it is customary for the editor of a college paper to prepare a brief homily for his student readers, warning them of approaching examinations, and exhorting them to faithful work. Now though we have all possible respect for the shades and nightmares of examinations, it occurs to us that there may be some more pleasant though no less cogent motive to rouse us continually from couches of ease to the hard straight chairs of study. Both opportunities and responsibilities confront the college man. The possibilities of a college course are tremendous, and the possibilities for a single year, or quarter, or week, or day are just as great proportionately. It is the op-

portunity of becoming a real collegian and here, still better, a Haverfordian in the highest sense. As has often been said it is not a possibility for passive progress, but for action and active growth.

Such is the opportunity, and the responsibility is co-extensive. The college-bred man has assumed in the community a definite position of respect and influence. We hear with wonder of the disproportionately great power which the fraction of a per cent. of college men exercise in the country. It may be that the world expects too much of us; but whether or not, we ought to expect the very utmost of ourselves. And in the three months of uninterrupted college life that lie before us, we should expect and strive for three months of better growth into collegians and Haverfordians.

IN the days of the prehistoric man, before papyrus had been discovered, when hieroglyphics were just coming in, no doubt the foot ball team was by far a more important institution than the College Paper. It is still true in our own days, although the *roast pig* has long been invented, and it is no longer necessary to heave a boulder at a rabbit, or wrestle with a megatherium to obtain our light mid-day lunch. We shall not plunge into an argument of Brain versus Brawn. We simply urge that the college paper demands attention, as well as the athletic teams. We support our eleven through thick and thin; if it wins we cheer it; if it loses, we cheer but the louder; if it needs more material, we supply a superabundance; if it needs more

money, we tithe ourselves. The man who will not support the Haverford foot ball team always fails his entrance examinations.

How about our paper? If there is a good issue, we don't know it, because we probably do not subscribe; if there is a bad one, we spare it a passing grumble; if it needs more material—the comparison must stop here. Perhaps it has not occurred to all of us that the circulation of the paper is rather large. It goes into very many States of the country, into many "sanctums" of other institutions. It represents Haverford quite as much as do the athletic teams. So if we feel that the paper is below the Haverfordian standard, let us not criticize from a cold distance, but lend a helping hand containing a verse or a story.

THE HAVERFORDIAN for January 1893, after commenting on the Library Fund just established says, "Haverford ought, at the end of ten years to have one of the best libraries in the country for a college of its size." We believe that this prophecy has been more than realized. Very few college libraries in the United States, no matter what the size of the institution, can boast of forty thousand books, so well selected and arranged and equipped with such excellent accommodations. As far as this latter point is concerned the much increased shelf space and the large reading rooms added by the recent improvements will suffice the library for several years to come.

Beside all these advantages which can be seen by all, we believe the poetically minded find an additional charm in this sacred shrine of Haverford life. The mere association with books is often enough to conjure up memories of their authors and former readers. The old north wing with its creaky floor and musty fragrance has a spell which the bright, new parts of the building fail to produce. Here gather the shades of

Cicero, Homer and Demosthenes. Here lodge the memories of early Quaker martyrs, and here, too, is handed down the essence of early Haverfordian spirit. To the dreamer, at least, the library is a rich and poetical mine for the fancy, and an inspiration for the prosaic walks of life.

IN the classification of Haverford as a denominational college, the recently published report of President Sharpless suggests one of the most unique things in Haverford's life,—its relation with Quakerism. Founded and entirely conducted by members of the Society of Friends, Haverford School always kept very close to the principles of its founders. The same society supported the school in its gradual development into a full fledged college and still devotes a large share of money and interest to its care and support. The founders of the college declared it to be their desire to give a "guarded education" and religious care over manners and morals. The makers of Haverford in the successive generations since have sti'l kept this aim before them, interpreting it with greater liberality and far wider scope in accordance with the progress of the years. The result is the unique situation that we referred to. No student, we are sure, who is not a Friend, goes away from Haverford without a deep respect for the principles of that society and a positive sense of gratitude for its services to Haverford. And no one who is a Friend can spend four years in this liberal Friendly environment without a far broader and deeper appreciation of the birthright of his membership. As President Sharpless says, no intrusion of Quakerism upon the non-Quaker element is intended or desired by any one connected with the college. Every true Haverfordian can join heartily in the wish of the Quaker poet Whittier, which he expressed on the occasion of Haverford's Semi-Centennial: "That Haverford may fully realize

and improve its opportunities as an approved seat of learning and the exponent of a Christian philosophy which can never be superseded, which needs no change to fit it for universal acceptance, and which, overpassing the narrow limits of sect, is giving new life and hope to Christendom."

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published avowedly in the interests of Haverford College. As there are so many interests, there must be several departments, and by no means the least important among them is Alumni Department. We earnestly desire to make the paper interesting to our alumni, and to do this,

we must have it contain not only material representing Haverford life, but also information about the loyal Haverfordians of the past. And such information is not interesting to the alumni alone. It is a pleasure, as well as a help to those of us who are still spending the coveted four years in the "Little Quaker College" to know that those who have gone before are reflecting credit on their *alma mater*. It gives us courage to hope that the same fortune may be ours. So the ears, and the mail receiving apertures of our editors are ever open for information regarding Haverford Past, as well as Present; and whether it come from alumni personally, or by indirect routes, it will be thankfully received.

THE ISLE OF FORGOTTEN DREAMS.

JASON NORTON sauntered down the quiet lane to where the Brandywine lay gleaming in the afternoon sunlight. He unlocked the little boathouse, carried his canoe down to the stream, and stepped in with the reckless ease of an old canoeist. The boat shot into the current like a thing of life, slid over a little riffle, and abruptly slackened its pace in the quiet waters beyond. Norton leaned back on the cushions and gave himself over to the charms of reverie and tobacco.

Was all the storm and stress of his working life really worth the while? he meditated,—when he might have been floating down the Brandywine peacefully smoking and dreaming? What was the fortune he had acquired weighed against the wasted years; and what were his regular habits compared to the poems he might have written? Yet, had he not retired from business and bought a farm by the little river he had loved in his boyhood? What if he had for a time been disobedient to the "heavenly vision"? Did he not have all his leisure

now to follow its guidance? And would not the qualities that had made him a successful man of affairs make him a poet?

The canoe gently grated against the sandy bottom and slowly stopped. Norton, coming out of his reverie with a start, realized that his craft had grounded on a small island. He drew the boat in near the bank and disembarked; but before he had taken half a dozen steps he was confronted by a rustic notice board. "The Isle of Forgotten Dreams," he read.

At the end of the foot-path Norton came upon a small stone house. It was in a grove of oaks, and girt around with an old-fashioned garden of boxwood and lilacs. There was something startlingly familiar about this house and its setting. Something that made him pause and try to recall whether he had ever seen its counterpart. Then he suddenly recollected. This house was the very materialized substance of his forgotten youthful dreams.

Norton went to one of the low win-

dows on the side of the house nearest him and looked in. Seated at a table in the room's centre he saw a man, who so closely resembled himself that Norton almost thought he was looking into a mirror. And, yet, there was a subtle difference between this person and the one he was accustomed to see every morning in his shaving glass. It was as if a great artist had caught a side of his personality that no one else had ever suspected, and fixed it upon canvas.

Near the man a woman was seated sewing. Sometimes she raised her eyes, and Norton saw that every time she did so the man looked up from his work and their eyes met. And Norton knew that this was a marriage of souls. Each was so perfectly a part of the other that mere words were superfluous. He looked again at the woman. He remembered. He had loved her once, ages and ages ago ; and her hair, and her eyes, and the sweet magic of her presence had inspired many of his halting and immature sonnets. But surely she would welcome him for old times' sake, and it would be neighborly to call.

Norton went around to the front of the house, and, intent on his decision,

had already raised the door's brass knocker when an inscription on the stone lintel of the doorway attracted his attention : "Too late ; too late ; ye cannot enter now."

"One would hardly suppose they were expecting visitors," remarked Norton, aloud.

Half absent-mindedly he took out his watch. His being swung back instinctively into the habit-worn pathways of his brain, as he saw, with a pronounced feeling of discomfort, that he would be late for dinner. He hastily paddled the canoe upstream and took the homeward path. But at the top of the hill he stopped and looked down at the Brandywine, now ashen gray in the twilight. Then it came upon him like a blow that it was indeed "too late." That he had been really looking upon his self that might have been. Nevertheless, he had chosen, and chosen not the better part, and his dream-house was forever closed against him. And before he turned to go his way, he gazed a long time wistfully at the group of trees far down the creek that marked The Isle of Forgotten Dreams.

R. P. L., '04.

A Sonnet.

I love my love more than my tongue can tell,
 Yet not a whit more than he doth deserve—
 I'd follow him thro' Heaven or thro' Hell !
 The blood flows quickly thro' my veins, each
 nerve
 With joy doth tingle when he comes in view.
 The sun seems brighter and each flower more
 fair
 When he doth look upon it, yet how few
 Alas ! the times when he doth breathe the air
 Made soft and balmy by the autumn breeze.
 For he is in his chamber close confined,
 And all the landscape thro' his window sees.
 This is most greivous to his noble mind,
 For he his lady's deep devotion knows,
 Yet must resign her to her self-sought woes.

W. P. B., '04.

SOME HAVERFORD RELICS.

I.

PRESIDENT Sharpless recently received the original of the following old letter written nearly seventy years ago by a mother to her son at Haverford. The spirit of the letter and the character of the advice given may be of interest to other Haverfordians. The outside address was:—

ISRAEL P. FISHER	West Philadelphia
Haverford School	October 25th
Buck Tavern.	

The letter is as follows:—

HAMILTONVILLE, OCT. 23rd, 1836.

MY DEAR SON:

I was much pleased to hear of your safe arrival at Haverford; had I known that the school would not commence till the following Monday you would not have left here until Saturday; as it was, we had such a stormy night after you left home; I was quite relieved when your brother told me you had not left town until the weather cleared off. I hope you pay more attention to my wishes respecting your teeth than you do here; depend on it, you will repent your neglect by and by when it will be too late to save them. Though I was glad to get your letter because it informed us of your safe arrival, I was mortified and ashamed of the letter, the writing was so miserable that we could scarcely read it, and the spelling was shocking, almost every other word was incorrect. Unless you determine to take more pains, you may satisfy yourself with writing once in ten days or two weeks, "dear mother, I am well, and satisfied with ignorance, you are paying \$200 a year for one who does not care for learning anything useful."

I have heard from your father, Sept. 15 he was well and will not be on this fall; General Houston is President; Mr. Cayce and family were occupying our house in Matagorda; most of the fence was down, the calf pen and all the cedar logs all burnt. I also got a letter from sister, who had been sick as you were here, with sore throat. She spent a day at Flushing with cousin Frances Leggett; Mrs. McManus had been at Troy, her mother had been ill.

You must not write to anyone but myself until you make up your mind to take more pains than you do, and when you write for anything I shall not send it unless the thing sent for is spelled correctly, be it what it may. If you still continue so careless, I shall esteem it my duty to write to friend Gummere, and beg you may have spelling lessons given to you until you are more perfect, though I do think that to so indulgent a mother as I am, you might pay that much attention to my wishes, as to commit a page to memory every day of your own accord; it is for your own good and not mine that I ask it; also to take pains and write better.

Your dear grandfather is at present on a visit to the city, he has not been there before since Christmas; the last two days have been very delightful and I hope he may enjoy his visit. Dear little Beck and Rhoads are both well and often talk of you. Was your list of books correct, of those you left at Haverford I mean? Sister sends her love to you; brother spent the day with us; he burnt your letter because it was so bad; I was sorry for it as I wished to count the mistakes in it. How would you like me to send one on to Haverford for the teachers to see what a fine specimen of their school you send to us? I dare say, my dear child, you will think me very cross and fault finding, but it is my duty to do so, and it is your duty to try and amend your faults; you have some good points in your character, are a boy of strict veracity and upright in your dealings, but not respectful enough in your manners to your elders; not sufficiently regardful of your dear parents wishes; indeed, when spoken to, rude in your manner and replies to me, and of father though not to him; indeed it is very wrong Israel, and you would grieve about it if you were to lose us; it is, too, a very bad example to Rhoads and Rebecca, who have both had to be punished for answering in the same way since you left; I wish, my dear child, you would reflect seriously on your conduct and pray to God to give you strength to root out your faults and keep your good resolutions, for I know you make good resolutions though you often break them. I love you very dearly with all your faults, and father desires his warmest love to his dear little Israel sent through your tender and affectionate, though fault finding mother

ANN FISHER.

II.

A recent gift to the Library from Robert B. Warder, of Washington is a copy of an old book whose title page reads :—

SCRIPTURE LESSONS ;
for the use of
HAVERFORD SCHOOL
Philadelphia

Printed by Joseph Rakestraw 1836.

The introduction gives a brief review of Old Testament History. Then the Ministry of Christ is arranged in chronological order in some 75 sections, each of which give notes and questions upon the passages of Scripture in the section. This book beside being a text-book for Bible Study, in a way anticipates both modern harmonies and commentaries.

The publication of this unique little volume evidently shows the great desire which the authorities of Haverford entertained at the very earliest times in its history for giving to its scholars an extremely liberal though "guarded" education, especially in the careful and systematic study of the Bible.

III.

Perhaps still more interesting than the book itself is a little one-leaf folder which was found in it giving the

Order
of the
PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS
and of
THE EXHIBITION
AT HAVERFORD COLLEGE
First Month, 1859.

The "Public Examinations" were held on "First Month 31st" and "Second Month 1st" either in the Class Room or the Collection Room and averaged about an hour each in length, the "Juniors," "Second Juniors," "Third Juniors," "Seniors" and "Academical

Class" each having separate examinations.

The third page of the folder gives the "order of performances (*sic*) at the Third Annual Exhibition at Haverford College, Second Month 2d, 1859," i. e., the day following the examination. The performances seem to have been eleven in number, including two Latin dialogues, two Latin orations, three Latin "versions" a Greek dialogue, a Greek version and three English orations. Information is given that: "The Exercises will begin at 9 o'clock A. M. A train of cars leaves the Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad (11th and Market Sts.) at 7½ o'clock. Visitors can return to the city by a train which leaves the college at 11½ A. M."

Whoever used this program was evidently an extremely interested spectator of the exercises. For he makes comments in pencil by each of the performances. Thus the versions which were apparently translations of English masterpieces are either "good," "tolerable good" or, "better than I expected it would be." Two dialogues are "exciting, extremely exciting," while the Latin dialogue between Prince Henry and Falstaff was "the best acted dialogue of all—too funny." This dialogue seems to have had the extreme and unique distinction of being "applauded", for he writes that word in the margin.

He seems to have been interested in the participants, for one he designates as "high," another as "white-headed" and a third is "Lizzie Pinkham's cousin." At the end he writes: "J. Jones—superintendent—says it is the best thing since he has been here—it was indeed excellent—worthy its worthy author."

Among the participants were Prof. Clement L. Smith, of Harvard, Dr. James Tyson and Theodore H. and Frederick W. Morris, of Philadelphia, all of the class of 1860.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

IT has now been four years since the certificate plan of entrance to Haverford College was abolished. The students who have entered as candidates for a degree during that time have come in by examinations, and we are able, to some extent, to determine the good or the evil resulting from the change. The first effect has undoubtedly been to diminish the number of students. Many boys, including some who would become good college students, prefer a quicker and easier way of entrance and have gone by our doors, securing admission elsewhere. The drop in the number of the Freshmen Class was from 40 to 26 four years ago. Since that time the numbers have been gradually increasing until now we have about recovered the lost ground. But there have been possibly twenty or thirty boys that would otherwise have become Haverfordians that we have lost by the change. What have we gained? If we have taken in weak students under the present system it has been our own fault. We have no one to blame but ourselves. We have set the standard of admission and have determined the qualifications of each individual student before making him a Freshmen. It was not our intention to raise the published standard or to make the examinations extremely difficult. They were expected to be just such examinations as the average boy of moderate faithfulness and ability could readily pass. We have, however, excluded a number who would otherwise have come to us. In fact one of the

objects in making the change was to keep out the boys who, having failed in their entrance examinations at some other college, had been sent to Haverford with certificates from their schools. We intended to stop the tendency to make Haverford the dumping ground for rejected candidates.

Our examinations have probably been of about the same difficulty as those of Princeton and Pennsylvania. Boys who had no capacity for college work have ceased to look upon Haverford as a possible resort. The result of it all has been to give us a good selection instead of a bad one of possible candidates. We have shifted ourselves from the list of colleges which almost any one can enter, to the list of colleges who are bidding for the best prepared and most desirable students. It is a small list. Of the five hundred colleges in the country probably less than a score demand examinations of all their candidates for the Freshman class. But this score includes in New England, Harvard, Yale and Bowdoin; in the Middle States Columbia, Princeton, Bryn Mawr, and Haverford, and so far as we know there are very few, if any others. On the whole we are not dissatisfied with the fact that we have adopted the examination policy. It is a safe basis to work on for the future. The reputation of the College in the schools and among other colleges has been increased, and and this increase of reputation will, we believe, in the long run make amends for our temporary losses.

The Golden Apple.

When Paris entered college he took an apple there.

The first day came three callers, three goddesses so fair

That Paris was a-wondered, to know what brought them there.

The fair ones cried together, "Come, Paris, noble lad,

Where is thy golden apple? Wouldst thou not make us glad

By giving us thine apple? Be generous, noble lad."

Then spake the first fair goddess: "Deep Wisdom is my name,

Give thou but me the apple and far shall spread thy fame.—

I'll give to thee much learning, a great and honored name."

Up spake the second goddess: "Thy apple give to me—

Behold, a foot-ball hero, an athlete thou shalt be;

And thou shalt have great glory if thou givest it to me."

The third smiled on young Paris as but a goddess can,—

"I'll make thee to the maidens fair—a winsome lady's man."

To her the apple Paris gave, and was a lady's man.

D. L. B., '04.

AN IDYL OF ARCADIA.

IN the long ago, before Astraea had left this sorrowful world, when all things were fresh and new, when the streams ran with clearer flow and merrier ripple over the little pebbles; when the trees grew with more vigor and energy, with more sheer joy of growing; when the mountains skipped like rams; before that there had passed away a glory from the earth; in a little hamlet, deep hidden in a secluded valley in the heart of a great and wondrous forest, lived a young lad, six years of age. The village was a peaceful, quiet settlement of perhaps a hundred souls. On the outskirts lay

gently sloping fields of grain, and further up the mountain side were the green pastures, where fed the village flocks. Above and beyond, as far as eye could reach or thought travel, stretched the forest, vast, illimitable. And yet it had no terrors for the dwellers in the little hamlet. In its recesses none but good fairies dared abide, so powerful was the charm of the villagers' simple lives.

Such was the environment of this young boy. He lived with his father, a steady, patient man, a keeper of sheep on the mountain pastures. The third mem-

ber of the household was the father's sister, a woman sweet and true, though not beautiful by any vulgar standard. But the excellency of her soul shone through its earthly tenement, filling her face with strange light, for those who have eyes to see. The boy's mother had died when he was two years old and on his aunt had devolved his entire care and nurture, for his father was out on the pastures through the day. And she had striven with all the might of her fine and delicate spirit to bring him up in the right paths. It was a great responsibility, yet she made few mistakes, and no serious ones. And her ideals were high, though these were common village folk as far as manner of life was concerned, in all culture and fineness of feeling they had no superiors in any centre of so-called civilization. Living with nature, pure, simple lives had developed them, body and spirit, till their excellence of character was high.

As the child grew, his aunt strove constantly to instil into him the great principles of righteous living. She taught him truth and unselfishness and love of nature. She taught him the names of the beasts and the flowers, and of the stars which shone with strange brilliancy in the sky. In the evening, when the father had brought home the sheep, and safely folded them for the night, the little household would be gathered about the fire in the chief room of their tiny cottage, and the aunt would recount heroic tales of bygone days; how the great heroes had fought their battles, slain their dragons, loved and won maids of beauty rich and rare. And the heart of the lad would bound as he listened, and be filled with desire to emulate these glorious deeds. One story in particular filled him with deep emotion. It told how a fair young maid, the daughter of a mighty king, had been drawn from her father's palace by the

spell of a foul magician, and shut up in a Tower of Doom, guarded by three evil spirits. And the king offered the hand of the princess, with half of his lordly realm, to any brave knight who would succour the distressed maid. But great was the power of the enchantment which brooded over the Tower of Doom, and many a valiant knight had essayed in vain. At last there came one who inspired all with new hope, so beauteous and so strong did he appear. His armor was white as the down on the breast of the albatross, and his bearing full of a proud and kingly calm. His charger seemed with disdainful hoof to spurn the ground, and fire flashed from his eyes. The king laid his hands on the head of the knight in blessing, then sent him forth upon his perilous quest. The brave hero fared forth full gaily in the brightness of the morning sun. Great crowds lined the streets of the city as he went, cheering him on. As soon as he had departed, clouds gathered, and there came a fearful storm. The wind wailed like a soul in torment, the lambent lightnings played above the shuddering town. Never again was aught heard of the gallant knight. And the people whispered one to another, in trembling and fear, that the evil spirits had rent him asunder in the Tower of Doom.

This tale told when the fire was burning low on the hearth, in the quiet of the little living room, filled the boy with dread and awe. He would run in terror to his aunt, and bury his face in her lap. Such stories stimulated his imagination to intense activity, and made him people every forest glade with fanciful inhabitants. As he grew older, he lived more in the realm of the real, yet his mind never became insensible to the glamour of romance which hung about his native haunts.

When he was about six years old, came the first indications of his strange

destiny. The first manifestations were in small and trivial matters ; yet they showed, as does a wet finger the direction of the wind, the trend of his fate. Whenever he would set his heart on anything, it would be ruthlessly snatched away, as if by a relentless power, which delighted to thwart his every purpose. In his father's flock was a little white lamb for which he had conceived a great affection. He would go out in the pastures in the morning and stay till evening, watching the pretty creature on the

"Russet lawns and fallows gray
Where the nibbling flocks do stray."

And then, when the shadows of the mountains stretched their mighty lengths across the fields, he would take up in his arms the little lamb, and carry it back to the fold. One night, after the boy had had a very happy day with his pet, there was a great commotion audible in the sheepfold. When the family rushed out they saw a gray shadow fade into the woods, and there before their eyes lay the pet lamb, slain by a wolf. The boy's grief was pitiable. Yet time heals all wounds. In a few weeks he had found a friend who more than replaced the lost lamb in his affections. This was the son of a neighboring shepherd, whom the boy met by chance as he was wandering idly in the forest. There soon grew up a most intimate attachment between the two young lads, and their souls were

knit the one to the other. But soon as ever their love had grown firm and fast they were torn apart by the same cruel fate. The neighbor's son fell sick of a fever and died. Painful to behold was the effect on the boy. He determined not to long for aught more beneath the pitiless sky. Yet young desire cannot so be circumscribed. Ere a year had passed (so quickly do the wounds of love scar over), he had set his hope upon a sweet and tender maiden, the daughter of another neighbor. For a brief while their love thrived and prospered, but clouds gathered, and alienation came. The boy's heart-strings stretched and broke. He longed for a visit from "the Angel of the Darker Drink," but Death came not.

And so he lived, growing up to a cheerless manhood ; never a thing he touched but snapped beneath his hands. Disappointment followed hard on disappointment's heel. There was a long period in which he was bent low beneath the weight of ills which lighted on his hapless head. A sort of stupor held him in its bonds. But at last he shook this off, determined to conquer fate by conquering desire. And so he curbed each wish as it arose, and looked forward with no hope of better things. A sorry compromise, perhaps, but Fate is no common foe.

W. P. B., '04.

Epicureans.

The piggie wallows in the mire :

Wallow, piggie, wallow !

It is the piggie's one desire,

To wallow, wallow, wallow.

'Tis thus he passes life away

And wallows till the butcher's day.

Young Johnny swallows cake and pie ;

Swallow, Johnny, swallow !

This one delight takes Johnny's eye,

To swallow, swallow, swallow.

'Tis thus he passes life away

And swallows till the judgment day.

D. L. B., '04.

SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY.

V. As a Moralist.

IN a series of essays like this it is very hard to take a single man's character and dividing it up into pieces to serve it out in installments. And so I am afraid that I have already partly trespassed upon ground which should rightly be included in this paper. I refer to the question of the literary propriety of the moral trait in the novel. From Taine's position on this matter arose his chief blame of Thackeray; and we have already set Balzac as well as Thackeray on the defendants' bench. The whole coterie of novelists seem to have come to a recognition of the belief in the need of the moral trait.

But let us not leave out the personal equation in our search for the literary ideal. There are probably very few of us who like to have morality stuffed down our throats like a disagreeable pill. "The business of the novel," says Anthony Trollope, a master of the craft, "is to amuse and morally instruct." Here he gives the end and the means which shall gain the end without its being felt. The perpetual pointing out of the moral is as unpleasant to us in a novel as was the Duchess's refrain to Alice in Wonderland. But where the moral is partially hidden, and when the disagreeable pill is cunningly insinuated into the same spoon as some delicious jam from the family cupboard, though it is not the moral we are after, yet it is taken because of the jam that goes with it. Whether in the case of Thackeray the jam can make up for the dose must be left to every individual's tastes. Yet, on the whole, we may conclude that at least he has lived up to the canon of Trollope, as far as moralizing goes.

Since the *ergon* and *logos* of Homer, if from no earlier date, the two methods of

teaching have been recognized as example and precept. The former not only suits the narrative style of a novel better but also usually is more efficacious. The latter, though it is naturally merely didactic, may often be well woven into the reflections of the novelist. Both methods are used by Thackeray and seemingly in very well-balanced proportion. Upon first reading his works the pages of moralizing seem long and dry, but as we slowly grow into his mood they become the confidential heart to heart talks of friends. It has been said that familiarity breeds contempt, but in the case of Thackeray, familiarity only increases his influence. Surely, the but-tonhole advice of a friend offered to us in a firm but kindly manner, is more heeded than the distant sermon of a posing saint.

It behooves us to hasten on now to the far more important consideration of the other half of our subject. In the use of examples the novelist has in his control two kinds,—the good and the bad,—to teach by one the avoidance of evil, by the other, the imitation of good. It must not be supposed that virtue can only be taught by virtue. Indeed, it is a question whether evil is not often more efficacious of good than its opposite. How often the villain rather than the hero ingrains the moral. And so Thackeray almost always taught his lesson by means of contrast. Hundreds of his characters show this. Pendennis is light; Amelia is weak; Rebecca is unscrupulous; Dobbin is harmless, and many others deter us from their sins, rather than attract us to their virtues. With all our liking and admiration for Colonel Newcome and Esmond, we cannot fail to feel that their goodness was neither a very positive force as regarded others,

nor even the sufficient stay of their own life. Even Helen Pendennis and Lady Castlewood, his noblest women, are unjust to those they love.

So the characters of Thackeray appear on the surface, and we might be led to believe their author a pessimist, as indeed many have done, did we not see beneath this cloudy veil the shining sun of his own philanthropy. It may be true that his vocation as a denouncer of wickedness may have led his mind to dwell too continuously on this seamier side of life, and thereby finally spoiled the perfectness of his realism. Yet, unlike the hopeless and aimless pessimist, Thackeray felt dissatisfaction with the present state of things and endeavored to make it better. And so he faithfully preached his sermon to the world—the sermon of simplicity, and truth, of modesty and manliness. To be sure, it was not a sermon of beatitudes. What harm if the anathemas did overpower the blessings? It has been so with all eloquent preachers. And when he has shocked you with the awful deed of Mr. So-and-so, he takes you quietly aside from the jostling street crowd and talks to you frankly but directly, so that you conclude finally that Mr. So-and-so

really was not such a bad fellow after all; that you yourself are not much better than he, and might do exactly the same thing under similar circumstances and that both of you are not very good anyhow, and might and ought to be better, and could and would be so and leaves a smile on your lips and a tickle in your stomach to boot.

Again we quote those words of his in reference to the writer in general. "The writer," says Thackeray, "professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the poor, the weak, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds and speaks and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him. And, as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralize upon his life when he is gone—and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon." His own faithful striving for this ideal makes very suitable the title of "Thackeray, the Moralist."

H. J. C., '03.

The Refusal.

Across the wide chasm of life, dear,
I'll glance in despair;
And see you look down on the strife, dear,
With nonchalant air.

The breezes will blow even now, dear
As strong as of old,
But since your sweet lips framed a "No,"
dear,
They're empty and cold.

Your lover for aye will be true, dear,
But false mine will be;
The top of the morning to you, dear,
The bottom to me!

R. M. G. '02.

SKETCHES.

On the Stroke of Eleven.

IT was late Saturday afternoon. The street was deserted save a dusky Italian, who was cranking out a few lugubrious airs on his piano. "I'll give this machine just one more turn," he said, and then stopped before a flowered terrace, behind which stood a magnificent dwelling finished in brown stone. When the strains of the instrument had ceased there appeared a smartly dressed girl possessing a splendid pair of dark brown eyes which drooped pensively. With entreating tones she began: "Won't you do me a little kindness? If you will come here to-night—No. 107, and promptly on the minute of eleven play that same tune, close under the window, it will mean ten dollars to you. But remember, on the stroke of eleven, under the window, and don't forget the tune." The maiden turned and walked toward the house, while the olive hued man disappeared down the street.

* * *

Half hour before the appointed time the swarthy man from sun land was at his post—hand on the wheel. Inside, before a log fire whose dying embers were sending forth the last faint sparks, sat two figures in profound silence. She appeared somewhat nervous, while he was cold and callous. As the clock on the mantle told the last beat of eleven, softly and sweetly the notes came from below and floated in the open window,—“O, promise me that some day.—”

D. B. M., '03.

Ashes.

THE other morning on going into my study, I found a large heap of ashes in the fireplace. The night before we had had a large fire; and had sat by it talking until after midnight;

but there remained, now, nothing except the burned end of a log and the already mentioned ashes. Was everything in life, I mused, destined to end thus? For a time the heat and cheerfulness of the fire, and the laughter of one's friends; then, after awhile, dead ashes, with the empty chairs grouped about the hearth. Ashes throughout all literature symbolize blasted hopes and departed loves—the dried husks of life,—and what more pathetic figure can we find than Job, with the curse upon him, as “he sat among the ashes.” And there came to my mind the quatrain of the wise Omar:

The Wordly Hope men set their hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

R. P. L., '04.

From the Dufferin Terrace.

The mellow gold of the late afternoon sunlight had spread itself graciously over all the world. Far below me the roofs of the lower town lay darkling in a little twilight of their own; and, beyond, the green, fair isle d'Orleans seemed to float like a giant lily-pad on the river's breast. On the northern bank of the river, far as the eye could reach, were white villages, with here and there a tall church-spire, glorified in the light of the sinking sun. But towering above everything and dominating the whole scene the great Laurentian Mountains, stretched away in line after line of ridges. Their green slopes, which seemed to have received a double portion of the sun's largesse, blended confusingly with the glorious blues and golds of the ultimate peaks. How could any one, I pondered, look upon this scene and say, even in his heart, “there is no God.”

R. P. L., '04.

The Charm of the Classic in Nature.

Did you ever stand on the shore of the great ocean and watch those great, rolling, breaking, dashing waves surge in at your feet, treading so close on each other's heels that your eyes cannot follow any single one, but are fixed in that dreamy gaze which is always a companion of meditation? And then in that doze between consciousness and dreams, when the soul is most awake, has not the very cadence of the surge brought up that majestic line of Homer which shall ring in your ears long after, like the little conch shell, till even the winds seem to carry far over hill and plain a whispered echo of the great refrain of the sea.

You have often heard, but never felt it before. You listen again more intently; it is quite the same, rising, roaring, breaking, falling. And finally, forgetting Homer, yourself and everything else, without thought or sight or motion you stand there enwrapped by this unchanging and ceaseless rhythm—the eternal epic of the Infinite God. H. J. C., '03.

Childhood Days.

We are less dreamers now than we used to be. In those rare days of boyhood the whole world, the entire universe was our own. The kingdoms of the air, and the land, the deep, mysterious realms of sea,—they were all our own,—for our own minds had built them—built them out of nothing. When we had duties to perform, we did them with our hands,—but our minds took journeys away beyond the hazy purple mountains which melted gently into sky on our horizon; our thought would stray through gloomy forests, among rugged cliffs to some castle by the sea; or they would fly beyond the stars, to some palace far away. There we were masters; there every want which had ever filled our unsatisfied breasts would be soothed by powerful magic genii, who made rain-

bows, or lighted up firmaments at our bidding. In those spacious, columned, marble halls no distasteful work, or irksome tasks ever disturbed our never-ending, blissful indolence. Happy days of childhood! They have gone from us now. We have passed beyond the land of wonder and mystery into the land of reality; but still the sweet memory of our one time innocence comes back to us in moments of stress and gives us a solemn peace. D. L. B., '04.

The Charm of the Classic in Books.

There can be no greater pleasure for the lover of the classics nor any worthier reward for his labor than the delightful spell which a sudden reference to them conjures up in his memory. Did you never, for instance, as you were wearily plodding through some tiresome book and trying to force yourself to appreciate a piece of standard literature, coming suddenly upon a reference to those dear, old volumes whose pages you have so carefully scanned,—did you not then almost leap for joy? What a thrill went through you when first you met those splendid lines, of Tennyson's:

"And drunk delight of battle with my peers
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy."

or

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand
ships,

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

in Marlowe's *Faustus*. Those words "sport with Amaryllis in the shade" or "a river taciturn of classic song" inspire you like the echo of a long forgotten tune. It is like a feast to browse among the rich classical poems of Shelley, Keats and Arnold, or in the playful ditties of Dobson. It is not the plain and conventional pseudo-classicism of Pope and his school that you like. The obscurer the allusion and the more genuine its classic ring, the more is your own pleasure and vanity increased. To you now poetry means something different than to the

ordinary mortal. It is not merely the expression of great thoughts in fine phrases, which lie strewn about and can be picked up like so many stones; but concealed among them, away from common ken, so that only the experienced eye can detect them, are scattered a lot of these fine crystals of classic allusion which will render a wealth of pleasure to their fortunate discoverer.

H. J. C., '03.

The Triton.

I sit in my little skiff and look down, ever down into the cool depths of the emerald sea. As I gaze, suddenly I seem to hear afar off a faint splash! splash! It comes ever nearer, but I do not raise my head, and at last through the water below me darts a multitude of gorgeous forms, golden-backed with purple heads, rippling the surface and shattering the liquid sunbeams that fall on their gleaming scales. Then out into the air they leap in quick succession, a flash of light with an aureola of jewelled spray, to plunge down into the dim abyss like living meteors.

A trumpet call sounds from the deep. Then up through the soft, misty light shoots a great dolphin, bearing on his broad back a slender, dark-curled youth. In one hand the boy waves his reins of pink coral, in the other he holds a horn of pearly nautilus shell; his hair is bound in a fillet of silver anemones, and his baldric is of dark ribbon grass. His skin is white as a reflected cloud, but around his waist is a girdle of waving sea fern. The sea-child pulls in his restive steed which lashes the water with its mighty tail, then off they rush through the glittering school of fishes, the boy often dropping his trumpet to seize a struggling beauty in his playful grasp.

There is a slight shock. - I rouse myself, the skiff has drifted gently against the shore. I push her off ever so quietly for fear of disturbing the marine revelers; but when I look back, not a wrinkle mars the surface which an instant before was seething with frolicing fishes. The triton has departed.

C. W. S., '02.

ECHOES.

Alcman XXI.

Silence, for mountain and valley are sleeping,
Headland and torrent are hushed into rest,
Still all the tribe that on earth will be creeping,
Beasts in their cavern and birds in their nest.
Silence, the bee tribe have ceased from their humming,
Quietness reigns in the depths of the sea.
Peaceful the world greets the moon in her coming,
Slumbering ever as silent as she.

C. W. S., '02.

Alcman XXVI.

The soft voiced maidens are at play;
How honey sweet their chorus sings!
But I am weak, my hair is gray—
O, that I had a sea-gull's wings!
To skim the flower-crested wave,
To circle with the curlews free.
My fearless heart the gale should brave,
With pinions purple as the sea.

C. W. S., '02.

An Echo of Novalis.

As I stroll out to the garden
By its summer fragrance won,
There I see each flower trembling,
As I listen, every one
Cries aloud in adoration:
"Oh, the Sun, the glorious Sun!"
And like Canacee of story,
Whom they gave the magic ring,
I can tell th' exultant anthem
Which the birds in rapture sing:
"Hail to thee thou fresh-come morning!
Night is o'er and it is Spring!"
You, dear, are my ring of Asia,
You, my friend, this sense profound;
Thoughts of you give birds our voices,
Gift with charms this blessed ground;
For to know, to feel, earth's beauties,
One must have a heart love-crowned.

A. G. H. S., '02.

Supposed Reflections of William Penn
on an imaginary visit to Philadelphia after
an absence of 175 years.

Is this the "green and pleasant country town,"
Whose streets and ample parks I once laid down,
While yet the Indian called the white man
"Friend,"

With love's bright chain untarnished to the end,
When no shrill war-whoop stirred the echoes
wide,

But sounds of peace were heard on every side?

How changed the scene! where once the light
canoe,

Impelled by strong hands, o'er the waters, flew,
A hundred vessels ride, or, moored to shore,
Unload the freight from foreign shores they bore.

I look around in vain to find a trace
Of aught that once endeared this chosen place;
Gone are the woods—gone the old treaty tree,
So fondly hoped in coming years to be
A living witness to the oathless tie,
Long as the rivers shall reflect the sky.

Still flows the Delaware with alternate tide,
And pastures green attest the farmer's pride,
Still summer's sunbeams swells the golden grain
And autumn's yearly harvests smile again.
All else is changed—the crowded city seems
Greater and grander than my fondest dreams.
The simple homes, for social comfort planned,
Each with its vine-clad porch and rood of land,
Are seen no more, but many-storied piles
Their shadows fling o'er streets that seem but
aisles.

I stand, astonished at the wondrous change.

Things that we deemed impossible, now seem
To rise before me as a fairy dream.

When once the weary, but the patient horse,
Year after year pursued his wonted course,
The swiftly-flying cars from day to day
A myriad throng of passengers convey.
While the same power that makes the electric
speed,
Supplies the heat and light for every need.

As Art and Science their vast powers display,
And Progress marks the Program of the day,
The question rises from my anxious heart—
Does love for man keep pace with every art?
Yes! for the homes the rich and generous rear
For others' woes, on every side appear,
Where old and sick and lame and blind can
share

The nurse's or physician's tenderest care;
Where Mercy is not yet an empty name,
And rulers still a sense of Justice claim,
Till even councilmen their aim declare
To furnish water pure as is the air.

O Philadelphia! still I wish for thee
Unsullied honor and prosperity.
Long may thy many schools successful stand,
Led by wise teachers, a devoted band,
Where thousand youth may learn from His-
tory's page,

Wisdom to guide them in a coming age.
Long may thy pastors preach the Gospel word
Of peace and joy in Christ our Sovereign Lord,
And each succeeding century but prove
How firm may be a commonwealth of love.

JOHN COLLINS.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

1901 Class Dinner.

THE second annual reunion of the
Class was held at Haverford on De-
cember 27th. The members of the
Class collected gradually during the
afternoon in Lloyd Hall until about 6.30
P. M., when they adjourned to the Sen-
ior Dining Room and sat down to an
ample dinner. Those present were: W.
S. Baltz, C. W. Bankard, E. Y. Brown,
Jr., H. V. Bullinger, J. W. Cadbury, Jr.,
W. E. Cadbury, J. K. DeArmond, A.
L. Dewees, A. E. Freeman, Walter Mel-
lor, W. LaC. Nielson, Richard Patton,
E. C. Rossmässler, E. M. Scull, A. C.

Tomlinson, W. W. Woodward, A. R.
Yearsley. After dinner a business meet-
ing of the Class was called to order by
President Patton, who announced that
the Class letter would be issued in a few
weeks. The officers of the Class were
re-elected as follows: President, Rich-
ard Patton; Vice-president, E. M. Scull;
Secretary-Treasurer, W. H. Wood. The
rest of the evening was spent lounging
about in Lloyd Hall with games, music
and conversation.

1902 Class Dinner.

The First Alumni Dinner of the Class
of 1902, Haverford College, was held on

the evening of the 26th of December, in the Senior Dining Room, Founders' Hall, Haverford. With President A. C. Wood, Jr., in the chair, the men were seated at 7.00 P. M. The room was decorated with bunting, scarlet and black flags, and the favors were scarlet carnations. After a good dinner, President Wood called a meeting of the Class together in the same room, and after the reading of the minutes of the graduation week meetings, the regular business of the Class was transacted, among which may be named the motion, made, seconded and unanimously carried that the dinner be instituted as an annual feature for the years to come. After much singing, and yells for the two sick members of the Class (C. Pyle and E. W. Evans), the meeting adjourned to Lloyd Hall, where Seiler and Stork favored the crowd with instrumental numbers on the piano, and the dubiously sweet voices of the quondam members of the College Glee Club, forced their unused throats to the utmost in vain attempts to really sing together—and in tune! It was gratifying to the officers of the Class that we were well represented at the Swarthmore game, and at other functions among the undergraduate comings and goings this year. At midnight the crowd began to lessen, and by two all were safely stowed away in their erstwhile beds in dear old Lloyd Hall.

Those present were: H. L. Balderston, W. E. Cadbury, C. R. Cary, A. S. Cookman, J. S. Fox, R. M. Gummere, G. S. Garrett, H. G. Jones, S. P. Jones, E. G. Kirk, W. C. Longstreth, P. Nicholson, W. P. Phillips, W. W. Pusey, 2d, D. A. Roberts, H. A. Scattergood, N. A. Scott, C. L. Seiler, C. W. Stork, G. H. Thomas, E. E. Trout, C. Wistar, P. L. Woodward.

W. W. PUSEY, 2D,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Obituary.

John Collins died at his home in West Philadelphia on December 17, 1902, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. He was born in New York on March 15, 1814, the son of Thomas Collins and Ann Abbot. His ancestors were members of the Society of Friends and some of them had become famous by their official connection with George III of England. He entered Haverford School as a "Second Junior" (or Sophomore) a few days after its opening in 1833. At the same time with his undergraduate study he acted as teacher of drawing and the classics in the Introductory Department, until he left the institution in 1835. He was one of the half-dozen men that founded the Loganian Society, and he was chosen its first Secretary.

For over twenty years he held positions as teacher, principal or superintendent in various schools in Philadelphia and in Burlington County, N. J. For several years, too, he was principal of the William Forster Home and School, Friendsville, Tenn. The latter half of his life he devoted almost exclusively to artistic and philanthropic pursuits. He was the author of "The Art of Engraving," "Voices of the Dumb Creation," "1970; a Vision of the Coming Age," "The Collins Book," and numerous shorter works. We take much pleasure in printing in another column a contribution which he sent to the HAVERFORDIAN nearly two years ago, but which, we believe, has never been published before. As an artist, too, he did much excellent work, of which a sample is found opposite page 56 in the "History of Haverford College." He was Vice-President of the Universal Peace Union, an Honorary Member of the Delaware County Institute and a very active worker in the temperance movement. He married, in 1839, Anna Baily.

Throughout his long life John Collins was a loyal supporter of Haverford, showing his devotion by the extreme interest which he took in the College and the College exercises up to the year of his death. He was a speaker at its semi-Centennial, on October 27, 1883, and again on October 15, 1898, at the exercises celebrating Founders' Day. We quote from his address on the latter occasion, as reported in the special issue of the HAVERFORDIAN. After referring with some pride to the fact of his being the oldest living matriculate of the College, a distinction which he enjoyed for more than five years, he said :

"I feel grateful to a kind superintending Providence for prolonging my life to this interesting hour. With it perhaps comes a feeling of sadness, as I shall never again be here,—at least if there is not to be a reunion of this kind for the next five years ; but whether or not, my heart and my soul, my sympathy and my prayers are with Haverford College."

His prophecy is fulfilled, he has completed his earthly life, full of days, but he has bequeathed as a legacy to his younger fellow-Haverfordians his splendid example of loyalty and devotion to our College.

Notes.

Ex'42. Isaac Collins was born in New York City in 1824 on May 2nd. His parents were Isaac Collins, one of the original managers of the college, and Margaret Morris. He entered the Introductory Department of Haverford School in 1837 and left in the summer of 1841. In 1847 he married Elizabeth Budd Kner Earl. He first was engaged in the lumber business. Later he was occupied as an optician and as an insurance agent. He died on December 28th, 1902 in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

'94. Henry S. Conard has recently sailed for Europe for the purpose of continuing the study of water lilies in various foreign herbaria. The opportunity thus afforded has been granted by the Carnegie Trust.

'88. C. H. Battey is spending the winter in Paris pursuing his art studies.

'00. Charles J. Allen has announced his engagement with Henrietta Griswold Benson, of Providence, R. I.

'00. Francis R. Cope, Jr., and Evelyn Flower Morris, of Philadelphia, have announced their engagement of marriage. Cope was recently elected Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Penn Normal and Industrial School, on the Island of St. Helena, S. C.

'01. A. Lovett Dewees recently arrived in this country from England to spend a few weeks at his home.

'01. Walter H. Wood and Miss Jesse Atkinson were married at Salem, Ohio, on December 24th. They are living at 4265 Market Street, Philadelphia.

'02. William V. Dennis and Louise Martha Haines were married at Moorestown, N. J., on December 25th. They will live on Maple avenue, Moorestown, N. J.

Ex'02. C. R. Ervien is with C. W. Ervien & Co., tank and plate makers, Philadelphia.

Ex'02. E. P. Hipple, Jr., is on the night staff of the Quaker City Baking Co., Philadelphia.

'02. C. Wistar is with H. R. Heinicke, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, as engineer.

'02. W. C. Longstreth is working with Stokes & Smith, Machinists, Philadelphia, and living at Haverford.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

ON December 20th, Haverford was defeated in the first league game of Association Football, her opponents being the strong Germantown Academy Past and Present team. The latter scored a goal near the end of the first half, the ball being forced over the line after several shots had been successfully stopped. The game was very rough and numerous fouls were committed on both sides. Haverford lost chiefly through her inability to attack, and missed three easy chances at goals. The defensive play was strong on both sides. L. Vail, Davis and Tibbot played well for Germantown, while H. H. Morris,

C. C. Morris and Bradley excelled for Haverford.

The line-up follows :

G. A.	HAVERFORD
Pugh.....	goal..... Thomas
Pusey.....	left full back..... Priestman
Davis.....	right full back..... Pleasants
L. Vail.....	left half back..... Cookman
Stoever.....	centre half back..... Bradley
Tibbot.....	right half back..... C. C. Morris
Shoemaker.....	left wing..... Downing
F. Vail (Capt.).....	left side..... Spaeth
A. Vail.....	centre..... H. H. Morris (Capt.)
Potts.....	right inside..... Reid
Wolff.....	right wing..... Haines
Goal—F. Vail. Referee—Barney, G. A.	
Linesmen—Thorn and Bushnell, Haverford.	
Time of halves—25 and 20 minutes.	

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE work on Roberts Hall has been delayed for various reasons, so that it cannot possibly be completed by contract time ; at present the masonry is about finished but the interior work has yet to be done. It is possible that it may be ready for the Junior reception on April 15th.

The annual snow-ball fight between the Sophomores and Freshmen took place on Thursday the 10th directly after meeting. The Sophomores lined up on the south of the old bridge and a fierce struggle ensued.

Volume 1, Number 1, of the Haverford College Bulletin, New Series, has recently appeared, containing the reports of the Board of Managers, President of the College and Treasurer of the Corporation for 1901-1902. The second number is already in press. These volumes are slightly smaller than heretofore but have the advantage of uniformity in size and binding.

The Y. M. C. A. has been addressed during the past month by two missionaries, C. A. Janvers, of India, and R. Tom Jays of West Africa.

At a meeting of the Football Department it was decided by a unanimous vote that the graduate system of coaching should be continued next year. It was also decided that J. Henry Scattergood '96, should again be asked to act as head coach.

H. Norman Thorn '04 has been elected captain of the football team.

Two days of skating were enjoyed on the college pond, December 8th and 9th.

A loving cup was presented to J. Henry Scattergood by the members of the 1902 football squad in token of their respect and admiration for the loyal way he coached the team.

The librarians are busily rearranging the books to their new alcoves in the library.

EXCHANGES.

THE question as to the advisability and the limits of publishing translations in college papers is not one which can be settled hastily. The college paper is, primarily, intended for the original work of the undergraduates. An English verse translation of some Greek or Latin classic contains, perhaps, enough of the personal element to justify its insertion. Possibly the filling of five or six pages of a magazine with a translation of some French or Spanish story is advisable, in rare instances, if the translation be one of singular felicity. In most cases, however, entirely original work is far preferable. But when a paper takes to publishing, as its sole literary contents, regular installments of a German novel, which is not translated with any very singular felicity, of a novel which everybody reads in first year German, one feels that the extreme limit has been reached. The practice of padding could with difficulty be carried further.

Probably one of the most difficult things to do in literature is to produce an entirely original and fire-new short story, one utterly unlike any of its predecessors in plot, incident or character delineation. The feat is practically impossible. All we ask nowadays is that the plot or the character study be good, and worked out on somewhat novel lines. In the December *Red and Blue* there is a story called "Skim." The motif is "somewhat musty," perhaps, but the treatment is so vigorous and convincing that one willingly pardons the lack of absolute originality. It tells of a hockey

game which decided a great school championship, and how the one side fell behind in the score, and had almost despaired. In the last minute or two of play their star made two wonderful goals, by marvelous work with his stick and skates. It is very well done indeed, this brief bit of epic.

The Christmas number of the *Harvard Monthly* is rather strong in the department of literary criticism, containing good articles on Mrs. Wharton, Onota Watanna, Miss Fiona Macleod, and Hermann Suderman. One of the most interesting pieces of work in the magazine is an article entitled, "Some Puritan Doubts," in which the writer arraigns the so-called "society" and "problem" plays. He says that there is a class of persons who go to theatre solely for the sake of the acting, "who are looking for 'situations,' artistic touches, *nuance*. . ." For such persons, presumably, the character and general tone of the play matters little; they do not consider that it represents real life, nor do they allow it to influence their ideals. But for the great majority of theatre goers "the play's the thing" and not the acting. The drama is very real to them, it does represent life in the actual, its characters are real men and women. And the tone of the play is apt to shape, to a considerable degree, their views of living. Over such persons the impure play wields a powerful and most pernicious influence. With all due appreciation of the cleverness of such productions, one could "ask . . . the use of the same brains in a little different line."

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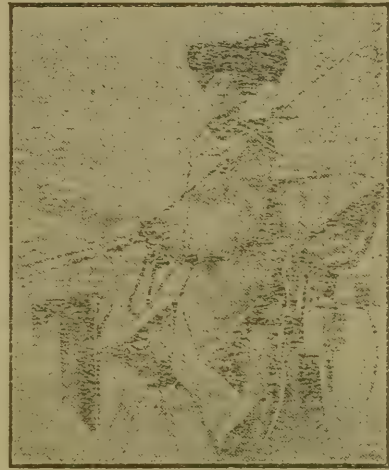
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THE HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIV, No. 9

FEBRUARY, 1903

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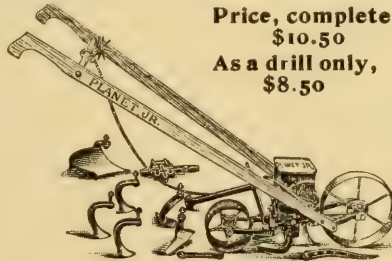
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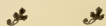
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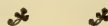
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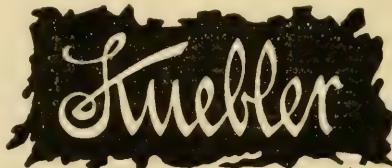
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VOL. XXIV.

HAVERFORD, FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 9.

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Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

WITH this issue the senior members of the HAVERFORDIAN board retire from active management of the paper; and without indulging in the customary emphatic splutter and boasting of such occasions, we wish very modestly and sincerely to thank all our readers for their heroic patience with our efforts of the past year. The constructive criticisms of the friends, Faculty and students of the College and of our contemporaries in college journalism have been very helpful and we duly acknowledge them. Especially would we mention the loyal and active interest and support which the alumni both as a body and as indi-

viduals have given us. We have tried to represent their news in our columns more fully than ever before, and the response has been very gratifying. Such loyalty has been the strongest inspiration and example for our own weak efforts in behalf of Haverford. It is therefore that this moment of parting is a real sorrow. But without further prolonging its pain we bid you all farewell, commending to you our successors, to whom also we bequeath the standards of the past, our own experiences both of failure and success, and the best hope for the future HAVERFORDIAN.

THIS age is generally recognized as a very practical one. In the pendulum advance of civilization we seem to be tending towards an extreme emphasis of the material and active side of our life over our intellectual and appreciative faculties. Even our colleges, which during the past have inherited from the monasteries, their predecessors in the guardianship of letters, a wonderful degree of isolation and freedom from such influences, are constantly becoming more complicated with these essentially non-collegiate elements. And without adding another wail to the dirge of modern pessimism, we may simply say that we note the movement with distrust. To be sure, no lover of progress can but rejoice at the recent popularizing of college education and extension of its influence. But he may likewise see in this same movement the danger of losing the one needful and fundamental principle of all true education—the priceless pearl of scholarship. In regard to the great accumula-

tions of the wisdom and knowledge of the past, the college is not only "heir of all the ages," but also sole executor of this trust. It has, therefore, a great and sacred duty. It cannot be expected that every institution and student should attend exclusively to pure scholarship, but may Haverford and Haverfordians not be found wanting in performing their share.

Scholarship for scholarship's sake is but another substitution into the formula which has been the father of so many creeds of the past century. It is a formula that implies at once impossibility of explanation and a vivid empirical appreciation. For scholarship it contains a world of meaning. It expresses the inexplicable influence of books and booklore, the living presence of authors, the pulsations of their emotions. On the other hand, it is the indefatigable effort, the struggle of pursuit, of search for the ever vanishing Blue Flower of knowledge. Now it is the awe and thrill of a great vision, of the presence of a mighty and everlasting truth; now it is that aroma of calm and satisfaction when we rise above our trivial life on the wings of wisdom and "by our knowledge share the peace of the gods." Such is the charm of the scholar's life. In its completeness it is a distant ideal. But in greater or lesser degree it is a possibility for us all. Both the vision and the peace shall be ours, if we will but make the effort. Here only the coward can say, "This quest is not for me." And while we are pleading for culture let us not forget that true scholarship is not a "fugitive and cloistered" self-culture, nor the passive study of the book-worm or hermit scientist that "slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat." Its true symbol is the burning lamp that shines among men and enlightens their ways of ignorance.

WE may well remind ourselves at this time of the various college prizes which are offered for proficiency in different fields of scholarship. To be sure, we may see some rather higher reward in learning, as we have already pointed out, yet such prizes are a very legitimate and effectual motive for our effort. Tangible ideals always help us toward higher intangible ones. And these prizes have the further advantage that, whether won or not, they bring the real reward of the effort and its results as a by-product. In connection with what we have already said about scholarship, we wish to emphasize this very practical incentive.

A FURTHER motive for the scholar is that of loyalty to his college. It is with some pride that we print this month a list of Haverfordians who are professionally representing the College in the field of scholarship. We recall, too, the sacred memory of some others whose light still shines though they have gone. And whenever we climb with toil and discouragement the steep path of the Muses, may the example of such men as these inspire our efforts with the familiar exhortation of Horace:

"Has inter silvas academi quaerite verum."

EVERY college, as well as every individual, has a character of its own; it has a multitude of traditions, associations, and good old customs which influence what it will do under certain conditions, just as an individual carries with him a bundle of habits which are apt to determine his action. Also it is true that the college paper reflects the character of the institution which maintains it. In looking through our exchanges, the nature of their contents at once tell us, "This paper comes from a college of gentlemen," "This from one of scholars," or, "This from a

set of rowdies." So it behooves THE HAVERFORDIAN to consider well the matter which it prints. But now arises the question of the nature of the material we desire. Some say, "Put in more comics and burlesques, but cut out the dry literary stuff." Others demand criticisms of Landor, Rossetti, Spencer, or Lamb, more odes to sundry west winds, or sonnets on lofty themes, but they urge the refusal of undignified merriment. Well, all we can say is that if we cannot please all, we will please as many as we can. Far be it from us to reduce the contents

of our paper to discussions and dissertations, dry and juiceless,—but before THE HAVERFORDIAN stoops to vulgarities such as we have seen in some college journals, we will disband our forces and close the sanctum forever.

THE HAVERFORDIAN wishes to express its regret and apology to Miss Edith Wyatt, of Chicago, and to its readers, that during the present administration a poem of her authorship appeared in our columns as the original contribution of a Haverford student.

COLONEL NEWCOME.

I SHOULD like to have shaken hands with the old Colonel. He must have inspired every man and woman he met with a pure, sincere admiration for what is good and true in the world. We don't come across men like him often, do we? Men whose simple lives show forth the goodness of their hearts, men whose sad gray eyes speak out infinite compassion, and the firm grasp of whose right hand shows us the way to manhood. I have always thought that the man who silently went through life and played his little part nobly brought more men to see God than all the preachers crying "salvation" at the top of their voices the world over. What lifts a man up to God, anyway, is not words, but deeds. I have known some men who never mentioned God in public from one end of the year to the other, but had more of Christ living in them than the loudest bleating sheep in the fold. Such a man was the Colonel. Do you remember the time when he and little Clivy were at "The Cave of Harmony" and drunken Costigan stood up with his shaking whiskey glass in his hand and broke into his ribald song? We can see the laughing wags in the back of the room cheering him on and

the smoky waiters grinning approval, when suddenly the old Colonel stands up straight and tall in their very midst and breaks out, with his calm gray eyes flashing fire. I think that some of the men in that room must have had new ideas on what it is to be a thorough gentleman from that moment on for the rest of their lives. The Colonel was one of the world's greatest heroes, in his way. He generally saw what was the right thing to do and always did it.

Picture to yourself a tall, brown man with gray drooping whiskers and moustaches, walking gracefully beside a squarely built young fellow dressed in the height of fashion. The elder's clothes are threadbare and cut for some twelve years back, but what cares he for appearances? His one aim and joy in life is to make his son happy and in doing this he has unconsciously lost entire sight of himself and his own needs. They come to a muddy crossing where an old beggar woman is mumbling for alms, and the Colonel's lank hand slips deep down into his trousers pocket among the chinking shillings. The old woman courtesies clumsily and then grins from ear to ear in undisguised

wonder and delight. When the Colonel gave, he gave with his whole heart gladly, and Clive prays softly that he may one day become a man like his father. His nature was one which felt the sorrows of the whole world, and the poor and needy read his sympathy for them in the quiet smile of his calm grey eyes. His pensioners were numberless. Old Sarah Mason with her snug fifty pounds a year, fairly worshipped him, and why shouldn't she? So few of us have any regard for the feelings of our inferiors, but the Colonel put them on a plane with himself and treated them as his equals. The hall boys jumped to run his errands from no other motive than to please the "old trump," as they called him. He had that strange power in him which attracted all good men and made the wicked feel their rottenness. I think the judgment of the common people is infallible as to a man's real moral worth. You can't deceive the world long, and Tom Newcome never even thought of doing so. His life was simple and retiring and the evil of the world had no place in him.

"The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrong."

and every man who met the old Colonel knew that his heart was big and pure. To me, one of the most beautiful things in the whole story is the Colonel's early love for Ethel, and her lasting love for him. They were both thrown into a society which made worldly success the goal of life, and both failed partially in this struggle to set up higher ideals. Ethel, with her high, proud spirit, was drawn from the very first towards this man, who was above all things else a born gentleman. The Colonel saw in her dazzling beauty the picture of his one dear love till death, Léonore. These three, the Colonel, Ethel Newcome and Léonore de Florac, form a little group bound together by the everlasting tie of

love, pure and undefiled. There is something sacred in this one grand unfulfilled passion of the Colonel's life, firm through life and destined to live in the life eternal. Oh, the heart-rending pity of it all, that these two could never be united in a perfect union!

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
Or Death in Life, the days that are no more."

But if the Colonel was a moral hero in prosperity, he was even stronger and more noble when the world turned against him. His case was a sad one, bringing with it not only the wreck of his own fortune, but poverty to many of his friends. "Whom the Lord loveth He also chasteneth," and the Colonel bowed his grand old head and received adversity meekly. But the Colonel was proud, too, too proud to accept help from his friends, and we finally find him back at his old school, a black-gowned pensioner.

Ah! you who say that Thackeray had no heart, read the last days of Tom Newcome! The story goes that a friend of Thackeray's entered his library late in the afternoon of a bleak December day and found him, sobbing, with his head sunk on his arms and all that he could say in answer to the friend's question was, "I have killed the Colonel; I have killed the Colonel."

And the death of the Colonel is well calculated to make men weep. Those who loved him best have quietly gathered in the small bare room waiting for the end. Once or twice he mutters incoherently, and the cry for "Léonore, Léonore!" comes out clear and strong. The little lady in black bends down and softly kisses his dear old hand. And then outside the chapel bells begin to ring, and the Colonel's hands unconsciously beat time and at the last stroke he breathes out very softly, "Adsum"—and goes before his Maker. J. B. D., '03.

A BOY'S AMBITIONS.

WHEN the small boy leaves off wearing girl's clothes, when he uses his doll only for semi-occasional lynchings, and his blocks for weapons, he begins to look around him for some serious occupation in life. If a city boy he probably wishes, at first, to become a lamp-fighter, like the little boy in Stevenson's poem. As time goes on his desire runs the gamut of the trades, the be-a-pirate ambition, the go-out-West-and-shoot-Indians ambition, until he finally settles down to something really sensible.

My own early aspirations tended toward becoming a street car conductor; but after a long and painful explanation from my father in regard to the final destination of the money received by these people, I gave it up. Then for several years I dreamed of going to sea. At last, I decided that I could most benefit the human race by becoming a detective. This was to be my glory; this, my crown.

My text-books were the detective tales of Poe, the Sherlock Holmes stories, and a certain class of pamphlets not published by the Tract Association of Friends, but to be had at the stall of the lame news-boy. These last cost five cents and had a large picture on the front page. The following is a fair sample of the accompanying subscription: "The great detective gave a huge bound. With a fierce snap the glittering handcuffs closed on the criminal's wrist. Then said the sleuth of the law in thunderous accents: 'Alligator Joe, I arrest you for the murder of Thomas Tucker.'"

This was all very well in its way, but I felt that I must be up and about my work. I ought to familiarize myself with the criminal classes, and learn their every lurking place from beyond the Schuylkill to the Delaware, and from Kensington to League Island. "Go where glory waits thee" were the words that rang in my

cars. But it would never do to go dressed as I was. Yes, I must be disguised.

I found an old blue necktie with white spots on it. This and an old suit I put on; and, as a master touch, I got some dirt from the roof and smeared my face and hands. Then I looked in the glass to see if all were well. The delusion was complete. I was beginning to live.

Mother was away, and the maid, cleaning silver in the pantry, wist not of my departure from the paternal domicile. Like a ghost I stole from the house and took my way toward South Street. I pretended that I was on the trail. With my tall, massive frame bent far forward, my keen searching eyes directed ahead on the pavement, my high noble brow deeply wrinkled with the excitement of the chase, I made, so I thought, a picture to strike terror in the heart of the boldest criminal. But all this was horse play, a mere bluff to make my professional rivals think that I already had a case.

At length I came upon two men talking, with heads close together, outside a shoe-store. Keeping my eyes on the curbstone and employing my utmost skill and caution, I manoeuvred myself so as to catch a part of their conversation. At frequent intervals the talkers burst into roars of laughter. Now it always had struck me that law-breaking was a serious enough business to keep men solemn-faced. These men laughed, therefore they were not crooks. This deduction came on me like a flash. However I hung around until I saw them hail a policeman in familiar terms. That settled it. I started for home. As I walked I pondered. I had accomplished practically nothing, though I hated to acknowledge the fact. Then how different it all seemed from the books. On all of us, at one time or another, this conclusion is bound to force itself. We come to realize

how different life really is from what it is pictured in literature. The people in the books resemble the real people only in the fact that they wear the same styles of clothing. Their hearts and souls are not alike. The villains in fiction are too villainous; the heroes, too heroic.

At length I reached home, and, a sad-

der and a wiser detective, I went up stairs to my room. Tenderly I laid away the blue necktie with the white spots, and removed the dirt from my toil-worn brow.

Rome was not built between lunch time and dinner, I reflected, and "strength, labor and sorrow" lie at the bottom of every great undertaking. R. P. L., '04.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

THE week which includes New Year's Day has been set apart by learned societies as the time of their yearly meetings. It is called Convocation Week. To indicate its importance in Haverford life, the following engagements of our professors for this year are given:

Dr. Brown attended the meetings of the American Mathematical Society in New York. He is a member of the Council of the Society, and, with Dr. Fiske of Columbia and Dr. Moore of Chicago, is editor of the *Transactions*.

Dr. Babbitt met, in New York, the Society of College Gymnasium Directors. He read a paper, "The Publication of the Papers of the Society," and was made its Secretary and Treasurer. The scientific work of the Haverford Gymnasium was alluded to favorably by Dr. Anderson of Yale. Dr. Babbitt also addressed the Physical Education Society of New York on "The Muscle-Bed, and its possible Authority over Gymnastic Exercises."

Prof. Thomas and Dr. Barrett attended the meeting, in Philadelphia, of the Historians and Economists. Dr. Barrett was on the Reception Committee and brought a number of prominent members on a visit to Haverford, including representatives from such remote institutions as Bowdoin College and Leland Stanford University.

Dr. Gummere and Dr. Comfort at-

tended the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association in Baltimore. Dr. Gummere is First Vice-President of the Society, and a member of the Executive Council. He is also a member of the Advisory Board of *Modern Philology*, the new quarterly journal established by members of the Modern Language Department of the University of Chicago, and intended to be a national and representative journal of the whole subject. Dr. Comfort read a paper entitled "Notes on the 'Poema del Cid' in further proof of its Spanish Nationality."

The American Association for the Advancement of Science, and a number of affiliated societies, met in Washington. In attendance at some of the sessions were President Sharpless, Dr. Hall, Prof. Edwards, Dr. Jones, Dr. Rhoads, and Dr. Strong. Dr. Strong read a paper before the American Morphological Society on "Iridescent Feathers," and one before Section F of the American Association on "White Feathers."

As Haverford and other small colleges take their foot-ball rule from the large universities, our Athletic Committee recently addressed the *Committee on Rules*, advocating certain changes to make the game more open and less dangerous to limb and morals. They also requested President Sharpless to address certain university Presidents. The replies indicate that the Presidents are in general sympathy with the Haverford purposes.

MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.

A WOMAN and two boys came out of Thomas Benson's house in Hallo-way, and started up the road, which presently turned to the right and led out of the little town. It was a late evening in December, and the village lights scarcely shone brighter through the slight haze than those of the signals on the railroad half a mile away.

The house was well set back from the road to Somerton, surrounded by a broad barren lawn, with two entrances, one down to the main thoroughfare, the other up the hill toward Miss Wain's home.

"Miss Wain," asked Peter, the younger boy, after the three had reached a less muddy track, "when thee marries papa, will thee come and live with us here altogether? Or shall we walk home with thee every evening, like we've done ever since August?"

"Oh, I'll come and live with you, of course," she answered, putting her right hand on the little fellow's shoulder, and her left on his brother's.

"I'm glad its going to be to-morrow," said Coleman, biting a finger-nail, reflectively. "Since mother died, a year and a half ago, thee has been almost as kind to us as she was. You all three knew each other ever since you began going to school, and you always used to play together. It seems to fit in so naturally." For answer she caressed the little shoulders as they trudged up the road.

"I guess thee doesn't know papa as well as mamma did," asserted Peter, with a waver of interrogation as he finished; "he married her first, thee knows."

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a lightness acquired by the habit of twenty years; "we were the best of friends all the time, we three."

"And Uncle Charley, too," added Peter, innocently. "He used to go with

thee more than papa or mamma, until he got married to Sarah Williams; funny, he keeps away now, isn't it?"

"I guess he got scared," speculated Coleman, "that time old Aunty Wain told him to quit rocking the porch chair with his foot. Uncle Charley never can keep quiet: he's always wiggling something, and thy mother's always afraid he'll break it."

"I don't know how we could have moved her down to sister's unless you had helped," Maria answered, to change the subject, as she drew her fingers gently across the two cheeks. "Peter had her shawl and spectacle case,—she had the spectacles on because she wanted to see where they were taking her,—and Coleman steadied her chair as papa and Uncle Charley carried it."

"That was last August," reflected Peter; "I'm big enough now to have held the chair, and then Cole could have, could have, have——"

"I'd have carried one leg of the chair," supplied that boy in triumph, "or driven Miss Wain to Somerton to school-next day."

"She didn't go to school the next day" shouted Peter, skipping with delight, "and she's not been since, and she's not ever going to be a teacher again. H'ray! Is thee?" he asked, for confirmation, looking up in sudden uncertainty.

"Never, so long as you and papa live, and then I'll be old, old, too old to budge. Just think, I was a teacher for twenty years; twenty long years. Not that I didn't like it, you know, but it'll be so much nicer to stay at home with you boys."

"But thee doesn't love Asa and Thomas and Jim as much as us; thee can't," Peter asserted; "they're not thy body guard; we are."

"But they would be if they could, only you won't let them."

"No we won't," he shouted; will we Cole?"

"They can be something else, I guess," said he, absently, and then he blurted out, "What I'd like to know is, who left thee all that money last summer. It was a lot, wasn't it? More than enough to let thee give up school?"

"Oh, that's what's been keeping thee so quiet?" She laughed it off. "Thee's been puzzled about that? Yes, it was a very kind friend who died remembering me."

Peter's ears stood out in keen interest. "Was it a girl?" he demanded, and she knew there would be no escaping, but the bright windows of her home loomed up as her eyes instinctively sought help, and with a cheery "Run and open the gate, Peter," she breathed relief to see the small agent of inquisition dart out of range.

They kissed her and went wrestling upstairs. This playful tussle ended with a plunge into bed. But the woman stood in her old-fashioned parlor by the window, and, raising the shade, looked out between black bare tree boughs to the lighter sky.

She braced her hands on the window sash and framed words softly, with far-away features. "I used to look out at night and see the tree trunks blackening all my view; then to the limbs, boughs, and branches, and now I seem to be looking at the bright sky, through the unobstructing twigs. That's what this year has brought me."

It had indeed been a year of miracles. An easy feeling of Providence filled her with a comfortable glow, and, as she thought of it, a flood of memories welled up within her. The central figure was one she had almost forgotten, an old schoolmate who died in a distant city and left her his entire fortune. It was

a great, an unexpected happiness, and her heart filled with tenderness to him who had silently carried her image so long, and swept the drudgery from her life.

The long school term was over, and the hundreds of little beings she had trained so fondly began to move before her like a row of faces passing in turn before a mellow lighted space. Boys and girls, romping in recess, flocking in with baskets and cans of lunch, propped determinedly over primers, or, as she most loved to picture them, sitting up with receptive faces to hear her, in all the soft inflections of a motherly voice, teach the little outworn rules of a conventional schooling.

That gentleness and sympathy she had not won from the influence of her own rigorous parent. "Mother took good care of me," ran her thought, "in her own way, and I tried to do my best by her. Now she's with sister, and they're more of a disposition than we were."

"Poor Charley and the rocking chair," she almost laughed. "That was the climax. It gave her fidgets to see him work her scissors and beat the knives and forks on the table. Oh, Charley," she cried, as his manly form came to her in another scene, "how could I know that you cared for me in that way? And so long a time. Ah, but I ought to know how one can, I ought to know, I, who saw her take him from me as you will see him take me to-morrow. Charley, forgive me for it; forgive me for what I could not give you when I had it treasured up to give to him, or not to give at all."

The old pulsebeats came back to her, with flowing, surging, seething rhythm, the old moments of girlish ecstasy in Thomas' presence concentrated their maturer power, and the blood vamped up hot to her heart, as she realized what this morrow was bringing. Then the

reaction of weakness came. She gripped and her eyes closed in perfect contentment. the sash and bowed her head on her hands. "To-morrow," she whispered,

Song.

Pout not, maiden, light and airy ;
 True love loves thee still.
 Every wanton sprite and fairy
 Hies to do thy will.
 Pout not, fathom his emotion,
 Bashful though he be.
 Bashfulness speaks love's devotion,
 Constant love for thee.

W. P. P. '02.

A TALE OF A DOG.

THE sun was sinking beneath the desert sands in a far away land of the East. The city wall rose up straight and sudden from the level barrenness around, shutting out a view of most of the city ; but above the walls in various places projected tower and cupola, and more imposing than all, rose the curious rounded dome of oriental architecture, of the Sultan's palace. If the great prince had looked down from a balcony which slightly overhung the wall, he might have seen a little to one side at the foot, several dark objects, moving about amid a noise of low growling. But as the daylight was fading, the lights of the city, many and brilliant as they were, shining upon the broad ways and in splendid halls, would have been too far away to enable the observer to distinguish these dark creatures from one another, or to reveal the cause of their growling.

Every night and every morning, the Sultan's cooks carried all of the kitchen refuse to the top of the wall, and threw it over into the depth below where came the dogs,—wild dogs and tame dogs,—to satisfy their hunger. And there they were to-night, devouring the refuse, far down under the Sultan's palace,—eating, and fighting with each other.

One form among them did not resemble that of a dog,—on closer view it would

seem to be that of a man. So he had been once,—a man, but now was a dog. Al Bel Hallah had been a nobleman, a brilliant young man of that throbbing, human city above. He had been a favorite of the ruler, and a pet of the people. He had sought the hand of the princess in marriage, but her father, intending her for a distant prince, had given a stern refusal. Then in secret the young man wedded his royal loved one. But the hidden thing had been revealed, and the bridegroom had been summoned before his furious father-in-law, and condemned to the life which he now was leading. The Sultan had condemned the youth to the blackest and most fearful punishment. His life had been spared, but an edict had been promulgated forbidding any subject in the kingdom to give any aid to the unfortunate man,—food, clothing, shelter, or even speech or notice. No man, on dreadful pain of death, should look at him, or speak a single word to him. Then he had been cast out of the city, and driven among the dogs. He knew not the fate of his bride, nor aught which the world was doing. He would not flee to a more hospitable country, because all his interest in life was within the city; and until he knew the princess dead, he gave not up all hope. Some faithful friends brought him the dire-

ful news, for which they forfeited their heads to the savage law,—and told him that the princess was no more,—was slain by her own hand. Then Al Bel Hallah ceased to be a man, and became a desperate creature of revenge; but gaining no opportunity to glut this passion, it gradually fell asleep, and he became a dog,—a dog among the other dogs, with one delight—a love for decayed meat. And here he was to-night, naked, on all fours, eating with the wild beasts, fighting with them, imitating their bark or howl.

He loved the dogs. They were his only companions, the only ones who noticed him. They pitied him, and sympathetically licked his arms, for they were more fortunate than he,—they were sometimes favored by the notice of men,—he was no longer. He had been crazed with grief, first at the loss of his wife, and then at the loss of all social position. But he had long ceased to bellow with rage and horror at his pitiful condition, to hear himself.

That night he crawled for a way along the great wall which shut him from his better self of old. In doing so he had no object; but when he came to a postern

gate left open through neglect, a strange instinct made him enter. It was late, and most of the lights of the city had been extinguished. He came near the palace. When he beheld the splendid structure, he felt again the pulse of earlier days, and the old passion for revenge awoke. Avoiding the armed watch he made entrance into the palace by hidden ways which he well remembered. Stealing through the arched corridors, the marble stairs, and the tapestried halls, he came to the monarch's sleeping chamber. With cat-like agility he sprang upon the sleepy sentinel before the door, and strangled him. Then darting in he awoke his enemy with the unearthly howl of a fiend. "I am thy dog! thy dog! I say thy dog! A dog hast thou made me! Dog's food will I make thee!" He sheathed his fingers, overgrown with bird-like nails, in the prostrate throat,—and soon the land was without a ruler. Then his revenge satisfied, his wild dog craving for flesh seized him, and he buried his teeth in his father-in-law's face. There they found and destroyed the dog,—the man had long been dead.

D. L. B. '04.

SKETCHES.

At The Sign of The Rising Sun.

MINE host of the Rising Sun welcomed us in his heavy gutturals, and intimated that dinner would soon be forthcoming. There was nothing to distinguish this particular inn from the run of country-side taverns in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. On the walls were the conventional imitation oil paintings, and in the bar-room was the usual crowd of Dutchmen, stolidly drinking their beer and talking, and smoking exceedingly bad cigars. At length dinner was announced; but ask us not what was the menu. Had the repast been

roast peacock and flamingo tongues, and wines that had rounded the Cape, it would have been vain. Where had we seen her before, this flaxen-haired Hebe? Surely, she was none other than Irving's Katrina van Tassel reincarnated, and all the more charming for that mystic transmigration. We left her, blooming and plump and smiling, with many a furtive, backward glance; and each secretly resolved to return sometime without the other, and linger many days at The Sign of the Rising Sun.

R. P. L., '04.

The Black Ring.

It was twilight. Men hurried by, on their way home, with tired and happy faces. As I entered the dull gray stone building I seemed to leave all that was happy behind me. The door that my guide locked after us closed out all hope. Within the walls the twilight had deepened into night. Here and there a gas flame puffed and burned fitfully, but it only served to make the darkness more intense without its little sphere. Before us opened a broad corridor, its far end swallowed up in darkness. On either side was a row of iron doors, barred and numbered. Pressed against the bars of one door was a drawn white face; from behind another came a curse. Our footsteps echoed from the stone pavement with a sharp, hollow sound. As we approached the end of the corridor the guide motioned me to stop. I listened. From behind a barred door came a murmuring as of one in prayer, and then a groan. Impelled by curiosity, I tiptoed to the door and peered through its iron grating. Within were two men; one sat on the edge of his cot, his face buried in his hands. By his side a few dishes rested on a plain table, but they appeared untouched. High on the wall where the gas flame made a bright spot, was a calendar. Around one date was a heavy black ring, and all save one of those preceding were drawn through with pencil marks. That was all. As I went back across the courtyard men were at work raising a shadowy platform and a framework. I shuddered and hurried on.

H. P. T., '05.

Infinity.

I lay and looked up at the stars peacefully twinkling at an unknown distance. At times it seemed as though I could stretch out my hand and grasp the little silver moon as it raced through the clouds, and then again it would draw

far, far away into a world by itself. The crisp night air blew on my face and I felt an inexpressible sensation of joy at merely living. And then suddenly an awful fear stole over me that all this world might really be but a work of my imagination, and I shut my teeth and tried to form some idea of what I should be and do after death. Ah, my friends, those were awful moments, for I could see nothing but space, a mere extended nothingness, that I must wander through forever and forever. The sweat began to pour down my cheeks and I stood up and stamped the green earth to make sure that there really was a world and a God to guide it to its destiny.

J. B. D. '03.

A Rhapsody.

There are times when the consciousness of the mystery of existence sweeps over the soul like a resistless tide. What is this visible universe, this "time-vesture of the eternal" which every day we touch and hear and see, yet whose true inwardness we cannot fathom? Who and what is the entity called "I?" It is a solemn mood. And hopeless is the attempt to solve these mighty riddles, riddles beside which the riddle of the Sphinx was "clear as the sun." And in this mood certain phrases from the great writers possess strange power. How many hours have I spent in darkness pondering those first words of our supreme book—"In the beginning, God." "In the beginning"—before this puny world was conceived in the womb of night, when great star-systems were but dim vaporous nebulae, when nothing was that is—in the beginning! The mind reels and staggers like a drunken man. We are forced with Israel's king, to say,

"Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
It is high, I cannot attain unto it."

W. P. B., '04.

VERSE.

Why Should We Care?

They say we are foolish and young, dear;
That our fancy will soon fade away.
But we will love fondly and long, dear,
Whatever the world may say.

The world calls our passion a dream, dear,
A blossom that falls in a day.
But let us float on down the stream, dear,
Whatever the world may say.

If they envy us, why should we care, dear.
Then, sweet, let them chide while they may;
For earth smiles and heaven is fair, dear,
Whatever the world may say.

C. W. S., '02.

Faithfulness.

Have I the baseness to cast you from me?
Since you have been mine so long?
You have been faithful for many a day,—
And shall I do you this wrong?

Constant companions and friends have we been,
Mindful each one of the other,—
Me, you've protected, and you, I've espoused,
But must you yield to another?

Long weary hours together we've sat,
Partners we've been in the dance,—
And I swear by the gods, I will never forsake
My faithful old corduroy pants!

D. L. B., '04.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

'94 Class Reunion.

THE third reunion of the Class of 1894 was held at the College on the evening of January 10, 1903. Fourteen members accepted the invitation to dinner, but the Pennsylvania Railroad and unavoidable circumstances conspired to prevent three from reaching the goal of their desires. Eleven members successfully overcame all obstacles and assembled in the rooms of "The '94 Club"—Founders' Hall, third floor front—the abode of the Secretary. After exchanging greetings and complimenting one another upon our continued youthful appearance, coats, bags, and business cares were laid aside, and, at 7.45, the meeting was adjourned to the Senior Dining Room, where an excellent dinner received all due appreciation from the hungry travelers. As the last course disappeared, cigars were passed and pleasant memories revived by the reading of a number of letters from the absent members. By a unanimous vote the Secretary was directed to extend to our esteemed classmate, Edward E. Quimby, the sympathy of all present and their most sincere desires for a rapid recovery from his present serious

illness. A vote of thanks was unanimously extended to the Lloyd Hall Students who so kindly offered the freedom of their rooms for the night, and the Class proceeded to accept the proffered hospitality by adjourning to Lloyd Hall, where pipes and a cheerful wood fire were lit, and peace and goodfellowship reigned until the fading electric lights scattered, to hospitable Haverfordian beds, all of '94 left behind by the 11.51 train. During the evening Dr. W. W. Comfort, of the College Faculty, interested all present in some ideas regarding the efforts to increase the size of the College. He explained the necessity of personally appealing to the boys themselves, and suggested that the best work our young graduates could do for the College today would be to keep the name of Haverford, as a desirable place to live and work, constantly before the boys of our preparatory schools.

The following members of the Class were present: O. M. Chase, W. W. Comfort, C. B. Farr, K. S. Green, M. N. Miller, F. P. Ristine, J. T. Rorer, Jr., F. J. Stokes, W. J. Strawbridge, D. S. Taber, Jr., and P. S. Williams.

Owing to reckless haste in trying to

rush one of our esteemed classmates through to Haverford in time for dinner, the Philadelphia Express ran into the rear of a slow-moving freight near Trenton, and Alfred Busselle, was "held up" until the festive occasion had passed into history. Mr. Busselle reached Haverford in time for Meeting on First day morning. S. W. Morris was prevented, by unavoidable circumstances, from fulfilling his promise of attendance, and H. W. S. Scarborough, was confined to his bed by illness and prevented from joining the happy gathering.

Letters were read, or verbal messages delivered, from the following absentees: J. H. Bartlett, G. A. Beyerle, Charles Collins, H. S. Conard, G. B. Dean, J. A. DeCou, Le Roy Harvey, J. P. Haughton, George Lancaster, E. E. Quimby, F. C. Rex and Arnold Wood. The various news items regarding the individual members of the Class are printed in another column of this paper.

It may be of interest to the members of '94 to note that our twenty-three graduates are apportioned among the various professions as follows: Teachers, 6 (3 principals of schools and 3 engaged in collegiate work); lawyers, 4; physicians, 2; bankers and brokers, 2; mechanical engineers, 2; civil engineers, 1; railroading, 1, wholesale marble, 1; mercantile advertising, 1; real estate and investment, 1; insurance, 1; river transportation, 1.

The Class hopes to celebrate its decennial anniversary in the Spring of 1904.

OSCAR M. CHASE,
Secretary.

Notes.

Invitations have been issued to the sixteenth annual dinner of the Alumni Association of Haverford College, at the University Club, 1510 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, on February 13th. The

following have been asked to speak:— President Isaac Sharpless, Dr. Jacob G. Schurman, President of Cornell University, Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh of the University of Pennsylvania, and Francis R. Cope, Jr., 1900.

'49. Alfred H. Smiley was born in Vassalboro, Maine, March 17th, 1828. He was the son of Daniel Smiley and Phoebe Howard. With his twin brother Albert K. Smiley he entered Haverford School in the Senior class in 1848. Graduating together, the only members of their class the two brothers held positions together on the school staff until 1853. Alfred Smiley then taught two years in Philadelphia and engaged in farming in Oskaloosa, Iowa, from 1855 to 1860. Then the two brothers were connected again on the teaching staff of the Friends School at Providence until 1875, when they left the school to unite in the management of the Lake Mohonk Hotel, Lake Mohonk, N. Y. Since 1879 also Alfred Smiley had been proprietor of the Hotel at Lake Minnewaska, N. Y. During the winter he resided at Redlands, California, where he died on January 25th. In 1854 he married Rachel Mott Swan.

Ex-'58. On January 16th, James Wood of Mt. Kisco, N. Y., lectured before the Friend's Lyceum in Philadelphia on his travels in Mexico.

'73 Alden Sampson has recently returned from a very successful gunning trip in northern Maine.

'81. Isaac T. Johnson has recently edited a book on Homes, Haunts and Habits of Wild Animal, edited and arranged from the works of Theodore Wood, Henry Schieren and other noted authorities. The publishers are John C. Winston & Co., Philadelphia.

'94. Charles Collins, of Purchase, N. Y., is travelling in Palestine with Dr.

George A. Barton, '82, of Bryn Mawr College. Mr. Collins has a two page article on "Jerusalem" in *The American Friend*, First mo. 1st, 1903.

'94. G. B. Dean, M. D., has taken stock in, and is acting as Secretary and local manager of the Poulan Cotton Mills, Poulan, Georgia.

'94. J. Allen DeCou has been promoted to the Principalship of the Red Bluff High School, Red Bluff, California. On December 20th, 1902, he was granted the degree of M. A. by the State University, Berkeley, Cal., for advanced work in Greek.

Ex-'94. LeRoy Harvey is living in Wilmington, Del., with business interests in Philadelphia.

'94. J. Paul Haughton is still associated with J. W. Muir, '92, under the firm name of Haughton & Muir, Insurance Agents, Fourth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ex-'94. George Lancaster is now Principal of the High School of Everett, Washington. He still hopes to return to Haverford for his Master's degree.

'94. E. E. Quimby, of 904 B. St., S. W., Washington, D. C., is in one of the city hospitals suffering from a severe case of typhoid fever.

'94. F. C. Rex is Advertising Agent for the firm of Austin, Nichols & Co., wholesale grocers, New York City.

Ex-'94. M. N. Miller is at present Inspector for the American Bridge Co., and is located at the Pencoyd Iron Works.

'00. R. J. Burdette, Jr., has been made Managing Editor of the *Burlington Hawkeye*, of Burlington, Ill., with which paper his father, R. J. Burdette, was formerly connected.

'01. A printed class letter has recently been issued, containing interesting news about the Class of 1901.

'02. S. Brown recently returned home after several months stay in the West.

'02. C. R. Cary paid a short visit to the college on January 30th.

'02. R. M. Gummere is playing on the Merion "B" Association Foot Ball Team this winter.

'02. H. A. Scattergood is in the employ of the Penna. R. R. on the Belvidere Division.

'02. J. L. Stone, is law-clerk in his father's office in Warren, Pa. He recently declined an offer to go to Porto Rico.

'02. Silas Lane started abroad on a tour around the world early in January.

'02. Cyrus Pyle died at his home in Wilmington, Delaware, January 2nd, 1903, after an illness which had covered a period of almost three years. He was born on April 12th, 1881. He entered Haverford in 1898 and left at the close of his Freshmen year and entered the trading company of Peter Wright and Son, in Philadelphia. He remained there a valued employee for about a year when he was taken ill. He was forced to give up his work and with no hope of ever reattaining his good health in Wilmington, started West. It was at this period that consumption started in, from which he finally died, after suffering as only consumptives can. After a brief stay in Texas, he was forced home and then sent to Waynesville, North Carolina at which place he remained until early in December, 1902, when he was brought home.

'02. W. C. Longstreth is at his home in Haverford recovering from a very severe operation.

FROM the most recent information in the possession of the College office, the following list of Haverford graduates who hold collegiate positions as professors or instructors has been drawn up :

- The following former graduate students at Haverford who hold advanced degrees may be added :—

- | | | | |
|-----|---------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| '90 | C. L. Michener..... | Professor of Greek..... | Penn College. |
| '90 | R. W. Rogers..... | Professor of Hebrew..... | Drew Theological Seminary. |
| '91 | L. M. Robinson..... | Instructor | Episcopal Divinity School. |
| '92 | E. H. Gifford..... | Professor of Physics..... | Penn College. |
| '00 | F. H. Loud..... | Professor of Mathematics..... | Colorado College. |

LECTURE.

ELLIOT H. GOODWIN, Secretary of the National Civil Service Reform Association addressed the Senior and Junior classes in the Collection Room, Barclay Hall, on January 9th. After mentioning the popular misconception of the claim and purposes of civil service, he traced the various stages in the history of the custom of appointment. The movement towards Civil Service first came to a head in 1871 and, largely, stimulated by the murder of Garfield succeeded in passing the Pendleton Act in 1883. Each succeeding administration to the present time has added more offices

subject to the regulations of civil service until at the present time it includes some twelve thousand offices. Mr. Goodwin treated briefly the evils of the patronage system as it exists to-day and showed what the advocates of Civil Service undertake to accomplish. They would make proved merit the criterion for public service. Honesty and ability are neither Republican nor Democratic. The examination of the Civil Service Commission tests impartially the candidate's practical ability and experience, and the appointment is made in accordance with his rank in this competitive examination.

YALE-HAVERFORD GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.

THE Yale-Haverford joint exhibition was held in the new gymnasium on January 22d. Yale brought a team of nine men, while the Haverford first squad consisted of six. However, the events were arranged so as to draw no odious comparisons. Anderson, De Sola and Kogel were most conspicuous for Yale, while Duerr did the best work for Haverford, especially on the flying rings. The exhibition was an exceedingly interesting one to watch on account of the variety of events. Dr. Babbitt had worked up some new pyramids and had organized a club-swinging drill; both these events were much appreciated. The most sensational thing on the program, however, was the Haverford special tumbling performance, in which the gymnasium was lighted with red torches and the performers dressed as red devils. Counting the musical club, there were altogether 67 performers in the exhibition. The program was as follows:

MUSIC.

Haverford College Mandolin Club.

- 1 HORIZONTAL BAR.....HAVERFORD.
Duerr, Haig, Morris, Thomas, Lowry.

- 2 HORSE.....YALE
Anderson, Wakeman, Schenker, Amick.
- 3 CLUB SWINGING.....YALE.
Mix.
- 4 HIGH HORSE.....HAVERFORD 2D.
H. H. Morris (leader), F. R. Winslow, Perkins, Evans, Hopkins, H. W. Jones, Priestman, Ritts, E. F. Winslow, Stratton, Cary.
- 5 PARALLEL BARS.....YALE.
De Sola, Anderson, Kogel, Schenker.
- 6 RINGS.....HAVERFORD.
Duerr, Haig, Morris, Thomas.

MUSIC.

Haverford College Mandolin Club.

- 7 TUMBLING.....YALE.
Anderson, Kogel, Warren, Smith.
- 8 CLUB SWINGING.....HAVERFORD.
Cadbury (leader), Peirce, Wilson, Bonbright, Burgess, Lester, Withers, Kratz, Downing, Shortlidge, Seely, Edsall.
- 9 PYRAMIDSHAVERFORD 2D.
Hilles (leader), Kimber, Pleasants, Lee, Spaeth, H. H. Morris, F. R. Winslow, Perkins, Evans, H. W. Jones, Hopkins, Ritts, E. F. Winslow, Stratton, Cary, Priestman, Cox.
- 10 HORIZONTAL BAR.....YALE.
De Sola, Anderson, Kogel, Wakeman.
- 11 SPECIAL TUMBLING.....HAVERFORD.
Duerr, Drinker, Haig, Thomas, Lowry.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Haverford, 2; Germantown Academy, 2.

ON Saturday, January 17th, Haverford College played a tie game of association football with Germantown Academy Past and Present, the final score being 2 to 2. Haverford's defense was rather weak, and Germantown scored a goal early in the first half. Soon after this Haverford scored on a penalty kick and the half ended with the score even. In the second half both sides scored again, team work by the forwards being responsible for both goals. Germantown had a chance to win out on an easy penalty kick, but failed to take advantage of the opportunity. Haverford showed some improvement in this game, but still failed to play together enough, especially in the back field. C. C. Morris, H. H. Morris and Cookman played a good game for Haverford, while L. Vail, Potts, and F. Vail excelled for Germantown. The line-up was as follows:

HAVERFORD.	GERMANTOWN.
Wills.....goal.....	Wistar
Kimber.....right full-back.....	Davis
Folwell.....left full-back.....	Pusey
Cookman.....right half-back.....	Stoever
C. C. Morris.....centre half-back.....	Potts
Downing.....left half-back.....	L. Vail
Spaeth.....outside right.....	Wolff
Priestman.....inside right.....	Hartwell
H. H. Morris.....centre forward.....	A. Vail

Reid.....inside left.....F. Vail
E. M. Evans.....outside left.....Newhall

Goals—Priestman, Spaeth, L. Vail, F. Vail.
Referee—Barney, G. A. Linesmen—Young, G. A., and Shields, G. A. Time of halves—30 and 25 minutes.

Haverford, 2; West Philadelphia, 1.

On Saturday, January 24th, Haverford defeated West Philadelphia in a practice game of association football. The ground was frozen hard, which rendered accurate shooting difficult. A high wind also handicapped the players. Haverford scored once in each half, the second score being made from a carrom shot off one of the other side. Smith, Chambers and Thompson played well for West Philadelphia, while Bradley, Morris and Priestman excelled for Haverford. The line-up:

HAVERFORD.	W. PHILADELPHIA.
Wills.....goal.....	Fallows
Pearson.....right full-back.....	Pointer
Pleasants.....left full-back.....	Smith
Downing.....right half-back.....	Jackson
Bradley.....centre half-back.....	Haines
Cookman.....left half-back.....	Goodwin
Reid.....outside right.....	Thompson
Priestman.....inside right.....	Taylor
H. H. Morris...centre forward.....	Chambers
Spaeth.....inside left.....	Bushnell
E. M. Evans.....outside left.....	Melville

Goals—Priestman, Haines, Chambers. Referee—Bainbridge. Linesmen—Brown, Harvey. Time of halves—30 minutes.

COLLEGE NOTES.

MID-YEAR Examinations began on January 20th and continued until the 30th. As the Freshman Class had adopted the honor system, the examinations were carried on on this basis by all four classes. This is the second year that the system has been unanimously carried out.

The Class of '96 Cup awarded to the most faithful man on the scrub was given

to H. M. Schabacker, '04, for the past season. A new cup presented by a friend of Haverford Athletics, to be awarded annually to the Freshman doing the most faithful work on the college scrub, was won this year by W. H. Haines, Jr., '06.

The musical clubs have begun regular practice for the coming season. The program, of which due publication will be made later, will include an annual

concert to be given at the College after the completion of Roberts Hall.

The following men are trying for the Glee Club: First tenor—Miller, '03, leader; Phillips, '03, Winslow, '05, and Sheldon, '06. Second tenor—Cadbury, '03, Wilson, '03, Haig, '04, Kimber, '04, Stokes, '04, Withers, '04, Cates, '05, Eshleman, '05, Hopkins, '05, Scull, '05, and Shortlidge, '06. First bass—Worthington, '03, Bradley, '04, Folwell, '04, and Pleasants, '06. Second bass—Davis, '03, Hoskins, '03, Simkin, '03, West, '04, and Boher, '05.

The Maudolin Club is composed as follows: West, '04, leader. Mandolins—Cadbury, '03, Drinker, '03, Folwell, '04, Hilles, '04, Kimber, '04, Kratz, '04, Megear, '04, Boher, '05, Peirce, '05, Ritts, '05, and Shortlidge, '06. Guitars—Sheldon, '04, and Winslow, '05. Flutes—Lester, '04, and Cookman, '05. Violin—Spaeth, '05. Mandola—Smyth, '05.

The new schedule for cricket-shed practice came into effect shortly after mid-year's.

The Haverford Grammar School moved into their new building on the Lancaster Pike directly after the Christmas vacation. The old school buildings and athletic field are now left at the disposal of the College.

A tea was given on January 13th in the Gymnasium, by the Faculty to the Senior Class.

C. W. Davis, '03, gave a lecture to the Scientific Club, on January 13th, on X-Rays and Wireless Telegraphy. The lecture, unfortunately, came to a sudden close by the explosion of the X-Ray tube.

We are glad to welcome back to college Dr. Reid, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever for the past three months. The classes which were omitted on account of his absence have now been resumed.

At a meeting of the Council of the Loganian Society the following schedule was arranged for the interclass debates in competition for the Triangle Cup:

February 18th—Seniors vs. Juniors.

February 25th—Sophomores vs. Freshmen.

The annual debate between the Loganian Society and the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania will take place at Haverford on April 3d.

The classes have elected their debating teams as follows:

1903—Dominovich, chairman; Davis, Phillips, and Peirce, alternate.

1904—Helbert, chairman; Wills, Lester, and Stokes, alternate.

1905—H. W. Jones, chairman; Bushnell, Spaeth, and Wheeler, alternate.

1906—Carson, chairman; Brown, Phillips, and Seely, alternate.

The college catalogue has come out for this year under the title of "The Haverford College Bulletin, Volume 1, Number 2." It is smaller and neater than the old catalogue, and contains all the usual information, except the list of graduates.

The schedule of Winter Sports contains still the following dates:

February 27th.—Interscholastic Gymnastic Meet, at Haverford.

March 5th.—Dual Gymnastic Contest with N. Y. U., at New York.

March 21st.—Dual Gymnastic Contest, with Lehigh, at Haverford.

March 27th.—Intercollegiate Gymnastic Contest, at New York.

President Sharpless addressed the students in the Y. M. C. A. on February 4th.

The three upper classes have elected their officers for the coming half-year.

B. Lester, '04, has been elected Business Manager of THE HAVERFORDIAN for the coming year, and J. W. Mott, '06, assistant. A competition for positions on the editorial staff closed on February 10th.

REVIEWS.

Harvard University Songs.

IT has seldom been our privilege to review a book of such uniform excellence, both as regards the subject matter and the artistic appearance of its decorations. The first thing which attracts our attention is the cover. Its effect is exceedingly striking, the primary color being a deep crimson, which is relieved by a neatly executed picture of a part of the "Yard" in poster style, beneath which is the title in bold lettering, supported by the Harvard University seal in black and white.

The cuts which adorn the head of each song are in keeping with the artistic quality of the cover. Each one is peculiarly appropriate to the song which follows and, as a whole, they reflect great credit on their designers, S. A. Welldon and C. M. Bill.

As the compiler remarks in his Preface, "many of the songs and versions of songs are printed here for the first time," and this fact makes the collection valuable to all college glee clubs, as the musical arrangements are very harmonious and many of them adapted to a male quartette. It is pleasing to note, also, that the compiler has not restricted himself to such songs as are able to ascribe their origin to Harvard University, but has introduced many popular tunes, which, although sung at Harvard, are also well known in other colleges. Such songs as "Kentucky Babe," "The Levee Song" and "The Dutch Company," which many know only by ear, are here arranged in convenient harmony, and, being accompanied by such an attractive array of tunes less generally recognized, are at last in a position to reach the public in their most agreeable form.

Last but not least, the notation is unusually clear in all the songs, and the whole book is singularly free from typo-

graphical errors. This is an important point in a collection of male quartettes, in which such absolute accuracy of notation is necessary. In conclusion, we do not hesitate to say that the book is one of the best collections of college songs in existence, and we predict for it a future of great success and of unbounded popularity among the glee clubs of our American colleges.

Harvard University Songs. Compiled by E. F. Du Bois, '03. Boston, Oliver Ditson Company, pp. 77. Price \$1.50 post paid.

Stories of the Colleges.

In such a collection of stories as the reader finds in the above-named book there is one prime requisite; each story ought to reproduce the peculiar atmosphere of its college, and, failing in this, no superiority of style, or cleverness of plot can render it adequate. To a greater or less extent each of the stories gives us a fair idea of life at the particular college it is about, but the general reader will probably give his preference to the Princeton and Pennsylvania stories. The former, by Burton Egbert Stevenson, entitled "Rah, Rah, Rah, Murray," rather looks at the world through rose-tinted glasses, but this is a hopeful failing and not to be condemned. The latter, "Smith of 'Pennsylvania,'" by Francis Churchill Williams, is the story of a man with one talent who did all that he could for his college. One finds it pathetic in places; but one is certainly better for having read it. Indeed, the whole book is well worth reading.

Stories of the Colleges. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company. pp. . Price \$1.20 net.

Pennsylvania Songs.

This book has been on the market several months, yet even at this late date it deserves mention to the readers of THE HAVERFORDIAN. It contains as the pre-

face states, "first, a group of songs peculiar in words, music, or both, to the University of Pennsylvania; second, selections especially suited for use by college glee clubs generally; including some of the most familiar of the old college songs and arrangements of popular ballads and music hall songs with original words; third, a selection of part songs for

male voices, of a more serious character." Though inferior in point of artistic finish to the Harvard Song Book, this collection is a valuable addition to the ever-growing list of collections of college songs.

Pennsylvania Songs. Compiled and arranged by a committee of the Graduates and Undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, Avil Printing Company. pp. 112.

EXCHANGES.

PROBABLY all expostulations with contemporaries on the subject of "Locals and Personals" is quite futile, and we have already put on record our attitude toward this department of college journalism, yet the continual and reiterated appearance of these pointless and piffling paragraphs keeps vexing our spirit. A most undignified and puerile practice this is, and we would feel we had not lived in vain if we could shame one paper into abandoning it. But probably as long as the inhabitants of the institutions represented by these papers aforesaid crave such diet, the papers will continue to furnish it. Here are some choice specimens of this month's crop:

From the *Waynesburg Collegian*—

"We wonder why Edna Hawkins is looking so happy again?"

"Shough says. 'Hurrah for Red Ben.'"

"Wonder why some of the Sophomore boys presist (*sic*) in giving their jewelry to Prep girls."

From the *Rocky Mountain Collegian*—

"C. C. Durkee—'Now, if she was good looking I'd try to win her.' " "E. C. Hotchkiss—Modern Bailey or the Irish gardener.'"

From the *College Folio* of the Allentown College for Women—

"How did Hannah get down the Hamilton Street hill on Christmas afternoon?" "Why didn't Martha invite Prof. to go out riding with her?"

"There seems to be a great attraction on South Sixth Street for Blanche."

And so on, *ad infinitum et ad nauseam*.

We quote the following from the *Jun-iata Echo* as an example of terseness of expression. Notice also the unity and mass:

"One of the no doubt least important, yet none the less interesting, coincidental results and continued after effects of that little clash with Spain, has been the almost constant and widening wave of popular inquiry with a view to the acquisition of knowledge and familiarity pertaining to the formation, power and maintenance of the Navy; the method which the government adopts when it wishes to make an addition to its fighting strength on the seas; the distinguishing characteristics of the respective war vessels built and building in recent years; and indeed all manner of information in relation to men-of-war and the salient features in connection with the different stages of building in the shipyards in which they are constructed."

The Exchange Department of two successive numbers of the *Earlhamite* show some strange facts. On October 25th it says:

"Where are your exchange columns. Only a very few of the many college papers that are on our table have any exchange column at all."

On November 8th, two weeks later:—

"It is very gratifying to see exchange columns in most of the college papers, and they are to the point, showing an appreciation of the matter in hand."

We can but wonder at the extremely sudden and complete change in the college papers' use of the exchange department thus recorded, and at the keen observation of the Earlham ex-man or ex-woman that discovered it.

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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

1904

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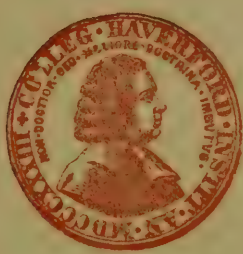
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THE HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXV, No. 1

MARCH 1903

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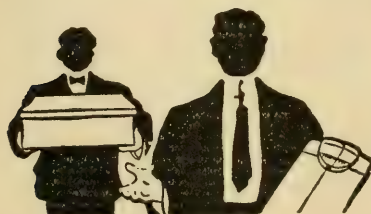
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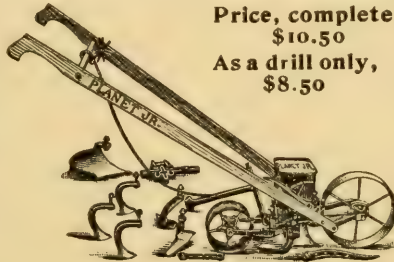
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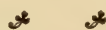
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXV.

HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1903.

NO. I.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

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Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

WHEN that most potent, yet most unfortunate word, *change*, begins to apply in a measure to the Editorial Board of the HAVERFORDIAN, some explanation is traditionally required, setting forth in detail the extent to which this same significant word is about to apply to the paper.

We shall therefore express our intention to make the following volumes conform to those immediately preceding, in division into departments, and in the proportion of the spaces assigned to each. We are meditating no radical alteration of the character of the paper. The biologist's principle: "Change is the

law of life" must of necessity be true with regard to the staff of Editors and the table of contents, but not at present, we think, in regard to the character of the paper. We have been told repeatedly that Haverford is a unique college; that it possesses a certain character proper to itself; that its sons must preserve this character, and guard its reputation. We feel that the HAVERFORDIAN has in the past been representative of our ideal Haverford; and any change in the character of the paper should be made in a very guarded and cautious way. We shall endeavor therefore to be mindful of our better traditions.

There are many possibilities and extremes to which the paper could go, but we think it would be more successful as a "HAVERFORDIAN" than as a stiff literary magazine, a comic or burlesque or a mere chronicle of current events. We desire to publish literary articles, stories, verses or sketches of adequate merit, and to conduct the different departments as they claim attention. We wish to be representative, not of any one class, clan or coterie, but in so far as we are able, of each and all. If after more experience we feel able to maintain the standard of the past, we then may properly indulge our vision with ideals of improvement; but during the infancy of our board, when it is so easy to prattle big words about big deeds which will never come to pass, *maintenance* is a word more fitting than *improvement*. Of course we have high ideals, but further we dare not expatiate, lest you be disappointed.

We do not venture to assure our readers that success will finally reward the various efforts which we have promised

to put forth. But we hope that our publication will be readable, at least, to the undergraduates, alumni, and all friends of the college; that the result will be satisfactory to them, and that the avowed purpose of the HAVERFORDIAN will continue to be fulfilled.

IT should be good news to all Haverfordians who have music in their souls, that after years of anticipation the *Haverford College Song Book* will soon be a reality. This book will not be a sarcophagus in which we will find embalmed all of the antiquated rhymes and dying tunes of the past, but it will be entirely modern, and will be not only useful for the musical clubs in college, but will help at reunions and gatherings of graduates, and will be a stimulus to bring back old times and associations. The committee in charge of the undertaking intends to publish a book which, by expressing the "life, spirit and traditions" of Haverford will meet the long existing demand. Any suggestions or subscriptions will be appreciated, and may be sent to Ralph Mellor, '99, Chairman, 2130 Mt. Vernon Street, Philadelphia. Pa.

AT a place where we have so many advantages as we do at Haverford, there is always danger that we may not make the fullest use of them all. One opportunity negligible at our peril is that of using a very large and choice library. Now that it is open on Saturday and meeting half-holidays, our chances of utilizing this pleasant place have much increased. There is little need of launching forth into a eulogy on books and reading. No one will dispute their value. But belief is of no avail unless it result in action, and so we must do more than merely assent to this doctrine, if our faith is to be of use to

us. We must actually use the library, during some of the time we now spend unprofitably. It is especially important that we should devote ourselves to the reading of good books, at this particular period of our lives, when our minds are plastic and impressionable. There is no other period in our existence when the influence of the wise and great persons of all ages is so powerful in ennobling and building up our characters.

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It hardly seems as if very much comment were necessary. We do not believe that any fellow at Haverford needs to have preached to him the dastardliness of passing in as his own the work of someone else. It is one of the lowest of all forms of stealing. Probably most of the fellows here could do more satisfactory work for themselves than that turned out by this firm. It is not because we consider that there is any danger of the fellows' availing themselves of this opportunity that we feel moved to mention the matter at all, but rather because we object to the brazen effrontery of the firm addressing honorable persons as their patrons.

WITHOUT any doubt the Honor System has been entirely successful at Haverford, as far as cheating in the examinations is concerned. Haverford-

ians have found that they could take their examinations without any suspicion of dishonesty attached to the performance. Furthermore, without the restraining presence of a professor they have perhaps felt able to breathe more freely, and enjoy other allowable privileges. Most desirable, therefore, is this institution which allows the student greater comfort in his examination, which makes an act of dishonorable helping unpopular and impossible, and which represents in an outward way the inward spirit of integrity which exists at Haverford.

But the order in the examinations, has often been far from perfect, and there have been disturbances serious enough to imperil the continuance of the Honor System. These have been somewhat overlooked in the past, and are still considered by some who are less ambitious to attain high grades, as unimportant. But if we have been hiding our fault under the glamour of "Haverford ideals," let us sail no longer under false colors, but come forward and manfully admit that although honorable, we are a little restive, and still need supervision.

Some have suggested that a method similar to that used at Princeton would help the difficulty here. A professor might have charge of the conduct in the examination, without denying any legitimate privileges which we have been pleased to enjoy. Any possible cases of cheating would not be treated by the professor, but by the same system which has hitherto been provided. This plan may not be satisfactory to all, and a far better one, which will not be objectionable in any respect, may yet be found. But if we are not fortunate enough to discover some improvement, this proposal is preferable, at least to losing the Honor System entirely,—as it retains the important advantages and does away with the one great weakness.

LESS than a month and the shed cricket practice will be over. Then the monotonous routine of the shed will give way to the brighter and freer work under the softening spring skies. And as the season comes on apace, we look anxiously ahead to foresee, perchance—what may be the outcome of this year's efforts. If good conscientious work counted for everything, we could prophesy great things; unfortunately it does not. One of the most important requisites we lack,—experience,—is preeminently necessary for every successful undertaking. Seven members of last year's first eleven have left us. This leaves a large gap; but with many good candidates trying for the vacant places, we hope to fill them creditably. One word more,—let all of us who are trying to make places on the various elevens remember that training is essential. Without a good eye, which is only obtained by temperate eating and proper sleeping, you are worth little. "Cricket implies a certain amount of physical capacity; and cricket-matches are a pretty good test of physique. In order to make the body fit to undergo a severe season's work, men and boys alike must cultivate health and strength. A good night's rest and a perfect digestion are two of the chief foundations of success in cricket." So if every fellow in college would observe good training and listen carefully to his coaching, we would get the best results from our material, and help toward a successful season.

WE take pleasure in announcing that the recent competition for places on the HAVERFORDIAN board has resulted in the election of A. T. Lowry, '06, R. J. Shortlidge, '06, and F. R. Taylor, '06.

THE MURDER OF MAJOR BILSON.

"HELLO! I began, lifting the receiver.

"Patient in 6 wants to see chief-resident at once," came to me in far-away tones.

"All right," I replied in a voice that I hope was agreeable. Hastily slipping on my duck hospital-coat, I walked down the hall, out across the little court, and up the steps to Private Room No. 6.

The man in Number 6 had been brought in the day before from a trolley accident. He was so badly injured that his right leg had had to be amputated. The wards being filled at the time, I had him assigned to a private room. He was very pale, with watery blue eyes; and I read on his countenance that strange, intangible death-mark that a doctor rarely mistakes. The card at the head of his cot reminded me that his name was Roland Clark.

"Doctor," said the patient in a weak voice, "I have a story to tell before I die, but first get me some brandy." He gasped as the fiery stimulant made its way down his throat, and at once he seemed to gather his ebbing strength together.

"You remember the murder of Major Bilson?" Clark began.

"Yes," I replied, instantly all attention. I drew an invalid chair to his side and told him to proceed. Here begins:

THE STATEMENT OF ROLAND CLARK.

I was born and raised in the town of Claire, South Carolina. At the end of my school days I found employment with Brown Brothers of that place, and in a few years I went on the road for my house. I had long loved Olive Hern, the daughter of a prominent lawyer, and she had promised to be my wife, and the day for our wedding had been set.

Then suddenly the whole world seemed to change. I was away for six weeks on one of my trips, when Olive ceased to write, and all my letters and telegrams were unanswered. I found on my return that a clerk at Johnson's Hotel had become intimate with Olive, and rumor had it that she had broken our engagement and taken up with him.

Now, through all this I never doubted Olive for an instant. I knew that this devil had some sinister influence over her that she could not resist. I determined to kill him. With black murder in my heart I went to the hotel and asked for Bilson. I was told that he had just left, and a boy pointed out his retreating figure to me. I followed the man out of town and along the river road. At length he left the road and took a path that led down by the river. Soon I saw Olive come toward him, and I cursed aloud when Bilson took her in his arms.

Drawing the pistol I always carried, I started for the unconscious couple. I raised the weapon and aimed at Bilson's head. My hand was shaking violently, but I closed one eye and fired. There was a shriek—it rings now in my dying ears—and Olive lay on the ground. Bilson ran swiftly away in the direction of the town. I went to where my darling lay bleeding and raised her in my arms. She smiled and called my name, and with a gentle moan, she died.

[Here Clark ceased speaking and seemed to faint, but a second dose of brandy set him going.]

Years passed; the war came and went: still I lived. At length the Governor pardoned me. I left prison hardly knowing where to turn. Of Bilson I could hear nothing. After a time, I found employment with an upholsterer of this city. One day I had to lay a carpet on

Walnut Street. To my surprise the name of Bilson's Library was on the window at the front.

I entered and found my old enemy, changed, but Bilson still. He started on seeing me.

"What is your name?" he asked. I gave him the one I had assumed.

"You look so like an old friend of mine that I am sure you will pardon the question," he returned.

The desire of taking this man's life had long been with me. It had not been effaced by years of prison life. And, as I drove each tack, I seemed to drive deeper and deeper into my brain a desire for vengeance. At the noon pause I easily found out from the colored porter something of my enemy's habits. Among other things, he told me that Bilson, after the library was closed, went out to dinner, and returned shortly before seven. "That would be the time for a robbery," he concluded, with a grin.

A year passed before the chance to take my revenge came. It was this way: I had a job a few doors from the library. I decided that night would be the time. I easily entered the Library by climbing a fence at the back of the house and getting down a cellar window. At ten minutes of seven I awaited my victim at the back of the Library. I had no weapon save my heavy tack hammer. This I grasped firmly.

Bilson, at last, came in the front door. As he passed me I struck him on the back of the head with all my might. The blow seemed to crush his skull and he fell like lead at my feet. I was mad with rage. Blow after blow I rained on his head, and I stamped on his lifeless chest.

"Now I am revenged!" I cried, as I gazed on what thirty seconds before had been a living human being. On his watch chain I found Olive's engagement ring. The thought that he might have

something else of hers led me to search through the whole house. I found nothing whatever.

I returned to where the body lay. It looked somehow pitifully shrunken, and its glassy, staring eyes filled me with horror. I fled from the scene.

No one suspected me. I read the newspaper accounts and I mingled with the morbidly excited crowd that haunted the scene of my crime. Time passed; the excitement died away, and I resolved that unless some person was convicted of the murder I would never give myself up. So I lived with my secret known only to God.

Yesterday I met the accident that is killing me. It may have been coincidence; it may have been the judgment of Heaven. Whatever it was, I am dying.

These were the last words of Roland Clark; and on that instant his head fell back, and with a sigh—half of relief, half of pain—his guilt-laden soul passed out of the known into that dim realm that lies behind the veil.

Giving a few directions concerning the body, I at once hurried to the house of the detective, whom I happened to know had had charge of the Bilson mystery.

"My friend, you doubtless mean well," he began, when I had finished my story, "but I am afraid you have been deceived. I will always hold to my former theory that Bilson found a man in the act of robbing his house, and the latter killed him to avoid capture.

"But," I objected, "do you think a dying man would lie merely for the sake of lying?"

"Yes; it is a very pretty story, made on such stuff as madmen spin from their brains."

"So you think Clark was crazy?" I inquired.

"Why, my dear fellow, of that there is not the least doubt in the world. He

was either crazy anyhow, or else the accident made him so. Such cases have been known before. Let me refer you to the Brown murder in '83. Felton made a full confession of his crime, but some poor soul dying in Blockley told just such a story about his murdering old Brown, as this fellow told in regard to Bilson. Only the Felton in this case has yet to be found."

I confess I was utterly dumfounded. Though I had, at first, received the story in good faith, looking at it from the detective's standpoint, it did seem very much like a fairy tale indeed. Then an idea struck me.

"Is there no way by which the true offender can be identified beyond a doubt?" I asked.

"Yes," answered the detective, his face falling; "I have a photograph of the murderer's thumb-print."

"The very thing! Now we shall see

who is right."

It was half-past twelve when we entered the room where the body still lay. I removed the sheet and we gazed down at the now peaceful face.

The photograph was of the right thumb and I noticed that the right hand of the body was completely covered with bandages. A few snips of my surgical scissors and the gauze was removed. The detective, who was at the other side of the bed, gave an exclamation of surprise. And well he might, for the right thumb was severed at the joint. The sure and only proof of Clark's statement was irretrievably lost.

This is all of the story of how a great mystery was almost solved. Absolute evidence, perhaps, may be lacking, but I for one will never doubt the truth of the relation I heard in the little private room of the Pologan Hospital.

R. P. L., 04.

POPE'S TECHNIQUE.

ACCORDING to Pope's own admission, we do not expect great originality of thought in his writings. He did not believe in going direct to nature for his material, but to classical literature. The classical writers, he maintained, had achieved the fullest possible perfection in the interpretation of nature, and, since nature does not change, to study the productions of the classical authors is to study nature in its purest and simplest form. The duty of the poet is not so much to create as to arrange in new and striking form what is often the common property of all; to give permanent and lasting expression to the floating common-places of thought; ideas which are more or less familiar to all. So Pope spent little time in creating material for his poems, but he did not hesitate to borrow, imitate, copy and steal. His whole skill was devoted

to condensing and polishing familiar thoughts into the appearance of novelty.

"True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,

What oft was the thought, but ne'er so well express'd."

So he drew his material from whatever source was the most convenient, but his greatest efforts were centered in putting it into artistic form of expression. On some of his poems he spent months and even years in re-writing, correcting and polishing. In the one characteristic for which he was always striving he attained a remarkable perfection. In fact, over-correctness is one of his greatest faults. The careful revision indeed gives his poems a smoothness, a crystalline beauty that is seldom surpassed, but at the same time it gives them a coldness and formality which to most people is uninviting. They often sound affected and unnatural. The very correctness and singular power

of expression which characterize his greatest poems only tend to emphasize the lack of warmth and earnestness. The reader may have an intellectual admiration for the carefully phrased expressions, but he is never inspired with a genuine feeling of sympathetic emotion. Enthusiasm is impossible in such a cold systematic style. In Byron, the intensity,—the rapture and genuine passion,—appeals deeply to the emotions of the reader; he is carried away by the flood of inspiration which swayed the great poet; with a feeling of hearty sympathy he enters into the spirit of the author, and for the time loses his identity and becomes a part of the scene itself. But this is impossible in Pope's poems where rigid law and order dominate. The superiority of reason over fancy was one of his hobbies. And therefore symmetrical order and regularity characterize his style. There is never a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm and earnestness. It is impossible for him to picture a love scene effectively because such scenes cannot be drawn according to rule.

In "Eloisa to Abelard," which is probably his best effort in producing a sentimental poem, Pope reached the highest degree of technical perfection. It is impressive and bears the mark of a master hand. It shows infinite skill and peculiar force in dealing with such a subject. It possesses throughout a careful finish and uniform polish that is unexcelled. Here certainly, if at any time, he exhibits genuine passion, but even here he does not touch a very deep note of emotion. He always seems to be held down within the narrow bounds of rhetoric. He never really attains true melody.

At best, Pope's poems are monotonous. With possibly one or two exceptions, all are written in the same metre,—the heroic couplet. The end-stopped lines and the rigid rules which he adopt-

ed tend to destroy the unity of his poems. They seem to be a series of couplets, each one complete in itself, mechanically fastened together. They are more like an aggregation than an organic whole. This perhaps is but natural, since his mind was incapable of sustained thought. In following out an intricate line of argument, he generally became confused and lost his grasp of the subject. His longest and best poems appear like a series of brilliant couplets loosely held together by a great amount of uninteresting material. But he did have a remarkable genius in condensing general thoughts into beautiful and pointed phrases, and in respect to familiar household epigrams he has left to the world a legacy second only to Shakespeare's.

Many of his best passages contain a wealth of hidden meaning. To be understood his poems should be studied in parts, not read with a view to gaining a general impression of the whole. Often passages which are passed over carelessly at first reading, when studied in connection with the events of Pope's life, reveal hidden depths of feeling or powerful thrusts of satire. His accuracy and delicacy of touch enable him to compress a whole poem into a narrow compass. When at his best he employs no useless expressions; he makes every word count.

But Pope probably reaches his greatest power in his satires and epistles. Here he seems to forget his stilted preaching style; he forgets himself entirely and attacks his personal enemies with keen and biting sarcasm, or flatters his friends with delicately turned compliments. These passages are probably the most natural and the most spontaneous of all his writings, and they exhibit Pope in his most powerful aspect. They show us the real character of the man. Despite his seeming coldness and formality of diction, he was a man of deep feelings

and almost uncontrollable passion. And when he forgets himself and wields his favorite style with a consummate skill and dramatic power that are seldom

equaled, we lose sight of the monotonous metre and are conscious, if not of poetical charm, of a clever wit and forceful satire. H. M. H., '03.

Quatrains.

I.

The joy of life is gone, and in its stead
Has left cold ashes, and a heart as dead
As ashes, tho' I know not why my soul
Should feed on husks instead of living bread.

II.

I asked this question of my soul one day—
What was the burden that upon it lay.
My soul made answer, "I am in despair,
From paths of peace my feet have gone astray."

III.

O pity! that such sorrows should be rife
To ruin all the loveliness of life!
Why should the beauty of the world be dimmed
By anguish and the bitterness of strife?

IV.

"Fear not, my soul, the time shall surely be
When thou from all thy sadness wilt be free,
When once again great floods of joy will come
Like billows rolling in the mighty sea."

W. P. B., '04.

A VOLUNTEER FIREMAN.

"WELL, if you insist that I tell you the story of a fire, I suppose I shall have to give in."

The old man was seated in his arm-chair after dinner, surrounded by his three sons, all clamoring for a story of the days when he was a fireman. After lighting his cigar he commenced:

"When I was a fireman we didn't have chemical engines, or even the steam engines so common to-day. There was no paid fire department with electric alarms and drilled horses. The city was divided into districts, and if a fire occurred in any district, the bell in the engine house was rung and every man who heard it dropped his work and ran for the engine.

"In those days it was a race to get to the fire plugs first and the bitterest rivalry existed between members of dif-

ferent companies. I belonged to the United States Engine Company, and our great rivals were the 'Young Americas,' who had their house in the next square to ours. Naturally, when there was a fire, we would both try to reach the nearest plug first, in order to have the honor of throwing the first stream. The company who got coupled first had the right of way, and their captain was head captain. Many a time was the race so close that we would come around opposite corners at the same time, and start fighting for the plug, while the house continued to burn.

"But there was one fire in which we worked together, and that was the time of the race riots between the negroes and the Irish, and it was at that time that I came nearest losing my life.

"During the first few years just fol-

lowing the Civil War, feeling between the Irish and the negroes had grown very bitter, until at last rioting broke out, and the Irish set fire to a negro hospital. A general alarm was sent in that day and the 'Young Americas' and our company joined forces and went down to the fire together. Jack Benson was captain of our company, while Jim Lawson led the 'Young Americas.' Jack was about five feet eight inches tall, strong as an ox and absolutely fearless. An Irishman and a Catholic were the worst things Jack knew of on this earth.

"When we got in sight of the fire, we found a mob of Irish trying to hinder the firemen by cutting the hose. Jack gave one yell, and with Jim Lawson close behind him, led us straight for the mob. In a minute we were in the midst of them, and Jack was striking out with his left fist and hammering every Irishman he could get near with his trumpet. Every time he hit a man he simply dropped like a log. 'My God! Jack; you're killing them!' Jim shouted. 'I don't care; I hope I am,' Jack answered; and on he went until he had cleared out the mob.

"Then we turned our attention to the fire, which by this time had gained considerable headway. Fortunately there were not many inmates in the hospital at the time, and they had all gotten out at

the first alarm. The hospital was eight stories high and there was a four story building next to it. Harry Jackson and myself were ordered to take a hose onto the roof of this building and keep it playing on the south wall of the burning hospital. We soon reached the roof by the ladder and had a good stream playing on the wall. Fortunately the wind was blowing from the south, and so we escaped most of the smoke, though now and then it would completely envelop us. It was after one of these periods that we noticed, to our dismay, that the south wall was cracking and starting to bend toward us. We rushed to the edge of the roof, only to find that the ladder was gone. It seemed as if we had only a few minutes to live, for it was certain death to jump. Once more we looked at the wall. Slowly but surely it was bending from the terrible heat behind it.

"We shook hands with each other and said good-bye. There was a pause, and then a tremendous crash as the wall fell. But just as it fell, the other half bucked and fell inward, while the lower half fell just short of where we were standing. The next moment a ladder appeared over the edge of the roof and we were saved. And that," concluded the old man, "was my closest meeting with death."

J. M. S., JR., '04.

My Lady of the Fire.

Alone by my hearth in the twilight's gloom
I dream to heart's desire,
Till a spirit comes to the dim old room,
My Lady of the Fire.

Her hair floats back where the shadows dance,
Her cheeks glow ruddy bright,
And her eyes flame wildly as they glance
With an eager, ardent light.

Her love is fierce, her hate is mad,
And she loves and hates by turns.
But at last her sullen eyes grow sad,
For my fire in its embers burns.

C. W. S., '02.

DOOM CHASM.

THERE is a strange place I know of, in the world. All around, on the horizon, are low ranges of blue mountains, very far away. Through the middle of the plain which these mountains bound runs a deep cleft in the earth, eight feet wide. For about fifty feet, along both sides of the cleft, with their backs toward each other, are houses built. They are not separate houses, but regular rows, with perhaps eight on each side. You see they are rather small, two-story buildings in fact, with the second floor much shorter than the first. A curious thing about them is that they haven't any front part. I don't mean that the front is open. I mean that there isn't any front. Now their back parts come clear down to the ravine. Then across the ravine, extending from the back of one house to the back of the house just opposite, resting, indeed, on the kitchen steps; is stretched a thick, rough, heavy board. The board is about nine feet long, about a foot wide, about two inches thick. It dips a good deal in the middle, stout as it is. These boards are used as bridges for crossing from one house to another over the way. Rather insecure, you think? Yes, for they are not fastened at the ends, and when a great wind sweeps thro' the gorge how they sway! But why don't the people make the bridges stronger and more secure? I don't know. I'm just telling you what I saw in that strange place. I know no reasons. But two more points. There are perhaps five of these planks across, between the houses, and—the ravine hasn't any bottom. At least, that is what They said. I didn't see how that could be. They offered to prove it by dropping me down. They said that in that case I would be

convinced. "Never mind," I replied. So we let the matter rest. But, as I said, the ravine has no bottom. And all around, those far-off mountains. And overhead, the sky.

Now, strange as is the place, the people are stranger still. They are very neighborly, (this is not wherein their strangeness lies), and keep running back and forth across the bridges, those swaying, bending bridges, to call on each other. Even the little children toddle across and back. Sometimes one falls off and disappears. But the people don't care. They have plenty more. Sometimes, a little while after the child has fallen you hear a shriek. That is awful. I nearly go mad. But the people don't care. They *never* care. Nothing that happens to anyone else worries them. And then the children who don't fall off, they get so they can walk across with their eyes shut—almost. I've heard them dare each other to do it. But even the most foolhardy of them won't take that risk. They don't want to fall down there. You wouldn't either, if you heard the way the people shriek when they do fall. I heard one once. It was a man about fifty. He was walking over very carelessly. All at once the plank broke in the middle. Down went the man. I think I shall never forget the horrible cry he gave. Not the instant he fell, but after he had fallen a little way. It's curious. People are afraid to fall, because they have seen others fall, and heard them scream. But when they fall themselves it's not all at once that they are frightened. Not till they fall some little distance down. Why? I don't know. There is a man that does know, but I'm afraid of him and I keep away. But he knows, and he's the only one who does. But every soul

in this dreadful place knows that some day, sooner or later, he has to fall down into the chasm. And they can't see very far down it. And they don't know what is

there. And they walk very boldly and carelessly over the swaying planks. But they're afraid. Oh! how afraid they are!

W. P. B., '04.

SKETCHES.

En Passant.

That morning we had crossed a high ridge and had come down the other side into a region pungent with spruce trees and intersected by small streams. Here we encountered our tramp. He wore two hats, one of felt and one of straw, his trousers were tucked inside his socks, and he carried a basket on his arm. His voice, when he directed us, was full of cheerfulness and had an almost paternal solicitude. The words seemed a greeting from a very ancient brotherhood and conferred upon us the freedom of the road. He was none of your railway tramps who fear to trust themselves out of hearing of a locomotive whistle. He was a harmless wanderer going about the country carrying gossip and doing bits of work in exchange for bed and board. He is probably the last of his race and with his passing the order will become extinct.

R. P. L., '04.

"The Dark Power of the Gods of Sorrow."

AS I was reading an old book in a dim corner of the library, I ran across this phrase. It appealed with strange force to some obscure corner of my brain. "Dark power" . . . "Gods of Sorrow." "The very words are like a knell." And what power these gods do have, when deep despair possesses us, and all the world seems wrapped in clouds and darkness. We sit us down in silence to think on images of woe. Bloody battles, secret murders, shipwrecks on the wild and desolate seas, slavery of souls in the gloomy caverns of the earth, broken vows and false friendship, the pangs

of unrequited love—all these are sent to weary mortals by those "Gods of Sorrow." They sit in that dread cave of theirs, silent, long-forgotten, yet full of deadly and malignant power. A death-like stillness fills the place of their abode. Noisome vapors rise from the damp and mould-encrusted earth, forming strange figures, like to the spirits of men long dead and buried. And there those awful forms remain, with the bale-fire in their eyes, working woe for all our wretched race. Dark indeed is their power!

W. P. B., '04.

Our Modern Travelling Conveniences.

The scene is laid in a trolley car on one of our large thoroughfares. Enter a buxom matron, almost hidden by a large and varied assortment of dingy-looking bundles, which adhere to her person by some unseen attraction. Following in her wake and clinging tenaciously to her plaid shawl, are a couple of grimy urchins, each armed with a stick of candy. With a total disregard for her own comfort, she shoves the urchins into the only vacant seat, and then, as the car starts with a sudden jolt, she finds an unexpected seat for herself in the lap of the nearest gentleman. In the confusion, one of the bundles, evidently losing its adhesive properties, falls to the floor with a loud crash. A wide-spreading streak of yellow fluid, mingled with broken particles of egg shells, quickly reveals the nature of the contents of the bag. The matron views the mishap with perfect complacency, and kneeling down in perilous proximity to the mess, she laboriously selects two

or three unbroken eggs, and, having carefully wiped them clean on her long-suffering shawl, she consigns them to the pocket of one of the children. The urchin, having managed to smear candy all over the seat, for the benefit of the next passenger, now finds a new field for operations. He immediately begins to knock the eggs in his pocket against each other, and soon a sharp crack warns us that a new catastrophe has occurred. The mother loses her temper for the first time and, with a sudden movement, jerks the urchin's guilty hand from his pocket, thereby sprinkling the nearest passengers with a yellow polka-dot decoration. Amid the strenuous roaring of the transgressor and the sympathetic whimperings of his companion, the family hurriedly leave the car, and peace reigns once more.

S. G. S. '05.

Why?

Why are people forever puffing and grunting, praising and cursing? Why need a woman sputter when I step on her toes? or a portly archbishop foam at the mouth if I gently pluck his beard? Such startling results come from very simple arrangements of portions of matter. For instance: At church a fat, bald head and a feathered hat are directly in front of me. I persuasively pull a feather from the head-dress and unostentatiously tickle the bright, round, shining bit of skin. Immediately his fatness claps his hand to his offended pate, while the owner of the feather calls an usher to put me out! Again, I go to a concert where an imposing French pianist, with a dazzling white front steps out on the stage, and before performing makes three impressive bows. The audience claps, stamps, nay, shrieks with—with what? It must be delight. I cannot understand the thing, so, by way of

experiment, heave a bottle of mucilage so accurately that it strikes the spotless front of the French wonder. Why should the excited mob turn on me with fury, yell with horror, hurl vile epithets at me? Why should this modest act cause them to put me within four bare walls with a spittoon, a three-legged stool, and a Bible for company? I cannot understand people. Their mass-meetings and conventions, their plots, intrigues, wire-pullings, their campaigns, coronations and massacres, to me are most unaccountable, incomprehensible, inexplicable.

D. L. B., '04.

An Appreciation.

"How charming is my German Dictionary!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

Thus writes one of the world's great poets. In some editions an alternative reading is adopted, but I am convinced that this is the true one. For it takes a powerful mind fully to appreciate the work in question, and it is little wonder that narrow-minded editors should fail to grasp the intent of this passage. And what treasures we find in the German Dictionary, when once the scales have fallen from our eyes! What a mine of wealth for the diligent inquirer! What a monument of learning and research! And what lessons in style it teaches us! We open at random and read—"Offenbarung, f., disclosing, revelation." How true this is! And how admirably expressed! No circumlocution, no wild euphuism, no straining after stylistic ornament of any sort; just a plain, straight-from-the-shoulder statement of fact, in terse, almost epigrammatic language. So it is in many other cases we could cite. And then we find, richly scattered thro' these immortal pages, deep wells of pathos, expressions of the

eternal sorrow of the Zeit-Geist, from which bubble the clear waters of consolation for many a troubled soul.

W. P. B., '04.

Behind the Scenes.

She was rather pretty, and although thin and emaciated from the effects of a hard struggle for existence, her eyes had lost none of their old brilliancy, and her step was as light as that of a young girl. She had nothing left now except her voice. Ah! her voice! How many times had it saved her from starvation; but she had never been in such utter poverty as this. Formerly she had used her talents only in private concerts, but now she was to sing before a ruthless stage-manager, to whom, alas, this was but a daily routine. She had

heard many reports concerning him; how he raved and stamped about, when he was displeased, and sometimes even hurled the nearest objects at the victims of his wrath. It was with inward fear and trembling that she took her position. She had never "trod the boards" before. He did not even deign to notice her, but sat with his back turned toward her, apparently engrossed in a newspaper. With an effort she regained her composure and began to sing. The first note was a long drawn wail that would have melted a heart of stone. With a muttered oath the man turned in his chair and hurled a bootjack at the unfortunate singer. There was a dull, sickening thud, and the poor old gutter-cat dropped from the fence and limped sadly away.

S.-G. S., '05.

VERSE.

Oh, my Latin book is like a cart
Which needs a little pony,—
Because it is so slow to start
With a horse too old and bony.

When my cart is loaded heaping full
And the road is steep and stony,—
I am too weak alone to pull,—
I need a little pony.

But when I'm started down a slant
With my harness strapped together,
'Tis then I make the ponies pant,
And sweat—in winter weather!

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

A FINE photograph of Isaac Collins has been donated to the College by his son, Stephen G. Collins, and is now hanging in the library. Isaac Collins was one of the original Board of Managers of Haverford School, and continued in that position until 1842. It was largely through his intelligent exertions that our lawn was laid out in its present form.

Two other gifts of importance have probably not been mentioned in these columns. The first is an offer of the class of 1900 to contribute books on standard English Fiction to the Library.

They have raised about \$800 to begin the furnishing of an alcove which is to be named for the Class. All books are to be submitted for approval to the Governing Committee of the Library, consisting of Managers and Faculty. Additions will be made from year to year to this fund as the needs of the Library seem to demand. It is an excellent idea, and might be copied by other classes in other subjects. A member of another class suggested not long ago that it would not do to copy an example of this kind, that each class must have its original idea. It is not likely, however,

that this rather narrow conception will find foothold with Haverford Alumni. A constant effort is made at Harvard to find new places for the favorite donation there,—a gate for entrance to the grounds or to the Athletic Field.

The other donation is from the Beta Rho Sigma Society. They will place in the East Room of the basement of the Gymnasium a double bowling alley of the most approved construction. They have announced their readiness to proceed with the work as soon as the room is ready to receive it. It will be remembered that in the interests of economy this room was not finished with the rest of the Gymnasium. It will, therefore, have to be plastered and ceiled and the necessary framing for the doors and windows added. When this is done the Gymnasium will be practically completed, with the exception of certain elec-

trical fixtures which, though much needed, have not yet been added.

We are to have a new iron bridge across the old railroad cutting on the way to the Meeting House. The iron trusses are the gift of A. F. Huston, of Coatesville, of the Class of 1872, who is also a member of the Board of Managers of the College. The old foot-bridge has been there for about twenty years and is pretty well decayed.

The Library has received through H. S. Drinker a valuable donation of books, the Third and Fourth Series of Pennsylvania Archives, published by the State, and embracing about forty volumes. It is also the frequent recipient of a large number of National Government publications, for which we are indebted to our efficient Congressman, Thomas S. Butler.

The Crows.

In the Northland of ice and of snows
There wandered two petulant crows,
 They had had not a bite
 Thro' the long Arctic night
And had well-nigh succumbed to their woes.

Quoth one of these fatuous crows,
As an icicle fell from his nose :
 "A fricasseed kite
 Would be just out of sight,
And would warm us clear down to our toes."

The other one dreamily rose
And replied with profound equipose :
 "Orange water ice might——"
 His companion turned white,
And they both of them instantly froze.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

The Alumni Dinner.

THE sixteenth annual dinner of the Alumni Association was held on February 13th, in the rooms of the University Club, Philadelphia. Over one hundred and fifty were present, arranged by order of classes along the great tables that quite filled the large hall. Presi-

dent William M. Coates, '63, who acted as toast-master, and the older alumni were gathered at one end of the room, while the more boisterous members of the later classes were at the other. The menu was very extensive, and well chosen and served. The arrangements had all been thoroughly attended to by

the committee, consisting of Edward T. Comfort, '78, Nathaniel B. Crenshaw, '67, Henry Cope, '69, Jonathan M. Steere, '90, and Alexander C. Wood, Jr., '02.

It was announced that President Schurman, of Cornell, who had been invited as speaker of the evening, was prevented from being present. President Sharpless was first called upon to speak. His subject was naturally "Haverford." In the course of his remarks he announced that the Class of 1900 had raised \$800 for supplying an alcove in the Library with books of fiction, and that the Beta Rho Sigma Society had raised a like amount for furnishing bowling alleys in the basement of the gymnasium. The following toasts were responded to:—"The College Man in Public Life," by Hon. Dimmer Beeber; "The Opportunity for the College Man in our New Possessions," by Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh; and "Philadelphia's Need,—Haverford's Opportunity," by Francis R. Cope, Jr., 1900. Dr. Francis B. Gummere, '72, of Haverford, and A. Marshall Elliott, '66, of Johns Hopkins, also spoke impromptu. Elliot Field, '97, Chairman of the Committee on the "Haverford Song Book," spoke about the purposes, contents and claims of the book, and stated that it would appear during the month of May of this year.

During the evening some Haverford songs were rendered by members of the college Glee Club, and two solos by D. B. Miller, '03, were much appreciated. About 11.15, after joining in singing "Auld Lang Syne," the company separated. The dinner was declared the largest and most successful ever held.

Those present were.—

Guests—President Isaac Sharpless, Hon. Dimmer Beeber, Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh, Dr. R. Myron Strong and Jonathan Evans.

'48—E. P. Morris.

'50—C. L. Nicholson.

'51—P. C. Garrett.

'54—J. W. Cadbury.

'56—Joel Cadbury, J. B. Mellor, William Mellor, E. R. Wood.

'58—W. G. Tyler.

'59—W. G. Hopkins.

'60—T. H. Morris, James Tyson.

'61—Edward Bettie, W. B. Broomall.

'62—G. B. Mellor.

'63—W. M. Coates, W. H. Morris.

'64—Albin Garrett, J. P. Thomas, J. M. Zook.

'66—A. M. Elliott.

'67—J. T. Morris, B. A. Tomlinson, Walter Wood.

'69—Henry Cope, B. T. Longstreth.

'70—Howard Comfort.

'71—W. H. Haines.

'72—R. T. Cadbury, F. B. Gummere.

'73—J. C. Comfort, T. P. Cope.

'74—James Emlen, J. B. Thompson.

'76—S. K. Gifford, F. H. Taylor, H. G. Taylor.

'78—E. T. Comfort, Jonathan Eldridge.

'79—J. B. Newkirk.

'80—A. P. Corbit.

'81—W. H. Collins, L. T. Edwards, I. T. Johnson, A. L. Smith, J. C. Winston.

'85—R. M. Jones, M. C. Morris, E. H. White.

'86—W. P. Morris, H. E. Smith.

'87—A. B. Clement, W. H. Futrell, A. C. Garrett, Hugh Lesley.

'88—J. C. Corbit, Jr., H. S. England, M. E. Leeds, W. D. Lewis, J. W. Sharp, Jr.

'89—T. F. Branson, F. B. Kirkbride, A. N. Leeds, Herbert Morris, L. J. Morris, J. S. Stokes.

'90—D. P. Hibberd, J. F. T. Lewis, J. M. Steere.

'91—H. A. Todd.

'92—Benjamin Cadbury, W. H. Detwiler, J. W. Muir, W. N. L. West, S. R. Yarnall.

'93—J. P. Houghton, C. G. Hoag, J. M. Okie, C. J. Rhoads, Edward Rhoads, Edward Woolman.

'94—W. W. Comfort, S. W. Morris, L. J. Palmer, F. P. Ristine, J. T. Rorer, Jr., H. W. Scarborough, F. J. Stokes, P. S. Williams.

'95—F. H. Conklin, E. B. Hay.

'96—D. H. Adams, G. H. Deuell, P. D. I. Maier, J. H. Scattergood, L. H. Wood.

'97—Elliot Field, B. R. Hoffman, J. E. Hume, F. W. Thacher.

'98—W. W. Cadbury, J. H. Haines, Samuel Rhoads, A. G. Scattergood, Thomas Wistar, R. D. Wood.

'99—F. A. Evans, H. H. Lowry, A. C. Maule, Ralph Mellor, J. P. Morris, E. R. Richie, F. K. Walter.

'00—J. P. Carter, F. R. Cope, Jr., J. T. Emlen, F. M. Eshleman, Christian Febiger, H. H. Jenks, W. W. Justice, J. E. Lloyd, F. C. Sharpless, A. G. Tatnall.

'01—J. W. Cadbury, Jr., W. E. Cadbury, J. K. DeArmond, W. H. Wood.

'02—E. H. Boles, W. V. Dennis, Charles Evans, S. P. Jones, W. W. Pusey, 2nd., Caspar Wistar, A. C. Wood, Jr.

'03—H. J. Cadbury, C. W. Davis, O. E. Duerr, D. B. Miller, George Peirce, A. J. Phillips, R. L. Simkin, S. N. Wilson.

—H. J. C., '03.

Notes.

'67. B. F. Eshleman of Lancaster has been appointed by Governor Pennypacker, Judge Advocate General of the Pennsylvania National Guard.

'84. George Vaux, Jr., gave an illustrated lecture on the Canadian Rocky mountains at the annual smoker of the Association of the Medical Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania, held at the Philadelphia Bourse on February 21st.

'87. P. Hollingsworth Morris has removed to his new residence at Villa Nova.

'89. J. S. Stokes has been reelected president of the Moorestown Field Club.

'92. S. R. Yarnall addressed a meeting of the Friends' Lyceum, Philadelphia, on February 14th. His subject was the English Lakes.

'96. Geo. H. Deuell has been spending several weeks in Philadelphia and its vicinity.

'97. Edward Thomas has been given a responsible position in the wholesale drug business of Jerome Marble & Company, Worcester, Mass.

'98. Dr. William W. Cadbury has recently been appointed resident physician at the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia.

'01. W. E. Cadbury visited college on Washington's Birthday.

'02. J. E. Brown is studying this winter at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa.

'02. S. Brown has returned from Canada, and is in the employ of the Downingtown Manufacturing Company at Downingtown, Pa.

'02. E. W. Evans has just recovered from an attack of typhoid fever and has returned to Harvard.

'02. C. L. Seiler is working with Stokes & Smith, Machinists, Philadelphia.

'02. W. C. Longstreth after having undergone a painful operation was seized with an attack of mumps.

'02. R. M. Gummere spent a week at Atlantic City in order to recuperate from the mumps.

'02. A. S. Cookman visited college on Washington's Birthday.

'02. "The Class of 1902, Haverford" is the name of a printed class journal that has recently come to hand. It contains interesting class gossip, memories and news. W. W. Pusey, 2d, is Editor and Compiler.

'02. W. W. Chambers was elected President of his Class at the U. of Pa. Law School.

'02. A. G. H. Spiers expects to be at Harvard next year. He is at present at Dijon, France, where he will probably remain until late in the coming Summer.

Ex-'02. Carl Johnson is in the Oskaloosa Collection Agency, as Manager, in Oskaloosa, Iowa.

The representatives of Haverford at Harvard report that they passed their mid-year examinations with credit. C. R. Cary, at "Boston Tech.," also passed his examinations successfully.

DEBATING.

THE inter-class debates have been held in the gymnasium this winter, Roberts Hall and Alumni Hall being unavailable. On both occasions considerable interest was shown. In the close contest between the two lower classes, there was keen rivalry, not only between the teams, but also between their supporters.

The judges were nearly the same for both debates,—Prof. Hancock, Prof. Reid, Dr. Strong and Mr. Carter. They selected the following team to represent the Loganian Society, of Haverford, against the Philomathean Society, of the University of Pennsylvania: H. A. Dominovich, '03; G. K. Helbert, '04; W. Carson, '06, and B. Lester, '04, alternate.

Seniors vs. Juniors, February 18th.

The question under consideration was: "Resolved, That the Government of the United States is superior in form and operation to that of England." The Juniors upheld the affirmative and the Seniors the negative.

W. M. Wills, '04, opened the argument for the affirmative. He likened the Government of the United States to the beam of a steamboat, with the executive department at one end, the legislative department at the other, and the Judiciary in the centre as a balance. He showed that in the United States, representatives are elected from their own districts, but in England a member does not necessarily represent his constituents.

H. A. Dominovich, '03, opened the debate on the negative side. He argued that the fixed Constitution, as we have it, is inferior to evolving fundamental law, in that it is less adaptable to social changes, and allows no prompt action in crises. In comparison, the English sys-

tem admits of easy change.

B. Lester, '04, maintained that there is a check on the executive power in America, while in England there is no power over the king and ministry. Again, in England the judges and justices bend before the will of the king, while in America the Senate must approve judges, and a life appointment makes them more stable.

G. Peirce, '03, followed for the negative. He said in England all branches of government co-operate. The Commons are supreme, unless the Cabinet feels that they do not represent the people, when a new election is held. The Lords are powerful over the Constitution. In America, the branches of the government have separate powers and often act as an unwarranted check on one another.

G. K. Helbert, '04, closed for the affirmative. He pointed out the evils of hereditary power in the case of the king and the House of Lords. The king can disband the army, and sell the navy. In the passing of bills, the English system is also inferior to the American system. In England, a bill is read before the Commons three times and hacked till it is no longer recognizable; while in America, a bill is referred to a competent committee and the committee reports what ought to be.

C. W. Davis, '03, closed the argument for the negative. He declared the House of Representatives in the United States is not in practice as it is in theory. In comparison the Speaker of the American House of Representatives holds much more power than does the Speaker of the English House of Commons.

After each debater had made a short speech in rebuttal, the judges went into consultation. They gave their decision in favor of the negative.

Sophomores vs. Freshmen, Feb. 25th.

The question read: "Resolved, That the labor union is harmful to our public good." The Sophomores had chosen the affirmative, and opened the debate.

S. G. Spaeth, '05, explained that the question referred to present time and the United States only. He gave an extended survey of the ground to be covered, showing the evils of the boycott and the tendency toward the minimum of work.

J. D. Philips, '06, opened for the Freshmen by showing that unions promote self-improvement and mutual aid.

C. S. Bushnell, '05, argued that unions fix a maximum and uniform wage, thus preventing a good workman from a chance in proportion to that of a poor

one. This also limits the output, and lengthens the contract time necessary for the employer, and increases the individual labor of the employees.

T. K. Brown, Jr., '06, contended that unions promote education, secure legislation in regard to child labor, and make better feeling between the white man and negro.

H. W. Jones, '05, gave statistics and cited instances to prove the evils of the union.

W. Carson, '06, then closed the argument for the negative in a very eloquent manner, making several points himself, and summing up those of his colleagues.

After a round of rebuttals, the judges retired, and on returning reported a decision in favor of the affirmative.

INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET.

The second annual Interscholastic Indoor Athletic and Gymnastic Meet was held in the Haverford College Gymnasium on the evening of February 27th. It is to be hoped, and it seems probable, that this meet will now be a permanent fixture. There were altogether one hundred and thirty-nine entries, representing fourteen schools in Philadelphia and its vicinity.

In spite of the pouring rain a large crowd assembled in the Gymnasium and the winners of each event were loudly cheered by the representatives and friends of their respective schools. Lawrenceville succeeded in gaining the honors by taking five first and two second places.

The results were as follows:

Shot put—Won by Piersoll, Penn Charter; second, Roberts, Germantown; third, Folwell, Haverford.

Flying rings—Won by Dempster, Episcopal; second, Binns, Episcopal; third, tie between

Doddridge and Rice, Cheltenham.

Horizontal bar—Won by Butler, Trinity; second, Baker, Episcopal; third, More, Lawrenceville.

220 yards dash—Won by Swan, Lawrenceville; second, Prescott, St. Luke's.

Running high jump—Won by Moorshead, Penn Charter; second, tie between Cathrall, Haverford, and Smith, DeLancey.

High kick—Won by Roberts, Germantown; second, Huff, Blight, third, Tibbott, Germantown.

Parallel bars—Won by Akahoshi, Lawrenceville; second, Butler, Trinity; third, Neill, Lawrenceville.

Tumbling—Won by Butler, Trinity; second, Neill, Lawrenceville; third, Lakenan, Trinity.

Horse—First, Freeman, Lawrenceville; second, Shoemaker; third, Law.

Fence vault—First, Atlee, Lawrenceville; second, Durant, St. Luke's; third, Bonsack.

Twenty yard dash—First, Lee, Episcopal; second, Swan, Lawrenceville.

Club Swinging—First, Sayre, Lawrenceville; second—Bradford, Episcopal; third, Pearsall, Yeates.

COLLEGE NOTES.

A College meeting on the evening of February 20th was addressed by Elliot Field, '97, and C. L. Seiler, '02, on the subject of the new College Song Book. This book is now in preparation, and deserves the hearty support and co-operation of the students.

On the same evening there was a meeting of the Track Department of the Athletic Association. It was decided to send J. K. Worthington, '03, and H. N. Thorn, '04, to the annual meeting of the I. C. A. A. A. A., held in New York.

Dr. Bolles addressed the Scientific Society on the evening of February 10th on the subject of Science in the Middle Ages.

The skating pond has been closed for the season.

The Class of 1906 elected as officers for the ensuing half year: J. M. S. Ewing, Pres.; R. J. Shortlidge, Vice Pres.; R. L. Cary, Sec.; J. A. Stratton, Treas.

Professor Thomas gave two instructive talks in Monday morning collections, on the meaning of the mottoes on the walls of the old collection room.

A tea was given by the Faculty to the Junior Class on the afternoon of February 10th, in the Gymnasium.

On the 24th of last month, blanks were handed around to the members of all the classes, which when filled out would give information as to the opinion of each student in regard to cheating in examinations, and of his own experience in resisting or yielding to temptations to cheat. The object of these blanks was to secure statistics for educational pur-

poses, not to learn the secrets of the student.

On Friday, February 13th, a picture was taken of the Gymnasium squads.

Special preparation has been made by the Gymnasium team, under the direction of Dr. Babbitt, for the contest with New York University, in New York, March 5th. Unfortunate accidents will prevent J. R. Thomas, '04, A. T. Lowry, '06, and J. M. S. Ewing, '06, from entering the contest, so that our team will be weaker than it should have been.

After the Sophomore-Freshman Debate, on the evening of February 25th, the Freshmen entertained the College in the Gymnasium with the annual cake-walk.

Basket-ball has been played regularly twice a week in the Gymnasium. Practice for the Spring Sports has also begun.

On February 23rd, the Mandolin Club played at an entertainment given by the Girls' Friendly Society at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, 3rd and Reed Streets, Philadelphia.

Tuesday night, February 24th, six members of the Mandolin Club played at the Neighbors' Club, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Futrell, on College Lane.

The Logonian Society has selected the following question for debate: "Resolved, that the Army Canteen should be Restored." At the request of the Philomathean Society the date of the debate has been changed to March 27th, instead of April 3rd, as announced last month in this column.

The Friends at Haverford are planning some improvements to the meeting house.

EXCHANGES.

We notice that several of our exchanges feel inclined to give up all censure and fault-finding in their exchange columns and to confine themselves to reviewing the good points of their contemporaries. Prominent among them are the *Swarthmore Phoenix*, whose exchange editor has decided to be "a kind critic" for the remainder of the year, and the *Gettysburg Mercury*, whose editor holds the same view. We agree with them both, in part, and admit that an exchange editor who notices only the commendable things in student publications and in life may not be disappointed in his pursuit of happiness. Agreeing as we do with the Proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger," we cannot forget the truth of the Proverb which follows it: "The mouth of fools poureth out foolishness." A well meant criticism made with sane and constructive intent, directed against real and glaring faults, may in some cases be rewarded with thanks and improvement.

Laziness, of all faults, is most to be condemned in an exchange editor. We have certain proof that many ex-men keep a certain number of stereotyped comments on hand and simply change the names of the papers when necessary. More common and less reprehensible is the practice of excessive padding by means of clippings. This is carried on by nearly all the college papers in the country. One necessary precaution, however, must be taken by the extravagant clipper. If jokes *have* to be inserted, be sure that they are new, or at least the property of the present generation. How often do we have occasion to sympathize with some aged witticism which is compelled to gather up its feet again and wander sadly through the exchange columns of our college papers. An ex-

ample is the joke about the lover who tackled 'round the waist, which appears in the latest number of the *Rocky Mountain Collegian*. It is only one of several rather second-rate bits of humor in the above mentioned periodical. We are afraid that our remarks on laziness apply very aptly to its exchange department. Of the three issues which are before us, the first has for its exchange department four small clippings; the second has no exchange column at all; the third has nearly a page of clippings interspersed by three polite little comments of the stereotyped order. All men are prone to faults, even exchange editors,—and we do not wish to be too harsh. But we are sure that the exchange editor of the *Rocky Mountain Collegian* is quite capable of doing better in the future.

It is always a pleasure to turn to the *Georgetown College Journal*. The January number is an example of neatness, intelligent arrangement and literary merit. Two full page cuts add greatly to the artistic appearance of the paper. Short poems and prose articles are judiciously intermingled, and the various departments are treated in an interesting manner. The exchange editor as usual gives us a bright, comprehensive column, full of news and good advice.

The *Hamilton Literary Magazine* is one of the neatest periodicals which we receive. We would judge that in the January issue an unusual proportion of space,—eighteen pages—was given to the alumni. But its merits far outweigh its faults. The modest appearance of the cover gains for it dignity, while some of the short articles, especially the editorials, give to the reader a favorable impression of the character of the institution which this magazine represents.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXV, No. 2

APRIL, 1903

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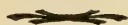
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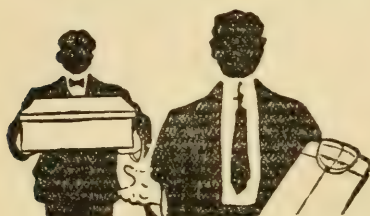
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXV.

HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1903.

No. 2.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interests of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

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ALL opportunities bring dangers in their train. One of the opportunities we have here is that of getting into a great many branches of college activity, apart from the regular work of the curriculum. This is a privilege much to be prized, for great good can come from taking hold of different interests and helping to make them succeed. Such work is interesting, and tends to broaden the character of the man who engages in it, and should by no means be neglected. But there is the very great danger that it will absorb all our energies. We come to think of lessons

as things to be done in odd corners of time when there is no mandolin practice, or no gymnasium work, or no preliminary training to be attended to. We leave the preparation of a lesson until the last half hour before class, and then if there is not time to get over it, we cut.

This is not by any means the proper attitude. We should devote the best parts of our time, and the freshness of our attention to our regular routine of study.

Dull and wearisome though it may seem at times, it is nevertheless capable of working us more benefit, if faithfully performed, than will any amount of outside work. It is primarily for the purpose of fulfilling the requirements of the curriculum that we come to college. Let us therefore put this first.

Then also we should not do our studying in a merely mechanical way. There is little profit merely in doing just enough work to get us the mark we are after, and no more. There can be no approach to true scholarship without interest in the subject, and love of it for its own sake. Therefore it is important always to do more work than is absolutely required; it is important to consult other authorities than those used in the classroom, to see the matter from many different sides, and there is a satisfaction following such a course of action which pays twice over for all the extra toil and time involved. Indeed, in "this present world" there is hardly any sweeter joy than that of work well done.

DIFFICULTIES have confronted the gymnasium team, all through the season, and when at last a measure of success has rewarded its efforts, con-

siderable praise is due it. At the start we could boast of but three men wearing emblems, from last year's squad of nine. And when several of our best fellows were disabled by injuries, the outlook seemed hopeless. We were severely defeated at New York, but by a team entirely out of our class. In the joint exhibition with Yale our work was creditable, while persistent effort at last brought a victory over Lehigh.

Our performance in the Inter-Collegiate Meet at New York resulted, if not in winning points, in giving the contestants the benefit of experience. The Inter-scholastic contest was again held under the auspices of Haverford.

The prospects for next year are not startling, but we have a good many men who, while they have not won points as yet, are improving rapidly, and, no doubt will make up the body of a more successful team in 1904.

WHEN the Spring holidays have come and gone, and that time of all the year, the Cricket Season is well advanced, very often we gather in hall or on campus and sing the good old song:

"Oh I think you will all acknowledge
That cricket always will take the lead
Among the sports of our good old College,—
So here's a cheer for our cricket team, and may
it succeed."

Our cricket team has always been a success. Last year it won the inter-collegiate championship, while in previous years it has won, if not championships, at least commendation. But we forget that a team which partly supports itself and is not entirely maintained by the college, is in a lesser degree a team representative of the college. Should we consider that we are giving this game the proportion of support which it deserves, as the leading Haverford sport, when the players have not only to supply their own outfits, but even to pay their own

travelling expenses? A trip like the one made to Harvard every other year costs each fellow some twenty dollars, and he must put his hand deep into his pocket, or else be the object of a special collection taken up among our long-suffering alumni. Is it because we feel that the honor of being a cricketer is so great that he who wins a position on the first eleven should pay for his privilege?

In football the management is enabled to supply each player with his whole equipment, to pay his doctor bills, and to buy for him his ticket when he makes an incursion into the enemy's territory. To some degree this is true also of the scrub,—and rightly so. At the end of the football season, those who have done the best work are awarded sweaters; the same reward is given annually to a few cricketers, with the important exception that they pay for them themselves. Another point of contrast is the matter of attendance at the games, and the interest shown in their outcome. The fellows have hardly been expected to march out *en masse* every afternoon to the nets to encourage practice,—applaud every good stroke, cheer the captain, and yell for the coach; nevertheless, a little livelier interest might be taken by non-cricketers.

Probably we should call this state of affairs by a much milder name than outrageous. It may be true, inasmuch as cricket brings in no gate receipts, and contributes nothing to the general athletic fund, that it therefore deserves no larger proportion of consideration. In fact, we have heard of no clamour, strike, or mutiny among our cricket players,—and if they are perfectly satisfied, perhaps the HAVERFORDIAN should be likewise. At any rate, as long as we have a team willing to provide for itself, and able to defeat opponents, we shall be able to give it our heart, if not our hand.

ONE tendency here at Haverford, where things are made so easy for us, where every obstruction is so carefully removed from our path, is that of not taking life with sufficient seriousness. We let the golden days glide by, we "fleet the time carelessly," and heaven-sent opportunities are forever lost. Here and now there are chances of self-discipline which in no place and at no other time are at all attainable. We can gain, if we will, habits of thoroughness, of faithfulness, of indomitable energy and perseverance in our own private work; and in the support of college teams and institutions the habit of self-sacrifice, of sinking one's own individuality in the united effort for success.

TRACK work is now well under way, and present indications point to a fairly successful season. Several very good men of last year, either by graduation or withdrawal have left us, leaving a vacancy which can be filled only by most conscientious work. There is some promising material in the freshman class, which, together with last year's track men, may develop into a team able to win credit for itself and for the college. But no matter how good the material, no results can be attained without training. The regular spring training has begun, and must be carried out faithfully until the inter-class sports. After that,

the work of the team must go on in preparation for meeting some of our rival colleges. From beginning to end, the candidates should be careful in regard to eating and sleeping. Through these pleasant spring days when so many different interests claim our attention, the temptation will be strong to neglect proper training. But we must allow no deterioration to set in and prevent this season from recording more victories for Haverford.

QUITE enough has been said at one time or another in College Meetings about the abuse of the Bulletin Board. The privilege of putting up signs or notices where all the students will see them, is invaluable to us, and a thoughtless misuse of this privilege is detrimental to the common interest. But there are some abuses of the Bulletin Board which are far from being thoughtless; they show us that there are one or two individuals whose delight in personal venom takes precedence of their college spirit, so that they will take down or disfigure important signs concerning college teams or organizations, as well as post brilliant original lies and insults. We would suggest that such individuals would use means of venting their spite which would be less troublesome to the organizations which they annoy.

ETHEL NEWCOME.

LOVE is a queer problem, isn't it, world-wide, fascinating, eternal, bringing joy to the old and young alike, the tingling blush to the maiden's cheek and stern resolve to the young man as he steps into the eddying swirl of life.

"For indeed I know
Of no more subtle passion under Heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,—
Not only to keep down the base in man,

But to teach high thought and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

Love has in it the glory of high mountains, the sweet tenderness of violets in spring, the sweeping rush of swollen torrents and the infinite peace of a summer sunset. No tongue can tell its power to strengthen the weak and lift man from the worldly commonplace,

up, up towards God in the high Heavens. What sight on earth is there fairer than a beautifully pure woman; what influence stronger for God and the salvation of the world? I believe there never yet lived a man who was not at some time touched with this divine passion; if such a one has lived, his life must have been but half complete.

Long, long ago in a sunny high-walled garden in France, a young man and a young girl were walking slowly up and down over the soft green grass. He looked serious and determined, while she was evidently trying to see how far she could go without making him cry out. Every now and then she breaks into a low, musical laugh and looks shyly up at him out of the corners of her grey eyes. There is a proud grace in her tall body and she holds her head high and haughtily, but the mischievous twinkle of her great grey eyes tells us that she knows their power and intends to use them frequently. It is the old, old story of love, with Clive and Ethel Newcome as hero and heroine. Poor Ethel, she has tasted of the victories which the world can give, but has not yet found true happiness, and she cries out for it with all the longing of her high strung nature. In her conversations with Madame de Florac she has heard and partly believed in the hollow emptiness of these triumphs, but her wilful nature will not bend to advice until by cruel experience she learns that advice to be true. For her, one success has crowded on another until she finally has all London at her feet; and then Clive comes back and claims her love as his right. Can you blame her for the choice she made? On the one hand was her love for Clive,—and I believe she did love him with her whole heart from beginning to end; and on the other the alluring glitter of the best success the world could offer. I for one, cannot

persuade myself that the motive which led Ethel to accept Lord Farintosh was an ignoble one. Some people are made on a large scale and couldn't do a small thing if they wanted to,—and Ethel Newcome was one of them. She consented to marry Lord Farintosh, simply from a sense of duty to Lady Kew, and if in the background the gems of the world did glitter brightly they were not the leading motive for her choice.

But I like best to think of Ethel when the world turned against her and her family was disgraced. Then it was that the innate nobility of her character asserted itself and her spotless soul shone forth in all its magnificent womanhood. It seems to me that a woman is a much higher being than a man anyway. A man is absolutely incapable of falling to such depths or rising to such heights as a high-spirited woman. When God made the world he gave man more brawn and woman more soul, and it seems to me that the woman came out a good deal in the lead.

"Let no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's council; her winged spirit
Is feathered oftentimes with noble words
And, like her beauty, ravishing and pure;
The weaker body, still the stronger soul."

Ethel Newcome was above all things else "strong-souled." She was down on earth, but could see through the clouds into the clear blue sky. We admire Laura Pendennis because she stands for what is good, but Ethel's nobility has a sweeping magnetism in it which brings out the best that's in a man. Laura Pendennis' character lacks this magnetism simply because she is always good. If Ethel had not lost a little of our respect by yielding to Lady Kew in the question of her marriage, we could never have loved her so well in the end, when she sacrificed her all to do her duty by her brother's children. It is this quality of fellowship which gives a character charm, and Thackeray knew

it when he created Ethel Newcome. I have always been sorry that Clive married Rosey. Some how it does not seem to me to have been his bounden duty to his father, and he must have known only too well that she would be a drag on his whole career in life. And the pity of it all was that there was Ethel waiting for him in England with the glare of the world taken from before her eyes, and only too eager now for him to come and take her by the hand and lead her

on through life.

Truly the "Newcomes" is a tragedy of errors,—a tragedy of unfulfilled hope and life—failure. The end may be glossed over a little by the final reconciliation and marriage of Ethel and Clive, but as we close the book the chapel bell is still ringing the colonel's death knell, and the sad, pale face of Madame de Florac speaks eloquently to us of days that can never be.

J. B. D., '03.

To Keats.

O lover's poet, soul-enthraling Keats,
Singing Endymion's passion in the night
Softly as Dian sheds the mystic light
Which steeps thy ardent song; thou know'st
the sweets
Of joy, when Porphyro his mistress greets
At the hush'd hour of midnight. Thou
can'st write
Of Isabella's basil ever bright
With silent-welling tears, while sorrow eats
The maiden's faithful heart. Thou tellest, too,
Of young Leander's death, Narcissus' fate
And many another amorous legend more.
But deeper, stronger, sadder and more true
Than all, is thine own love disconsolate,
O tender heart, dash'd on a cruel shore!
C. W. S. '02.

THE HOUSE IN THE WILDERNESS.

I.

In Which I Meet the Master.

IT was in May at the height of the trout-fishing season that I met the master of the House in the Wilderness. I was sedulously whipping the waters of the Loyalsock, when looking up the creek, I spied a man in knickerbockers similarly engaged. I could see the glint of his fly in the sunlight and the widening ripples that told of its course across the stream. After a time, he worked his way down to within a few rods of where I stood.

"Have you taken anything?" he inquired, as he finished a cast and came toward me.

"If a man take nothing," I began with a half recalled quotation from gentle old Izaak Walton, "he had yet the pleasure of being in the open, and as night draws on he falls heir to a keen appetite."

"Three beauties!" exclaimed the Master rapturously, as I opened my creel.

"And you?" I asked.

His basket contained half-a-dozen trout—the largest a good pound in weight. "The advantage of knowing the ground," he explained consolingly.

"But I have caught all I can use," the Master continued, "and if you are satisfied with your luck, what do you

say to a quiet pipe on the rock yonder? I see you are of the brotherhood."

I reeled in my line, leaned my rod against a sapling, and seated myself by his side. My companion was a middle aged man of sturdy build and grey eyes, with a healthy glow about his face that spoke eloquently of days out-of-doors.

"Have you been around long?" he questioned as he filled his pipe.

"Just got here this morning," I replied, "I have not been in this country for years, in fact since I was a boy. It's fine to be back again. To fish and listen to this stream. What is it that Stevenson says in *Prince Otto*? 'There is no music like the music of a little river. . . it quiets a man down like saying his prayers.'"

"Why that is worthy of Hazlitt at his best. Stevenson you said. I must look him up. I did not know any modern could write like that. I suppose you, too, sir, are a time-server—a disciple of this strenuous age."

"I shall have to confess a weakness that way."

"Most unfortunate! most unfortunate I am sure! and you look like a man of sense. This age, sir, is a delusion and a snare. It lacks repose. A man cannot know true quietness of spirit. After all, the eighteenth century—but I beg your pardon. Here I have gone and insulted you; and ridden my hobby-horse rough shod over you, as Sterne might have said."

"Not at all, I assure you," I answered, fast in the belief that I had found a man well worth knowing, and willing to put up with anything, provided only he revealed himself.

The sun had left the narrow valley of the Loyalsock and the mist was already rising from the pools, when the Master knocked his pipe out against the rock, rose and unjointed his rod.

"Time to go," he declared, "but I

insist on your dining with me. In fact if you decline, I shall be put to the unpleasant extremity of knocking you on the head with the butt of my rod."

I tried to plead off, but my captor was firm. He would send directly to the village and have my traps brought up. He would do anything, in fine, except permit me to return there myself. So at last, carried away by the genuineness of his invitation, and not loath to pursue farther an acquaintance so strangely begun, I consented and he led on straight up the hill. The way was steep and the brush thrashed my face, but I did my best to keep near the Master. On the tops of the hills the sunlight still lingered. It seemed to hold out a golden promise to those who should climb and grasp. And I caught myself wondering whether I was not pursuing something equally futile. Whether I would not find the glow faded and my hand grasping,—perhaps empty darkness.

II.

In Which I Come Into the House and Borrow a Dinner Jacket.

At the hill's crest we came upon a narrow path along which I followed the Master. The trees around us were hemlocks with a sprinkling of oaks and beeches. That they had never been cut was manifest by their great size and by the fact that here and there the trunk of a fallen giant lay, rotting and moss-covered, across the path.

Presently, the path opened on a road of finely crushed stone; and as I took my place by the Master's side I saw the gleam of a pair of lights some distance farther on the way.

"The lights at the gate," explained the Master, "we have only a short distance to go now. In the informality of our introduction," he continued, with a faint half-smile, "I have neglected to

ask your name. Mine is Jasper Blanchard."

"I answer to the name of Norris—Godfrey Norris."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Norris," rejoined the Master.

"Charmed," I returned.

By this time we had come to the gate. Inside we turned to the right; and there before us, with its many lights shining out in the dusk, lay the House in the Wilderness. The house was of colonial architecture. It was large and rambling, built entirely of stone. There was no clearing around it, the trees brushed its very walls, and it seemed set among them like a jewel in a ring.

The bark of a dog came faintly through the massive walls of the building. As we stepped on the veranda the door swung open and—I could scarcely believe my eyes—there stood an English butler ready to usher us into the hall, of which I caught a vista behind him, lofty, and paneled in dark oak, with a great fire in the chimney place and a broad stairway at the farther end. Instinctively my hand searched for my card case and I recovered myself just in time to hand the man my rod and creel.

"Serve tea in the hall, Dobbins," said the Master.

The man bowed and disappeared.

It had fallen cold with the going down of the sun, and we were comfortably toasting ourselves before the fire when Dobbins entered with the tea tray.

"Miss Clarissa," began the servant, "left word, sir, she would not be here for tea. She has gone for a ride with Duncan."

"All right, Dobbins. I beg your pardon Norris; but where are you staying in the village?"

"At the hostelry yclept the Blue Bell," I replied absent-mindedly; for the name Clarissa had brought up images of a prim and powdered milady from

Richardson's pages, and I had answered accordingly.

"Very well, Dobbins, tell Holmes to fetch Mr. Norris's luggage from the village in the break-cart."

An hour later I was seated in an arm-chair in my room fairly hugging myself for my good fortune. The bed was a four-poster with real curtains, and the very pictures on the wall seemed to belong to a by-gone century. Could these good folk, I pondered, have been taking a hundred years nap? And I was weaving a story to myself about them when there came a knock on the door.

Dobbins entered with my bags. "Dinner is at eight, sir," he ventured as he was closing the door.

"See here!" I called after him, and he came back into the room with a pained look on his face.

"Yes sir," he bowed.

"Hum, it happens," I began a bit unsteadily, "that in leaving home hastily I neglected to bring a dinner-jacket. I wonder if you could find a stray one about the place," and I reached a note toward him.

Dobbins took my tip with a serene countenance, and with an, "I'll see, sir," he was gone.

In a trice he returned bringing a coat that fitted me to a nicety and with it he brought a vest and necktie. I asked no questions, but humbly and thankfully received the garments in the spirit in which they were tendered.

Clarissa! Clarissa! The name dinned in my ears as I was dressing. Was she young, old, pretty, or plain, or was she, could she be,—and I shuddered at the thought,—an old maid sister of the Master's?

The Master awaited me in the hall when I came down at eight o'clock. He was in immaculate evening clothes smoking a cigarette by the fire.

"My daughter will be down directly,"

he said, extending his silver cigarette case.

"This is a great house you've got out here in the woods," I began looking round.

"I call it the House in the Wilderness," returned the Master.

"Not such a house as one usually finds in the Wilderness," I countered, meaningly. "I've been to lumber camps, and farm houses, and ramshackle cabins; but this quite takes my breath away."

"My father made his money in the lumber business and built this place in the fifties. After my mother died he came here to live. He never cared much for society, and as for myself,—but that is another story. I must not burthen you with my personal affairs. Here comes my daughter," he concluded as a door shut in the upper part of the house.

There was the swish of a dress along the hallway above, a light foot on the stair, and a voice that was sweet and low like the voice of a woodland stream hummed a few verses from an old song :

"Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?"

III.

Dinner and Clarissa.

The song abruptly ceased as the singer reached the bottom of the stair-case and came toward us. I held my breath from sheer wonder. It seemed difficult to analyze such a dazzling confusion of loveliness. Of only the second-rate beauty do we say; "She has a fine figure, splendid eyes, complexion, or hair." When a man sees a truly beautiful woman he simply says, "She is beautiful." And, if he be wise, he takes to his heels; but, if he be exceedingly foolish, he tarries and looks again.

"Mr. Norris, my daughter;" said the Master.

I half expected she would drop a curtsy. Instead she held out her hand quite frankly, and base coward that I was, I shook it, when I ought to have gotten down upon my knees and touched it to my lips.

"Mr. Norris," quoth the vision.

"Miss Blanchard, I am pleased to meet you;" I returned in my old foolish manner.

The Master led the way to the dining room. The subdued light from the red shaded candles shone on spotless napery, heavy plate and a veritable regiment of wine glasses. I anticipated something of a banquet, and I was not disappointed. I have sat at tables where one is overwhelmed by the number of dishes set before one, but here everything was simple and in the most exquisite taste—such a feast, in fine, as a Petronius might have placed before his friends.

"I suppose you are fishing, Mr. Norris," began Miss Clarissa with the soup.

"Yes, I—er do you care for fishing?" I answered a bit confused. There was something about her soft grey eyes, and the lithe grace of her bare shoulders that would have caused the stoutest male heart some misgivings.

"I always fish in the morning;" she returned with the same matter-of-fact way with which she might have said, "I always drive in the park after lunch."

"Clarissa is her father's own child," broke in the Master; "blow high, blow low she is on hand every morning in the trout season, and, what's more, she sticks at it. But you will see for yourself to-morrow."

"To-morrow," ran through my mind, "To-morrow I may be Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.'" But I said, "It will be a great pleasure I am sure."

"Have you read 'Richard Carvel'?" I innocently asked the Master.

"No, thank God," he returned fervently. "Stuff and nonsense," he declared; "Stuff and nonsense—that's all the trash produced nowadays amounts to. Why Fielding or Smollett could have written as well with their hands tied behind their backs. What modern poet can compare with Pope? Show me a novel like the 'Vicar' or a comedy like 'She Stoops to Conquer,'" and the Master paused for breath.

Miss Clarissa seemed to enjoy this outbreak like a play. "You are quite the accomplished bear-baiter, Mr. Norris," said she with glistening eyes. "Modern fiction applied to father is like feeding soap to a geyser."

"I promise to go softly all the days of my life," I returned.

"Sir;" said the Master, "I will have to beg your pardon a second time. My vehemence has carried me away."

"No harm done," I replied "I have written a novel or two myself, but I am trying to live it down. Wild oats, you understand. Our family is not given to crime. Otherwise I assure you I am fairly respectable."

The Master laughed.

"Are you Mr. Norris, the author?" asked Clarissa, and a new interest came into her voice.

"I have succeeded in getting my name on a title-page or so, though I had

hardly considered myself an author."

"You don't mean Clarissa—?" began the Master in a shocked voice, and checked himself just in time.

"I too have sinned grievously," quoth Clarissa, "A newsboy on the train once tempted me into buying 'Red Blood,' and, when I got to Philadelphia I read Mr. Norris's other books at Aunt Tabitha's. And some time I mean to get you alone, Mr. Norris, and make you tell all about your work."

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth," I rejoined looking forward to the tête-a-tête with gusto.

"Mr. Norris," said the Master playfully, "you are my guest, therefore I cannot insult you. I am sure you are not naturally wicked. You are simply the victim of your environment. Perhaps you will yet reform. You are young."

So the meal passed, and we talked of something more than "shoes and ships and sealing-wax." Indeed, the Master astonished me with the range of his knowledge, and the easy culture of his conversation. Sometimes he quoted a couplet from Goldsmith or Pope, sometimes he talked of Steele and Addison, and again he illustrated his point with a story about Dr. Johnson. At last, the table was cleared and Clarissa left us to our cigars. R. P. L., '04.

(To be concluded in the next issue.)

Spring.

How lovely is the gentle Spring,
When placid showers fall,
And black mud covers everything
As with a funeral pall.

How lovely is the gentle breeze
That comes with evil mind,
Your brand-new derby hat to seize
And waft it on the wind.

How lovely is the growing grass
Where gentle hillside slants,
Which leaves a dirty dark-green mass
Upon your white duck pants.

How lovely are the feathered fry,
The birds I mean to say—
When squawking hens go running by,
And get into your way.

How lovely is the fact that now
I can no longer sing.
I am compelled to make my bow
And simply say—"It's Spring."

—S. G. S., '05.

WHY THE GIRAFFE HAS A LONG NECK.

COME, O Best-Beloved, and sit on my knee, while I tell you how the giraffe got his long, long neck. Ages ago, when the world was new, the giraffe's neck was no longer than the horse's is now, and a shapely beast he was, much admired for his beauty. He used to travel over the country, roaming at will thro' the dense primordial forests (forget not, O Best-Beloved, those dense primordial forests), visiting many a fellow creature in his native haunts. (Native haunts had just been introduced then, and were very popular.) His visits were always welcome, for he knew all the gossip of the jungle, and hesitated not to impart it to whomsoe'er he met. And this was an excellent thing, for there were no newspapers in those days.

Yet one fault, and that a grievous one, had this misguided creature. He was, (I blush to utter the name, O Best-Beloved) a grandiloquent-circumlocutionist, aye, a most grandiloquent-circumlocutionist. Never could he tell a story in plain and simple words. One time the king of the beasts had died, (from eating too much, I grieve to state.) This most grandiloquent-circumlocutionist got wind of the news, and rushed hither and thither thro' the primordial forest spreading the sad tidings.

"Alas!" said he to the polar-bear, who was sitting on a camp-stool under a date-palm, munching red bananas,

"Alas! hast thou been informed in regard to the lamented demise of our supercilious suzerain?" (The giraffe, O Best-Beloved, did not care whether the big words he used meant anything or not, provided they were big enough.) And without waiting for the bear's reply he continued, "He passed away most presumptuously from an over-consumption of deleterious comestibles."

The bear was naturally sorry to hear that the king was dead, but he was not so sorry that he could not be angry with the giraffe at the same time. But he hid his rage as best he could, for he remembered the old Arabian proverb, "No better meat for consolation than the second joint of a young giraffe." Therefore he merely murmured, "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi,*" and sidled closer to his talkative friend. But the giraffe, bearing in mind the ancient Persian maxim: "A polar bear is never so dangerous as when he quotes French," took to his heels and fled. The bear returned to his camp-stool, muttering heavily, so that the arches of the primordial forest rang again.

As the most grandiloquent-circumlocutionist ran at full speed thro' the aisles of the wood, he heard suddenly, in front of him, a noise of loud talking. Coming to a halt beneath an aboriginal terebinth tree, he saw two panthers engaged in an earnest and somewhat shrill discussion. They turned their heads at the same instant and saw the giraffe. "Let us

refer the matter to him," they cried with one voice. "Who wrote Shakspeare's plays, Sir Thomas Browne, or Sir Philip Sidney?" The giraffe remembering the Sanskrit saw, "Beware of panthers engaged in literary discussion," kept very still for several seconds. Then he said, "Potential and superfluous as is the exiguous cogitation in the fortuitous disquisition under concentric elaboration, I am yet dubitative as to the objective elucidation of this teleological hallucination. If, however, at some orthopedic period in the not illusive posterity, you should desire me to render a more unobtrusive and less ulterior verdict, it will be a great desideratum to my deductive analysis."

The panthers were not quite sure that they altogether understood this speech of the most grandiloquent-circumlocutionist, but they were too proud to display their ignorance. So they thanked him effusively, and asked him for the news. In his own peculiar style the giraffe narrated the death of the king. The panthers were greatly moved, and inquired when the funeral would take place.

The giraffe began "The occurrence of the obsequies of interment is as yet under the ratiocination of connotative ideology, and the machicolation of the perspicuous flagellant—" but here he noticed a sinister twitching of the rear panther's off hind leg, and calling to mind the remark of the Coptic poet,

"Hell hath no fury like a panther scorned," he turned and fled for his life thro' the primordial forest.

These, O Best-Beloved, are samples of the way that foolish giraffe used to talk to the other animals. One time he met a great magician, and started to talk to him in his accustomed manner. The magician looked at him in a rather surprised way, raised his eye-brows slightly, and then drew his magic wand from his hip-pocket. After waving it mysteriously in the air, he said to the most grandiloquent-circumlocutionist, who stood trembling before him, "By the pentagram and the cedilla I curse thee! (Magicians always use plain language to curse in.) By the nine avatars, and the trine and lune! Hereafter for each long word thou speakest, thy neck shall grow longer by one thickness of thy garrulous tongue. Hence, and avoid my sight!"

The giraffe started to beg that the curse might be revoked, but the shortest word he could think of had fifteen letters, and he was afraid to speak. And afterwards he tried to use small words, but the habit of a life, O Best-Beloved, was too strong for him, and his neck kept steadily growing. Finally, the gods were afraid he would get so tall that he could look over the clouds into Olympus, so they took away his power of speech.

That is how the giraffe got his long neck, and, incidentally, why he can no longer talk.

W. P. B., '04.

Joy With Pain.

The world, to me so bright and fair
Has more alluring joys than e'er
Could give a diadem with jewels rare,
Or any Orient pomp, or any power,
Or length of soulless pleasure's hour,
Or taste of wine, or breath of sweet incense.
My joy is duty done,—and pain, my recompense.

D. L. B., '04.

Versus Fumosi.

Pater meus est magister,
 Docet linguam Graecam ;
 Frater infans domi manet,
 Alit felem caecam.

Mater cara cibum coquit
 Quod nos devoramus ;
 Soror nostra est cantatrix
 Omnes quam amamus.

Ego solus sum ignavus ;
 Ipse enim malo
 Tubulo me delectare, —
 Herbam et inhalo. H. M. S., '04.

SANTA FÉ.

FEW of the thousands of tourists who cross and re-cross our continent every year ever reach the old town of Santa Fé. Possibly it is to this that the town owes its perfect simplicity and antique dignity. The bustle and rush of our modern Western cities reflect great credit on American ambition and enterprise, yet the more leisurely tourist draws a sigh of relief when he at last reaches the oldest town in the United States. It is here that he can pause an instant and look back on the history of the town and its importance in former years to all trans-continental commerce. All the towns farther to the south and west owe most of their rapid growth to Santa Fé, as at one time it was a metropolis of the southwest and all supplies came from it.

Quiet reigns supreme ; no one is in a hurry ; a large part of the population is Mexican and haste is a word scarcely referred to in a "greaser's" vocabulary. His favorite bon-mot is "poco tiempo" (pretty soon) or "mañana" (to-morrow) and the town is typical of the Land of Poco Tiempo.

Yet what a history it has. In 1582 a small church and a few adobe huts were

erected. This settlement was called after the church, Sancta Fé (Holy Faith). In those dark times it must have lived by faith in reality for often hostile tribes of Indians attacked it, killing men and plundering the meagre supplies, but it stood the test and began to grow and thrive. In the early part of the nineteenth century the westward movement became more advanced and the old Santa Fé trail became a recognized highway for many expeditions into the practically unknown lands. The architecture began to improve and a long low building was erected in the centre of the town, known later as the Governor's Palace. Later on in one of the rooms of the palace, General Lew Wallace, then Governor of New Mexico, wrote his book "Ben Hur." A fortress was built of adobe on the top of one of the neighboring hills as a place of refuge. Santa Fé has seen many stirring sights in the small plaza or common in front of the palace. During the Mexican War the United States troops were stationed there, and in one corner of the plaza is a small stone monument, a token of the appreciation of the town for its heroes of that war.

There is no more drilling on the old parade ground, and most of the guns and pistols used have been stored away in the museum as relics. The town is a home for the lovers of peace and beauty.

What artist could paint truthfully the grandeur of the snow-capped mountains of the north, beneath which the town nestles and basks in the genial south-west sun and looks out over the vast rolling plain toward the fertile valley of the Rio Grande? The atmosphere is as clear

as crystal and its purity gives one a new lease on life. At an altitude, as it is, several thousand feet from the sea level, what wonder that it is one of the most famous health resorts in the country! It is true that the average business speculator finds little to grasp in a financial way, and leaves, saying the town is dead. But we, its friends, know the truth—Santa Fé is not dead—it sleepeth.

H. P., JR., '06.

Compensation.

At times the tedium and the weary round
Of life oppress us, as with evil power.
In vain of heavenly music, with its dower
Of joy and peace, we strive to catch the sound.
The bitter toil to which our souls are bound
Takes all the fragrance from the spring's
sweet flower

Which should delight our spirits at this hour,
In whatsoever paths our feet are found.

Nay, but the drudgery that we must bear,
The patient labor at the daily task,
Will give us strength to do what most we hate.
What e'er we undertake, well shall we fare,
Gain larger recompense than we could ask,
And win great victory o'er the demon Fate!

—W. P. B. '04.

SKETCHES.

The Liar.

THE mention of the liar's name brings up memories of cool, midsummer afternoons loafed away on a rocky bluff overhanging the Susquehanna. Again I hear the wind rustling in the trees around our camp, and see the golden light from the setting sun as it falls on the white breast of the rapids. On such afternoons the liar was especially welcome. We sighted his slouchy, barefooted figure with pleasure; and his words were as sweet to us as the lotus to the sea-worn mariners of Ulysses. The liar was a conscious artist; he loved

a lie for its own dear sake. No subject was too trivial for the charm of his style; none so vast as to dismay his consummate self-trust. His last week's bass and "the great June floods" alike served as the playthings of his fancy. He was none of your excitable declaimers, who seek to carry conviction with the violence of their assertions; his drawling syllables had the ring of absolute truth. Framed in his idyllic surroundings this latter-day kalender was not to be resisted; and we parted from him, joyful in the knowledge that we had been face to face with a great master.

—R. P. L., '04.

A Moonlight Sketch

They had been sitting on the porch steps a long time—just how long neither knew or cared. The moon, shining in all the glory of a summer night, was the only observer, and now and again his face was discreetly veiled by fleecy clouds. The delicate perfume of the honeysuckle above them, on the porch, filled the air with a pervading sweetness, and the only sound was the shrill chirping of crickets hidden somewhere in the grass. Down on the broad bosom of the Hudson a boat moved slowly, its white sails spread to catch the light evening breeze which barely stirred the leaves. He turned slightly, and, as if in answer, a soft white hand closed over his rough bronzed fingers. Their eyes met in a glance full of meaning. He drew her close to him and said, "Nancy dear." "Yes, father." "Isn't it a beautiful night!"

—A. T. L., '06.

The Invitation.

"I was a fool to have kissed her" said the dejected Sophomore to himself as he was walking thoughtfully up the hall-way to his room. "But then she looked so pretty, and it was so dark and—well I just couldn't help it. She said she would never speak to me again, and what is more I don't believe she will, for she is such a wilful little thing, and when she says anything she generally means it. She is going to have a party soon,—oh if I should get an invitation to it, then I would know that she had forgiven me." The first thing which met his eyes as he entered his study was a dainty blue envelope, lying on his desk. He felt his heart give one leap as he saw that it was addressed in a feminine hand. "There seems to be an invitation there for you" remarked his room-mate, who was lounging in an easy chair. 'It's

awfully hot in here," was the other's only reply as he snatched up the letter and retreated into his bed room. "Yes, it must be from her" he said to himself and he gently pressed the letter to his lips. With trembling fingers he tore open the envelope and unfolded its contents, when these words met his expectant gaze:—

Messrs. Sew and Sew beg to announce that their new spring suits — — —
Was it to be wondered the *servus niger* complained about having to pick up so many small pieces of paper?

—A. G. P., '05.

A Pastoral.

One evening, when the shadows of the tulip-trees were slowly stretching out across the lawn, I took my violin out of its case and began to play. At least that is what I call the process, tho' there are hard-hearted mortals who call it by a harsher name. Suddenly I heard strange unearthly noises come floating in at my open window. Laying aside my much-maligned instrument, I rushed to the open casement and peered anxiously out. Down below there, writhing in anguish on the lawn, apparently in its last agonies, was a brindled cow. Even as I gazed the strain became too intense for the vaccine spirit to bear, and the poor cow passed away before my astonished eyes. For years this strange event puzzled my soul. Why had the creature come before my window to breathe out her last shuddering breath? What possible connection, what strange sequence of cause and effect could there be between the death of a cow and my rendition of that old familiar air? But what was that air? Like a flash the explanation dawned upon my consciousness. I had been playing the "Tune the Old Cow Died On!"

—W. P. B., '04.

The Picture of a Dream.

The last caller had gone ; I was alone and tired. Turning down the lights I threw myself into an easy chair to rest. The room was warm and cozy and a log burned brightly in the fire-place.

. . . I am in a ball-room which is filled with dancers. Lightly they glide past me; softly the music comes to me. As I watch I see someone approaching. My attention is drawn from the dancers to her. There is something in her face

that seems familiar, something in her bearing that recalls someone of the past. Her face is fair, her hair golden, her figure slender and erect. I look in her brown eyes and see there friendship, kindness and sympathy.

The sleet beats against the window-pane, the door rattles and I start up to find myself in my easy chair ; the log in the fire-place has turned to ashes, the room is cold. It had been only a dream, then, and she the picture of my dream.
J. D. P., '06.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

THE Board of Managers of the College has released Dr. Don C. Barrett for the year 1903-4 for the purpose of study in Germany. Dr. Barrett will sail about Commencement time. His successor will be Dr. James W. Harry, of Baltimore, who is an A. B. of Georgetown College, Kentucky, and a Ph. D. of Johns Hopkins in 1902. Since receiving the latter degree he has been connected with the University.

The President of the United States has appointed Alden Sampson, (Haverford 1873), as Game Preserve Expert. His duties will be to select, within the various Forest Reserves of the U. S., a number of sections to which wild game of all sorts may be collected and saved from extinction. He will draft the rules necessary for the execution of the design and attend to their enforcement.

Haverford College Bulletin No. 3 will be issued during Fourth month. It will contain a number of articles by the Professors of the College on The Function

of the Small College. A summary of the President's address, given at the Alumni Dinner, will be included; also an article by Prof. Allen C. Thomas on the Library in the small college; one by Dr. F. B. Gummere on English Literature in the small college; and one by Dr. James A. Babbitt on Physical Training in the small college. It will be illustrated by a number of pictures showing the improvements made at Haverford during recent years. Copies can be had from the Secretary, for twenty-five cents.

Roberts Hall progresses slowly. It is hoped that the large hall will be ready for lectures about Fifth month first. It will have a seating capacity of 912 on the floor and gallery, exclusive of the platform and rather wide aisles.

Our absent professors have recently been heard from : Dr. Pratt is carrying on Biological work at Innsbruck, and Dr. Mustard is studying Archæology and Ancient Literature in Rome, and is about to start for Greece.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

'44. Evan T. Ellis has told the story of an old Philadelphia Drug Store. This small book which is handsomely printed and illustrated, is privately circulated.

'54. John B. Garrett, gave an address at the Graduating Exercises of the Pennsylvania Hospital Training School on March 12th.

'73. Alden Sampson has accepted an appointment as Game Preserve Expert of the U. S. Biological Survey. His duties will involve an inspection of the Forest Reserves of the U. S., and the designation upon these of suitable tracts to be set aside as Game Refuges. These Refuges will be protected as breeding places for the large wild animals, whose extermination without such measures would inevitably soon be accomplished. Alden Sampson has already published a report emphasizing the necessity for such provision.

'74. James Emlen has compiled and illustrated "Stories in Verse for Children." The book is published by the John C. Winston Company.

'92. B. Cadbury sailed from New York to Europe on March 11th.

'96. J. Henry Scattergood gave an illustrated lecture before the Friends Institute Lyceum on February 27th. His subject was the Grand Cañon of Colorado.

'96. J. Hollingsworth Wood left New

York on March 15th for a trip around the world.

Ex'96. The engagement is announced of R. Brognard Okie and Christine L. Thomas.

Ex'98. C. A. Varney is located at Lewiston, Idaho, in which neighborhood he has staked a claim. He owns several copper mines and is interested in the lumber business.

'00. Frank M. Eshleman will shortly take a trip through the West in the interests of Justice, Bateman & Company, wool merchants.

'00. H. L. d'Invilliers Levick is now with Wm. F. Fearson & Company, Bankers and Brokers, 119 South 5th Street, Philadelphia.

'00. W. W. White is studying Forestry at Cornell University. Until the middle of June he will be stationed at Axton in the Adirondack Mountains.

'01. E. Marshall Scull addressed the Friends Institute Lyceum, Philadelphia on "Greece of To Day" on March 27th.

'02. Wm. P. Phillips and E. Earl Trout both secured "Straight A's" in the Harvard mid-year examinations.

'02. The following 1902 men were at College on March 21: H. L. Balderston, J. W. Reeder, H. A. Scattergood, W. W. Pusey, 2nd, G. S. Garrett, C. Wistar, A. C. Wood, Jr., C. L. Seiler, R. M. Gummere.

HAVERFORD-PENNSYLVANIA DEBATE.

The fifth annual debate between the Philomathean Society of the College Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and the Loganian Society of Haverford College, was held in Haverford College Gymnasium on Friday

evening, March 27th, 1903. Provost C. C. Harrison of the University of Pennsylvania presided. The judges were Judge G. Harry Davis, of the Philadelphia Court of Oyer and Terminer; Rev. B. L. Whitman, D. D., ex-Pres-

dent of Columbian University, and Mr. Wilbur Morse, Editor of the Lower Merion News. The debating teams were as follows: Haverford, Harry A. Dominovich, '03, George K. Helbert, '04, and Walter Carson, '06; Pennsylvania, Edgar H. Barnes, Wesley L. Hemphill, and Geo. A. Walton. The alternates, Wm. H. G. Mackay of Pennsylvania, and Bernard Lester of Haverford, kept time. The subject for debate was, "Resolved, That the Army Canteen should be restored." Haverford supported the affirmative side, and Pennsylvania the negative.

Walter Carson opened the debate for the affirmative. He gave a brief history of the founding and growth of the canteen. He said the canteen should be restored, not on account of the canteen itself, but in order to do away with the evils existing in its absence. The saloons have increased greatly around army posts since the abolition of the canteen. In 1901 the zeal of the saloon keepers was greater than that of the W. C. T. U. to have the Senate remove the canteen. The canteen is not a great temptation to raw recruits, for ninety per cent. of the enlisting men in the army have learned to drink before. The restoration of the canteen is not a question of temperance, not a question of having drinking or not, but it is a question of the greater of two evils, of having the canteen inside the army, or the grog-shop outside the army. The canteen gives the least harmful drink in the least harmful way, and attempts to bring men to right, justice, and morality.

H. Edgar Barnes opened the debate for the negative. He said the condition of the army and of the soldier has improved greatly since the abolition of the canteen, an evil masquerading in good clothes. The canteen countenances and encourages the soldier in the evil of drinking. It is a temptation to abstainers

to drink, to moderate drinkers to drink more, to drunkards to remain drunk. The canteen failed in its purpose. It did not bring about a decreased consumption of alcohol, and diseases accompanying alcoholism. It brought about a wide spread drinking in the army. The canteen should not be restored, for it places our country in the position of sponsor to such a crime, and brings about moral degradation to the army.

George K. Helbert followed for the affirmative. He said the canteen was taken away against the best judgment of those best able to judge. The abolition of the canteen does not further the abolition of drink, but the canteen is the greatest agency for prohibition, possible in our army. Statistics show that the canteen keeps men away from over-indulgence in liquor. The soldier can save more money with the canteen than without it. The terrible depravity accompanying the saloon is taken away by the canteen. The canteen is a place where men may drink, but not be drunk, and in which a man can never forget his decency and his manhood.

Wesley L. Hemphill followed for the negative. He said the first requisite of an army is its efficiency. If the army can not be disciplined without making a compromise by the canteen, we do not need the canteen restored, but the discipline needs to be reformed. Is not an appeal to manhood better than a check on the appetite? Discipline has not failed and it can not fail now. The efficiency in the army is increased by total abstinence. The canteen takes away a man's sense of duty, his self-respect and self-command, and should not be restored.

Harry A. Dominovich closed the argument for the canteen. He said men of merit in the army ranks favor the canteen. They say the present law has failed in its ends. Many chaplains of

the army of extended service publish statements of the moral detriment caused by the abolition of the canteen. There is a great increase of saloons around army posts, great drunkenness and a great falling off of morality.

George A. Walton closed for the negative. He said lower officers of the army want the canteen, but the Major Generals

say it should be abolished, and the officers lower in rank are often drinking men. The chaplains as a class object to the canteen.

The rebuttals followed.

After a brief consultation, the judges cast their decision unanimously in favor of the affirmative, upheld by the Loganian Society, of Haverford.

GYMNASTICS.

HAVERFORD—N. Y. U.

THE gymnasium team representing Haverford went to New York, March 5th, and competed with the New York University team. In most of the events the New York men showed excellent form and training, and easily outclassed their opponents. For Haverford, Capt. Duerr won nine points and Bonbright, four. For New York, Peck won ten; Capt. Belcher, eight; S. R. Miller, five; Hardy, five; Stevenson, four; deZafra, three. The judges were Mr. R. Stoll, Dr. Wood; Mr. L. W. Gearhart. The final score was N. Y. U.—35; Haverford—13.

Summary:

1. Parallel Bars—Won by Belcher, N. Y. U.; second, de Zafra, N. Y. U.; Haig, Brown, Haverford.
2. Horizontal Bar—Won by S. R. Miller, N. Y. U.; second, Duerr, Haverford; S. L. Miller, N. Y. U., Lowry, Haverford.
3. Side Horse—Won by Peck, N. Y. U.; second, Belcher, N. Y. U.; E. M. Evans, Carson, Haverford.
4. Tumbling—Won by Hardy, N. Y. U.; second Duerr, Haverford; Williamson, N. Y. U.; Haig, Haverford.
5. Club Swinging—A tie between Bonbright, Haverford, and Stevenson, N. Y. U.; Brayden, N. Y. U.; Burgess, Haverford.
6. Flying Rings—Won by Peck, N. Y. U.; second, Duerr, Haverford; Prochazka, N. Y. U.; Haig, Haverford.

HAVERFORD—LEHIGH MEET.

The Annual Gymnastic Contest between Haverford and Lehigh took place on the evening of March 21st. As the contest last year resulted in a tie, the outcome was anxiously awaited by both sides, and, when Haverford finally won by six points she was loudly applauded by the large crowd which had assembled, in spite of the rain, to see the contest. The Mandolin Club of Haverford furnished the music. The results were as follows:—

Horizontal Bar—1st,—Duerr, '03, (Capt.) Haverford. 2nd,—Evans, '06, Lehigh. Miller, '06, Lehigh; Lowry, '06, Haverford.

Parallel Bars—1st,—Miller, '06, Lehigh. 2nd,—Haig, '04, Haverford. Isert, '05, Lehigh; Brown, '06, Haverford.

Club Swinging—1st,—Burgess, '04, Haverford. 2nd,—Bonbright, '04, Haverford. Bruner, '03, and Seipt, '05, of Lehigh.

Flying Rings—1st,—Duerr, '03, Haverford. 2nd,—Haig, '04, Haverford. Hallock, '06, and Barley, '05, of Lehigh.

Horse—1st,—Mervine, '05, (Capt.) Lehigh. 2nd,—Stauffer, '06, Lehigh. Carson, '06, and Jones, '06, Haverford.

Tumbling—1st,—Isert, '05, Lehigh. 2nd,—Lowry, '06, Haverford. Evans, '06; Lehigh, Duerr, '03, Haverford.

The Judges were A. H. Sharp, E. L. Eliason, and Randolph Faries. First place counted five points, and second place three. The score—Haverford—27, Lehigh—21.

INTER-COLLEGIATE MEET.

At the fifth annual Intercollegiate Gymnastic Championship Contest held in New York, in the New York University Gymnasium on March 27, 1903, Haverford was represented as follows:

Flying Rings—O. E. Duerr, '03, (Capt.)
C. R. Haig, '04.

Club Swinging—H. J. Cadbury, '03, W. P. Bonbright, '04, D. L. Burgess, '04.

Columbia secured first place, with 25 points, Yale, second, 13 points. New York University third, 6 points.

Princeton and Pennsylvania tied for fourth, with 5 each, while Amherst, Haverford, and Rutgers failed to score. L. De Sola, the Captain of the Yale team won the all round championship.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On March 2nd, Mr. Walker, an English friend of Dr. Brown's, gave an interesting exhibition of boomerang throwing on the cricket field.

On March 3rd, President Sharpless addressed the members of the Society of Friends now in College on the subject of the Quaker Meeting. Dr. Jones, on March 10th, gave a talk on George Fox.

The Y. M. C. A. sent the following men to the Lebanon Convention: R. L. Simkin, '03, H. M. Schabacker, '04, C. S. Bushnell, '05, H. W. Jones, '05, and E. F. Winslow, '05.

The Nominating Committee of the Y. M. C. A. has named the following candidates for the offices next year: President—B. Lester, '04, S. C. Wither, '04. Vice President—C. S. Bushnell, '05, H. W. Jones, '05. Recording Secretary—R. L. Cary, '06, L. B. Seely, '06. Corresponding Secretary—E. Ritts, '05, T. K. Brown, '06. Treasurer—W. T. Hilles, '04, E. M. Evans, '05.

The Junior Exercises have been postponed until after spring vacation, awaiting the completion of Roberts Hall.

Dr. Brown delivered an interesting address on the "Tides," to the Scientific Club, on March 10th.

A tea was given by the Faculty to the

Sophomore Class in the Gymnasium on the 17th.

A baseball game between the Sophomores and Freshmen, on the 18th, resulted in a victory for the Freshmen, the score being 21—12.

On March 18th, the Y. M. C. A. was addressed by State Secretary Miller.

The students were addressed in morning collection by Mr. and Mrs. Jenanyan of Armenia, who are travelling in this country in the interests of Armenian missions. Mrs. Jenanyan exhibited for sale a number of Armenian trophies in the Y. M. C. A. room.

A meeting of the Musical Association was held on the 23rd and it was proposed to have several pieces, composed by C. L. Seiler, '02, printed in sheet form for the use of the Musical Club. At a meeting of the College Association on the evening of the same day, it was voted to support the movement by individual subscription for the music.

At a meeting of the Track Department of the Athletic Association, it was decided again to award a banner to the class doing the most conscientious training on the track prior to the Spring Sports. The work is from four to six o'clock on Walton Field.

Outdoor cricket fielding practice began on the 19th of March. Four squads practice daily just before lunch.

EXCHANGES

We have received for the first time, the *New England Conservatory Magazine*, a publication entirely devoted to the interests of music. It is the only magazine of the kind we receive, and makes very enjoyable reading. The article on "Pianoforte Tone" is especially interesting.

We are pleased to note a decided improvement in the *Rocky Mountain Collegian*. The new cover is much more pleasing to the eye than the inartistic light green combination which was formerly used. The cut of the battalion which adorns the first page adds greatly to the appearance of the paper. Although the reading matter is rather limited, it is fairly good.

While speaking of cuts and illustrations, we wish to commend the *Swarthmore Phoenix* for the five photographs which appear in its "Foot-ball Number." The picture of the team is particularly good, and gives a view of the college building in the background.

One of the neatest magazines on our table is the *Susquehanna*, published by the students of Susquehanna University. The cover is rather gay, but unique in the fact that the title and University Seal are raised in the form of huge monograms. The whole effect is rather pleasing than otherwise. The contents are arranged in a very orderly manner, the verse coming first, followed by all the literary articles. The rest of the paper is devoted to local news, such as Society Reports, notes on the various departments, and athletic news.

While we are in the mood for complimenting our contemporaries we must give space to the *Monthly Maroon* from the University of Chicago. When compared with our Eastern publications, this

magazine ranks very high, being in the same class with the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, *The Harvard Monthly*, and other well-known serious college papers. Its appearance is more attractive than that of most of the products of Eastern Universities, and the arrangement of material and general form is probably just as good. In the March issue, we took great pleasure in reading the "Anecdotes of a Dub" and "A Misfit."

In the *Juniata Echo* an excellent article by Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh stood at the head and formed the most important feature of the issue. The locals, although rather numerous, were fairly interesting and not of the so-called humorous order. The exchange column was well written but might be enlarged. We have only one thing more to criticise, and that is the poor quality of the paper which is used. Cheap paper would spoil most any magazine, and the *Juniata Echo* contains such good material that it is a pity for its appearance to be so detrimental to its contents.

There once was a freshman named Greening,
Who fell down four flights without meaning;
The janitor swore as he struck the ground floor
" 'Twill take all the afternoon cleaning! "

—Ex.

Jimmy, playing in the kitchen,
To do something new was itchin',
Spied the baby, and, with shovin'
Got her lodged within the oven.
Jimmy thought she'd make slick biscuit,
Wasn't Jimmy good to risk it?

—Ex.

Sunday School Teacher—Now who was it
that felt sorry at the prodigal son's return?
Pupil—The fatted calf.

—Ex.

A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in the vial,
And after a while—
They found his front teeth and one cuff.

—Ex.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXV, No. 3

MAY, 1903

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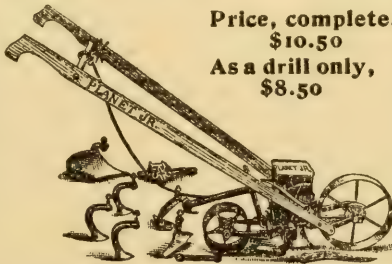
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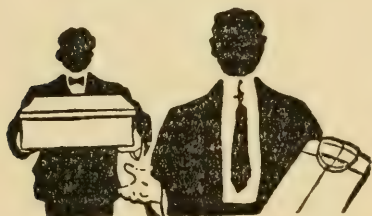
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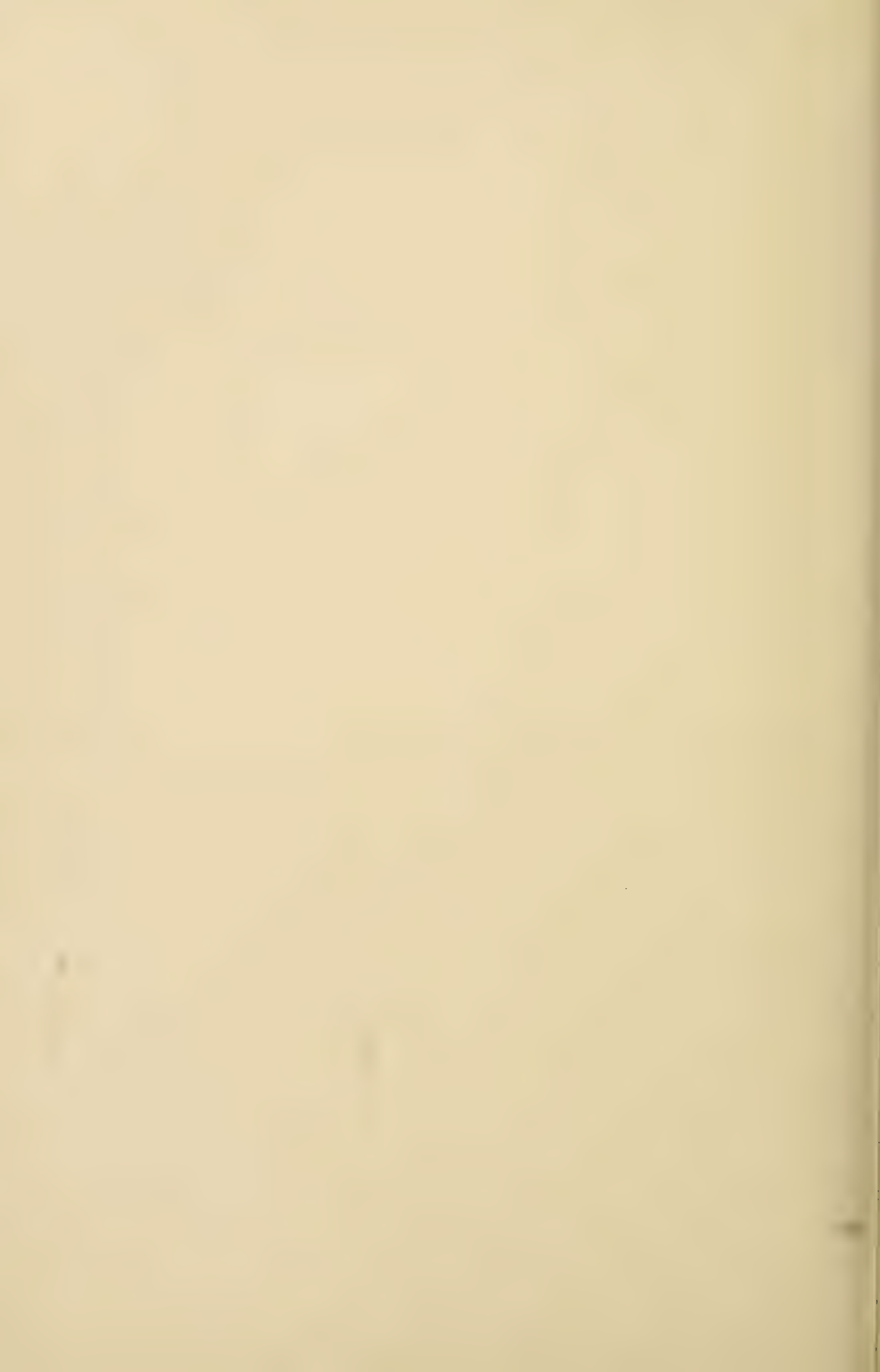


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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXV.

HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1903.

No. 3.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interests of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

AFTER several months of patient waiting we are at last privileged to take Roberts Hall from the tardy hands of the workmen, and try its usefulness for ourselves. We have long considered the incompleted building a part of the College campus, but now, when we are beginning to enjoy the benefits from its use, we feel that as a result of this, as well as of similar gifts of our thoughtful and loyal Alumni, college life begins to flow in fuller stream. As an acknowledgement of the gift, the best thanks we can return to Mrs. Roberts, and the highest tribute we can pay to the memory of Charles

Roberts does not consist so much in words of thanks, as in making an appreciative use of this new building, and bringing it to pass that through this kindness the possibilities of Haverford have been enriched.

THE Y. M. C. A., as a college organization, probably appears to be a unique association, carried on with altogether different notions and different purposes than the foot-ball or cricket or debating teams. This mistaken attitude may exist because we have an incomplete idea of the purpose of sports, or because we do not understand the purpose of the Y. M. C. A. In either case, we think, the one ultimate object should be the achievement by those who participate, of better manhood.

To be sure, each separate organization has perhaps a different immediate object in view, and deals with a different branch of our activities,—but these activities, inasmuch as they have a common purpose, should be coöperative, not antagonistic, for if any one is to succeed, all must succeed.

We would never be satisfied to win a Swarthmore game, though we made goals and touchdowns without number, if in so doing we had to lower our ideals of true sportsmanship, and “play dirty.” We want a manly Y. M. C. A. spirit in our sports. On the other hand, our Y. M. C. A. would be of no good if made up only of bookworms, philosophers or poets, and had no hearty foot-ball spirit in it. It is with much the same spirit that we should enter any of these things.

Then, too, we must not forget that the game, the lesson, or the Y. M. C. A. meeting are none of them ends in themselves. No matter how pleasurable any of them may be, its utility, or value is to be measured by how much it increases the strength, and achieving power of body, mind or soul. And if we apply this test to the Y. M. C. A., we find that in attaining such an end it proves itself to be efficient in the highest degree.

AN interesting development in the Y. M. C. A. work during the past year, is the establishment of an Alumni membership. Old Haverfordians, by the payment of some dues or subscriptions, become honorary members of the Christian Association, and are given information each year about the progress of the work. In this way a Haverfordian, once a Y. M. C. A. man, can always be a Y. M. C. A. man, and can keep up his interest in and support of the undertakings in his own college. Also, we believe there is an ultimate end in view, of increasing in this way the funds of the Association so that a Haverfordian can be supported as a missionary in the foreign field. This would require a sum of money to be raised each year, somewhat larger than the student body, unassisted, is able to raise at the present time; but if we all knew that a picked man from our own number was representing us in this important work, we probably should feel a deeper responsibility, and should be more willing and glad to assist.

AFTER a short respite in Spring vacation we enter the strenuous days of May. And strenuous they are, indeed! We almost say too strenuous for this delightful time of year. The duties and tasks imposed upon us are not only

serious, demanding our strongest effort, and most whole-hearted support, but they are so conflicting as to perplex and confound the best meaning, most industrious fellow.

The heart of the hard-working disciple of Robert Browning leaps with joy as he counts his opportunities; cricket games, a score and more of them; three track meets; four renditions of the opera; theses to write; lectures to attend; meetings of various organizations and classes; tennis courts to play on; a bowling-alley to bowl in; Junior Play and Class-Day Exercises to prepare for; make-up examinations, as many as you need, or can afford; one more oratorical contest; recitations to attend (or cut),—and those glorious final examinations to end up with, including a modification of the Honor System to test. In the meanwhile, the time-honored evening game of French Cricket must not be forgotten, while no one, in his most inward soul of souls would dare even to dream of neglecting those nameless little duties of balmy evenings, when the last June farewells are whispered. We feel as if the opportunities were too many to take advantage of all,—but before we try to narrow down our attention to too few duties, we must reflect that the successful meeting of many and diverse demands, together with the breathing of our good, old Quaker-scented atmosphere goes far to give us the distinct character for which the Haverford man is noted.

THE University of Pennsylvania Relay Carnival is now an event of the past, and for the second time Haverford has not been represented there. We realize that this carnival is one of the largest and most important collegiate athletic events of the year, and that by not entering a team in it we are liable to cause comment from outside. Under

the existing conditions, however, we feel that the Athletic Association is entirely justified in its action, and that as long as these conditions exist no team should be sent to the Relay Carnival.

It so happens that the Relay Races take place on the last Saturday in April, while the Haverford Spring Vacation occupies the last two weeks of that month. In order to keep the team in good training for the event, it is necessary that its members remain in Philadelphia and practice constantly. This, of course, means that those men who live in other vicinities must sacrifice their

whole vacation for this one race. It has generally happened that the relay runners have lived in Philadelphia, and so were able to practice without much inconvenience; but last year one or two of the best men lived away, and, on this account, no team was entered. Both the athletic management and the faculty think that to send a team some years and not others would be undesirable. Therefore, it was decided not to send a relay team at all this year; and it is probable that no Haverford team will ever be sent there again, unless the date of the races is changed to a more advantageous time.

CHARLES ROBERTS.

(1846-1902.)

ALTHOUGH the memory of Charles Roberts, '64, is still fresh, it does not seem out of the way to give a short resumé of his life, now that the Hall erected in his memory is completed. Born August 21, 1846, in Philadelphia, he made that city his place of residence during his whole life; and he was deeply interested in its welfare as soon as maturity gave him the opportunity of using his influence in its behalf. The list of public and semi-public positions which he held, as shown in the brief biography in the Matriculate Catalogue of Haverford College, only indicates in a meagre way the deep interest he felt towards the city of his birth and choice. The simple list of the organizations of which he was a member testifies to the breadth of his interests. He was a member of the Council of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, member of Academy of Natural Sciences, of the Horticultural Society, Zoological Society, Genealogical Society, of Franklin Institute, Photographic Society, of Fairmount Park Association, President of Apprentices' Library Company, Director of Academy of Fine Arts; and besides these he was a member of three Houtsideistorical Associations. His

membership in all these organizations was not a perfunctory one, or one entered upon simply as matter of form, or because he was a man of means sufficient to be willing to contribute to such things. He took a personal interest in all the subjects represented by these various societies.

Such things, however, were somewhat in the nature of recreation; he was active at different times in almost as many purely charitable enterprises, giving to them much time and thought, wholly for the sake of the beneficiaries. It is not practicable, and probably it would not at all be in accordance with his wishes, to give even a list of those to which he devoted his thoughtful care and his excellent judgment.

But it was not only in matters indicated above that his time and thought were occupied. To many who knew him best, his long service as a member of the Common Council of the city of Philadelphia appeals, perhaps, most strongly. First elected in 1882 he served two years; reëlected in 1886 he served continuously until his death, representing one of the most important wards in the city. His incorruptible honesty, his devotion to public business, his excellent judgment in

financial matters, made him one of the most respected members of that body. His whole course was marked by total absence of personal consideration. A real desire for the public good always animated him. For a long period he was a member of the most important financial committee, and his watchful eye saved the city from loss in more than one instance. His associates on that committee requested that his portrait might hang upon the walls of the committee-room as a tribute to his memory and as a mark of their appreciation of his services.

Probably among the varied interests which claimed his time and attention none was dearer to him than his *alma mater*. He was prepared for college at the Friends Select School, Philadelphia, and entered Haverford College in the fall of 1860. It was in the days of "cast iron" courses, and he had to study subjects in which he did not take much interest, but in after years he seemed to think, that, on the whole, that system had its good points. He stood well in his class though not specially distinguished. He was not fond of athletic sports, though he played cricket and other games, but never with enthusiasm or great success. He was active in the Literary Societies of that day, and a prominent member of the Loganian and of the Everett. He early showed his love of accuracy by giving a great deal of his time and much labor to the task of revising and collecting the records of these societies. The lists of members and other data which he thus compiled, still exist in his clear hand-writing and were of the greatest service in preparing the History of Haverford College, and the Matriculate Catalogue. He was not especially popular among his fellow-students, owing doubtless, chiefly to a real diffidence, and an occasional brusqueness of manner which those who knew him best, knew was only on the outside and covered a real tenderness of heart.

He was graduated in 1864 and entered almost at once into mercantile life

which he closely followed for about twenty years, when he retired. He did not, however, take up a life of leisure. He was trustee of estates, prominent in a Fire Insurance Company, and in corporations of various kinds in addition to his civic duties.

In 1872, when only twenty-six, he was appointed a Manager of Haverford College, and continued as such for the rest of his life, a period of thirty years. During this long service he was one of the most regular in attendance at the meetings of the Board and one of its most useful members. He was faithful to the College in dark days, and no one rejoiced more when prosperity came. He was especially interested in the Library and gave its concerns much time and thought and was treasurer of the Book-committee for many years.

His great recreation was that of a collector. He began while at College to collect autographs and continued to collect them as long as he lived. His collection was probably one of the best private collections in the United States, and through the munificence of his widow has become the property of Haverford College. He also had a fine collection of prints, and also of early Friends' literature, particularly of the early Tracts relating to the Society of Friends.

It does not fall within the province of this article to speak of his private home and family life, or of those more personal matters which do not concern the public. It is enough to say that he has been greatly missed by near friends, who feel that his removal has left a void which cannot be filled.

His health began to fail decidedly in the early part of 1901, but it was expected that it would improve. These hopes proved vain, and in January, 1902, it was judged that an operation would be needful. This was performed and at first he seemed to revive, but a sudden change took place, and he rapidly sank, and passed away on the twenty-third of January, 1902, in his fifty-sixth year.

—A. C. T. 65.

THE HOUSE IN THE WILDERNESS.

IV.

In Which I Listen to a Story.

"I DARE say," the Master began, "you have concluded by this that I am the queerest and most irresponsible old fogey in existence?"

"Not so bad as that," I rejoined, "but I can hardly help wondering why you chose to live here, alone, except for your daughter and the servants."

"You would like to hear the story of my life?" questioned the Master with a fine touch of irony in his voice.

"I am sure, sir, I did not mean to be impertinent," I began.

"Never mind," the Master interrupted "what would be impertinence in a stranger is quite proper in a friend. You seem surprised? Well, take my word for it, I knew your father, Godfrey Norris, Senior, when I was a boy, but perhaps you never heard him speak of me. He was one of my best friends; so you see we are not utter strangers."

"To begin at the beginning would be tedious. I will take up my autobiography at the time of my marriage. My married life was singularly happy except for one thing. I cared little for society, while my wife had an inbred reverence for its institutions. I was made to go a dreary round of afternoon calls, and night after night I sat at the tables of people whom I cordially loathed. My wife could see no way out. It came as natural to her as breathing, and she looked with horror upon anything unconventional.

"At last the tragedy came, and, like all tragedies, it was one of mistakes. My wife, worn out with what she called her 'social duties,' suffered a nervous breakdown, and she died the night that Clarissa was born.

"I brought her body up here to the little graveyard that lies back along the

hill; and I was returning behind the empty hearse after we had laid her away. As I passed this house standing silent and empty in its loneliness, I looked up at the date stone, with its 'H. B. 1857,' and I read the verse written below—'Thou, God, seest me.'

"Somehow those words that my father had placed there so many years before seemed strangely comforting on that cold, grey winter afternoon, when all my being had passed into nothingness, and I stood ready to 'curse God and die.' 'Thou, God, seest me—seest me,' I kept repeating over to myself. I shook off my morbid condition and resolved to devote myself as much as possible to the happiness of Clarissa. I sold my house in Philadelphia and came here to spend the rest of my life. I have tried to cultivate that quietness of mind and temperament that I so admire in the writings of the eighteenth century.

"And so I have lived alone with my books and my daughter, only leaving, at rare intervals, for a visit of a few months abroad. I have tried to live cheerfully and courageously to banish all pessimism. But the spirit has its Novembers as well as the forest, and there come days when the memories of the dead swirl and rustle around me like seared leaves around the tree trunks."

When the Master had ended his story it was late, so I went up-stairs without seeing Clarissa; but once in the night I sat up in bed half awake. I could hear the wind in the trees, the ghostly tapping of the branches on the walls, and the subdued, distant roar of the stream; and then all these manifold sounds resolved themselves into Clarissa's song, and the remembrance of her came over me like the sound of sweet bells perfectly attuned.

V.

In Which We Go a-Fishing.

Directly after breakfast on the next morning a buckboard drove up to the door. The Master and the tackle occupied the back seat; Clarissa took the reins, and I was allotted the place of honor by her side. She was very simply dressed in a brown walking suit, a white shirtwaist and stock, with a pink sun-bonnet on her head, but she appeared no whit less captivating than on the previous evening.

"We are going to fish Bear Creek this morning," explained Clarissa.

"Up by the old factory?" I questioned.

"Why, I thought you were a stranger to this country, Mr. Norris?"

"Not entirely," I returned; "but on my former visits I failed to discover the most important thing up there."

"And what is that?" questioned Clarissa, innocently.

"Oh! that would be telling," I returned. "How well the trees are looking! Even evergreens seem to take on new life with the spring."

"How material," began Clarissa, with the enthusiasm of a *matinée* girl; "you must tell me about your books. Do you write because you can't help it, or do you go at it slowly and deliberately?"

"I write because I need the money," I returned, laconically.

"Now, Mr. Norris," sighed Clarissa, looking at my feet.

"They're clay all right," said I, stretching out the appendages under observation.

"Do be sensible!" implored Clarissa.

I then embarked on a brief resumé of my life and work, which modesty forbids me to include in these pages, and so we came to the scene of action. Clarissa jumped from the wagon, hitched the horse and had her rod jointed before

either the Master or myself had gotten ours out of their cases. She chose her flies, placed them on the leader and was off down the creek in a trice. The Master fished the other side, while I followed Clarissa's steps. I had taken three trout, a trifle over the legal size, when Clarissa's sun-bonnet caught my eye. It was dangling on her back and she was skillfully casting and re-casting so as to avoid the shrubbery along the creek bank.

Suddenly I was startled by a feminine squeal, half of surprise, half of sheer delight. I ran to where Clarissa was doing battle, braced on a rock, with one shoe in the water. She was excited, but she kept her head throughout, in a most unmaidenly fashion, reeling in slack line and letting out just the proper amount when the fish rushed.

"It's a whopper!" she yelled, as the trout jumped clear of the water, in a flashing arc, and started off in a new direction.

"A three-pounder," I said, diplomatically; though, if she had been a man, I would have put it at two.

At length the fish became tired and Clarissa had him nearly landed, when the line caught on a rock at the bottom of the stream.

"Jump!" she commanded; and, without second thought, I was waist-deep in the icy water, caught the line, and brought the fish to shore.

"Oh, dear!" lamented Clarissa, looking first at me and then at the trout; "I didn't mean to have you get wet, Mr. Norris."

"Did you expect the water to divide for me as it did for the children of Israel?" I observed, a bit irritably, between my chattering teeth.

"Is that the sort of knight-errant you are? Would your hero, Henry Gordon, have acted so ungraciously?"

"No heroine in any book of mine

would be so unreasonable," I snarled.

"Indeed!" said Clarissa, and her chin was elevated several degrees.

What with the cold, the knowledge that I had been made a fool of by a slip of a girl, and the unfavorable comparison made between myself and one of my creations, I was thoroughly angry with Clarissa, and, without a word, I took up my rod and went on down the creek.

At lunch we were distantly polite to one another, and, fearing lest the Master should observe something was amiss, I engaged him in a long discussion about Gothic art. All this time I was hating myself and heartily wishing I had the courage to apologize to Clarissa for my rudeness.

At sunset, when the Master and myself met where we had left the wagon in the morning, the coachman was at the horse's head.

"Miss Clarissa drove home early in the afternoon, and sent me back after you," he explained.

"Was she ill?" inquired the Master?
"She said she had a sick headache," returned the man.

I felt like a criminal going to the gallows, all the way home, and at dinner the Master's brightest sallies failed to rouse me. I resolved to leave the house the next morning, and was on the point of telling the Master of my intention, when he carried me off to his library. On the shelves were priceless early editions of his favorites, while on the walls were several original sketches by Hogarth and a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. At any other time I would have been loud in my praises, but now even these things failed to move me.

"I am afraid you are a bit knocked out yourself, Mr. Norris," said the Master at last.

"I think I will turn in, if you will excuse me," I answered.

Once in my room, I got a pencil and

some paper, and, after many failures, I composed the following:

"MY DEAR MISS CLARISSA:

"I am a beast. I hope you realize how different I am from what you thought me. I am leaving in the morning, and I have one favor to ask of you. I wish to apologize in person for my rudeness of yesterday.

"GODFREY NORRIS."

I stole down the corridor, in my stocking feet, and slipped this letter under Clarissa's door, with a knock such as a mouse might have made. This done, I undressed and went to bed, but I tossed for many hours before I slept.

VI.

In Which I Walk in the Garden.

I awoke next morning in the grey dawn, and went to the window. Everything outside was misty and still. All the world seemed to be wrapped in a quiet and dreamless sleep. As I turned back to bed, I noticed a small piece of paper near the door.

"If Mr. Norris," it ran, "will be at the sun-dial at 6.45 A. M., he may have an opportunity to make an apology."

Half an hour later I was going down the stone-flagged path that leads to the garden at the back of the House in the Wilderness. I came out of the grey forest into a land filled with flowers and sunshine. All around were banks of violets and boxwood walks, and, here and there, rosebushes with a pink bud or so peeping out from the green leaves. In the centre of the garden, from which all the walks radiated, was an old sun-dial, and on its face were engraved the words of the gallant Harry Hotspur:

"O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point
Still ending at the arrival of an hour."

In this selection I plainly detected the hand of the Master's father.

I heard the click of a shoe on the stones of the walk, and I turned to see Clarissa coming toward me. She was dressed the same as yesterday, except for the sun-bonnet; but to me she seemed more beautiful than ever—unattainable as the stars, I reflected bitterly.

"It is very good of you," I began, "to give me this chance for apologizing. I am a cad, Miss Blanchard, and not fit to associate with the likes of you."

"Rise, Sir Godfrey!" said Clarissa, with extended hand.

"And you forgive me!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"Freely, if I am the one to grant forgiveness. I acted yesterday like a little goose, and I hope you despise me for it."

"Indeed I don't," said I, "and Miss Blanchard—Clarissa—" Here my voice became husky.

"You seem to have taken cold yesterday," broke in Clarissa. "I have some excellent cough syrup in the house."

"It's not that," I continued; "but

your favor, which would have made others drunk, hath made me bold—very, exceeding bold and presumptuous; before I go away there is one thing I must tell you."

By this time Clarissa's face had become very grave, and she was staring, absent-mindedly, at the dial.

"And I ask you not to answer me at once; let me be happy for just a few brief seconds before I die. Yes, I must say it. I love you!"

Clarissa turned away, and, as I looked at her neck, I saw it become gradually suffused with blood. At last she turned toward me; her face was pink to the eyes, and in those grey eyes there sparkled the very light of love.

I held out my arms toward her, but, gathering her skirts about her, she fled up the stone-flagged passage toward the house.

As for me—well, I am something of a sprinter myself; so I started after Clarissa.

R. P. L., '04.

THE END.

EUGÉNIE GRANDET.

THE story of Eugénie Grandet is so well known that any general analysis is unnecessary. It is so full of realistic pictures that one hardly knows in this little gallery upon which to fix his attention, but must perforce divide his gaze among them all. The tragedy of this modern Alcestis is of such universal interest in every detail that it would be criminal to separate a single element as representing the whole story.

Eugénie herself naturally obtains first place. What a character and what a life! When we first meet her she is simply negative without a single individual trait. She has grown up her whole life in a semi-conventional way in the isolated and joyless Grandet mansion. Then under her father's despotic sway, the regular routine of a passionless and

changeless experience has given to her growing mind and faculties absolutely no coloring. Of work and friends, the two great factors in life, without which existence becomes an absolute blank, a mere assertion of unqualified entity—this enforced recluse knows almost nothing. Her future offers her no more than the present, no ambitions inspire her hopes or make easy her patience. Nor is there a single soul in whom she has ever touched a chord of complete response and harmony. Her mother and the faithful Nanon have interests most nearly akin to her own, yet neither that mute saint nor the gentle bovine giant are able to awaken her thoroughly to a personality.

When into such a life as this a transformation finally comes, its course is usually very rapid and complete. At last

it came to Eugénie, but unhappily not until the best and freshest days of early youth had come and gone. It is no strange contradiction of possible and actual life that a plain innocent country girl should become so easily and instructively enamored of the young dandy from Paris. He was at least a person whom she could love and admire, no matter how unworthy of love and admiration he might be. Love, they say is blind, especially when there comes into the solitude of a pure country girl's thoughts a sincere passion for a cultured and attractive young metropolitan.

It would be painfully tedious to recount here in full the rough course of poor Eugénie's love. Both history and fiction are full of such tragedies. How bitter is the manifold course of suffering through which a relentless fate can lead its victim! The suffering of our heroine seems at times almost too bitter for endurance. A father's coldness and hatred, a lover's abandonment and scorn, a whole world's cheerless and selfish envy, a hereditary burden of an unwelcome fortune,—these and many other sorrows patiently suffered, lend to this friendless girl's life a pathos which a Euripides himself could scarcely undertake to describe.

After following her through the tortuous course of her early sorrows, Balzac very characteristically leaves her finally a widow of thirty-six with but the glimpse of the long years before her. Years of sorrow they were, no doubt, yet years of growing sainthood, too. For surely Eugénie Grandet was following closely that Master's steps of whom it was written, that he became perfect through suffering.

I love to picture that plain, young sorrowing woman through whose features of external beauty there shone the surpassing beauty of a radiant peaceful soul, as she went about in the little

village of Saumur, doing good to the poor and wretched, and sharing so richly with others that joy and happiness to which she herself had been such a stranger. If those few days of sincere idyllic passion in youth, when her trusting heart rejoiced in the mutual affections of her beloved Charles, had impressed on her innocent soul any image of joy and real happiness, how keenly must she have felt the cup of bitterness described in the poet's words—

"Sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."

The character of Père Grandet is far less interesting to the general reader than that of Eugénie, although Balzac probably considered it the greater piece of work, and the latter only an understudy. The monomania which, Proteus-like, takes a different form in every one of his novels, here becomes the passion of avarice and is impersonated by the crabbed grape-grower of Saumur. Although somewhat extreme and grotesque, his characterization is, on the whole, consistently and admirably done. Not a single virtuous trait seems to redeem the supreme vice of his character. The platitude of the evils of covetousness is here illustrated with extreme emphasis. Although the story bears a great similarity to Eliot's treatment of the same subject in "Silas Marner," the latter appears to be a more sane and artistic, though less impressive study. The cool calculations of the old miser become so absolutely heartless and revolting, that one would fain close the book and seek the company of some real friend, simply to strengthen his faith in men, which such bestial characteristics of greed as the old miser shows would almost shatter.

The final fate of Grandet is a splendid piece of irony, worthy of the Preacher of old. "Vanity of vanities" is again the

text, though the application is somewhat different. The poor miser at the age of eighty-two is preparing to leave his millions amassed with toil and labor, and to pass into eternity. Balzac's own biting sarcasm is too good to paraphrase.

"When the curé of the parish came to administer the last sacraments, the old man's eyes, sightless apparently, for some hours, kindled at the sight of the cross, the candlestick, and the holy-water vessel of silver; he gazed at them fixedly and the man moved for the last time.

When the priest put the crucifix of silver-gilt to his lips, that he might kiss the Christ, he made a frightful gesture as if to seize it, and that last effort cost him his life. He called Eugénie, whom he did not see, though she was beside him, bathing with tears his stiffening hands.

"My father, bless me," she entreated.

"Take care of it all. You will render me an account yonder!" he said, proving by these last words that Christianity must always be the religion of misers."

H. J. C., '03.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

IT was with a deep conviction of the dignity and sacredness of the trust confided to us that we received, a year ago, the leadership and direction of the Young Men's Christian Association; and made hopeful by the thought that success is to be attained "not by might, nor by power, but by His spirit," with prayerful hearts we turned to meet the responsibilities and the active duties of the year.

Believing the great success of the past few years to be ample demonstration of the wisdom of the Association's policy in the past, we adopted it as our own, with the added purpose that every committee should meet each week to engage in special prayer for the success of its respective department. The wisdom of this has been abundantly proved, for in almost every instance, success has been strikingly proportional to the faithfulness of each committee in thus planning out its work under the direct guidance of the Master Himself.

Following the suggestion of the retiring cabinet, by keeping the purposes of the Association prominently before the minds of those about to become members we have endeavored to make membership in the Association mean more than

ever before in the life of the Haverford student. Notwithstanding this fact and a slight decrease in the total number of students in College, we now have a membership of ninety.

As in former years, short prayer-meetings have been held each Sunday evening and Wednesday evening, with an average attendance of 41 on Sunday, and of nearly 64 on Wednesday. Besides the talks of the regular student leaders and of members of the Alumni, we have enjoyed addresses from President Isaac Sharpless, Prof. Francis Green, Rev. C. A. R. Janvier, Mr. D. B. Eddy and Mr. Tom Jays, Secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement, Jas. H. McConkey, and, Mr. W. J. Miller, Jr., Student Secretary of Pennsylvania. We also had in November three helpful addresses on "Character," treated from the points of view respectively, of a College Professor, by Dr. W. W. Comfort, '94; of a Physician, by Dr. John W. Gardiner; and of a Lawyer, by L. H. Wood, '96. Important as are the notes of warning and the helpful messages which we receive in these meetings, it is perhaps of greater significance that so many fellows, in the midst of their other duties, avail themselves of this opportunity for quiet thought and

inquiry into the motives which should actuate their lives.

The Room Committee has been very conscientious and efficient in the performance of its rather uninteresting and thankless but by no means unimportant duties.

In the four weekly Bible classes there has been a total enrollment of 95 and, in the twenty-three meetings held since last September, an average attendance of 52. Following the regular cycle of lessons, the Seniors study "Teachings of Jesus and His Apostles;" the Juniors "Old Testament Characters;" the Sophomores "Studies in the Acts and Epistles;" and the Freshmen "The Life of Christ." These classes are in charge of student leaders who, in many instances, have had the privilege of special preparation at the Northfield Conference. We cannot urge too strongly the necessity of the greatest effort and the use of the most efficient methods in building up this department of the Association. Careful and devotional Bible study is and will continue to be the true pulse of our spiritual life, and only when based upon it will our seeming success prove to be permanent.

In our Home Mission work an abundant opportunity is given for the employment of our every power in handing on to others a portion of the great life-messages which the true Haverford student must draw from his very surroundings.

In the Galilee Mission, at 326 N. 9th. St., Philadelphia, the Sunday evening meetings of which are conducted by the Association, we see as perhaps nowhere else, the awful effects of sin, and again, the wonderful power of Christ in transforming the lives of men. The faithfulness of the committee which has had charge of these meetings should inspire us to a most loyal support of this, which is one of our most important and direct lines of effort.

The Sunday evening meetings at Pres-

ton, which were undertaken at the close of the last administration, have been well supported by our members, and have not drawn too seriously from the attendance at the City Mission, although both are held on the same evening. A considerable degree of success has been attained; yet, notwithstanding efforts of the committee in the way of personal visits, we have failed to reach, to any great degree, the numerous young men and boys who frequently congregate on the street corner opposite the building. This problem we therefore bequeath to our successors, trusting that they will find its solution.

In the Gymnasium work, formerly carried on at 922 Locust St., Philadelphia, the services of a professional have been secured, and thus our assistance is no longer required.

Under most efficient leadership, the Coopertown committee has inspired a deep interest in the prosecution of Christian work in connection with the Y. P. S. C. E., of that place. In a social way, by aid in the production of good music, and, above all, by faithful attendance and Christian service at its meetings, a number of fellows have brought blessing both to themselves and to the people of Coopertown.

Nor has the Association turned a deaf ear to its opportunities and duties in the great question of Foreign Missions. The Mission Study Class, with an enrollment of 21, and an average attendance of 15 at its 21 sessions held during the year, has studied a portion of Mr. Beach's "Geography and Atlas of Protestant Missions," followed by the lives of representative missionaries as outlined in "Effective Workers in Needy Fields," and "Heroes of the Mission Field." Especial interest has been shown in considering the practical problems which arise in foreign lands. Of \$204 promised by the students for the current col-

lege year, \$100 will be used for the maintenance of a Christian school in India; \$65 for the training of a boy in Syria, and the remainder for mission work near Tokio, Japan.

The Association has received great benefit from its intercollegiate relations, both by visits from student secretaries and by representation at the great conventions of the movement. The course of training given at the State Conference of Newly-elected Presidents has this year proved of great value, and we urge that a representative be sent each year. Great inspiration has also been received from the State Convention at Lebanon, which was attended by five delegates. At Northfield, the Association was represented by 24 delegates, one of whom was an alumnus of a former year. As to the real value of the Northfield Conventions, it is highly significant that for a number of years so many of our leaders and most useful members have dated the beginning of their active Christian lives from just such days at Northfield, where they have caught the real meaning of life and of Christian service. Its conference features, too, whereby leaders are trained in the most efficient methods, contribute an important element to the success of the Association.

Through the efficient management of the Finance Committee, the necessary expenditures of the Association have been promptly provided for. In the present balance of \$94.62 is included the net funds of the Graduate Department and about \$47 of unused funds collected by the Northfield Committee, which will be handed on for the use of the next Northfield Committee.

Through the combined efforts of its editor and of its business manager, the Year Book has been published in improved and most attractive form, and has been made much more than self-supporting. Recognizing, however, that

its usefulness might be greatly increased if it were published in time for distribution before the opening of the college year, we recommend the incoming cabinet to take early action in regard to next year's issue.

Having experienced a lack of full and accurate records of the work of past years, as well as the inspiration which comes from acquaintance with those which have been preserved, we desire to inaugurate a more safe method of keeping the records for the future. To this end, we have secured the promise of the College Librarian to bind and preserve as a library volume the accumulated monthly and yearly reports.

Our most marked deviation from the trodden path of our predecessors has been the inauguration of the Graduate Membership Department. The purpose of this is two-fold: First, to enable us to enlarge and extend our work as the result of a financial policy more adequate to our needs; and, second, to encourage a helpful interrelation between the Association and those of the Alumni who are interested in its work and in its purposes. The plan is, therefore, that any Alumnus, by the contribution of one dollar or more each year, shall be enrolled in the Department and shall be kept informed of the work by brief annual reports. A response to our circular letter has, up to the present date, been received from thirty persons, who have contributed \$53. The enthusiasm with which some of these have welcomed the idea indicates that great results may be expected from it when properly established and developed.

Yet we must constantly remember that the ultimate success of the Association lies not with the Alumni, nor in any other external aid, but that it is inseparably bound up with the true Christian life and character of each individual student. Activity and Progress must be

our motto, for only as we support the Association and adapt it to supply the most deep-rooted and instinctive needs of our best selves must it continue to grow in influence and power over the lives of men, both in college and "unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Over the work of the incoming administration, with its difficulties, its discouragements, and, we believe, its ultimate triumph, we invoke God's special guidance.

R. L. SIMKIN,
Retiring President.

**Report of the Finance Committee April 9th,
1902 to April 8th, 1903.**

RECEIPTS

Balance from former Treasurer	-	\$ 37 33
Undergraduate Membership Dues	-	90 00
Alumni	-	53 00
Amount collected by Northfield Committee 1902	-	100 00
Profits in part on Year Book 1902-1903	-	16 00
Books sold	-	6 50
Subscription	-	2 50
Miscellaneous	-	3 64
		<hr/> 308 97

EXPENDITURES

Northfield Committee	-	\$ 52 75
Fall Reception	-	37 00
Printing, Stationery, and Postage	-	26 49
Expenses of Delegates to Conventions	-	21 28
1901-1902 Year Book	-	15 00
International Committee	-	20 00
State Committee	-	15 00
Chairs for Y. M. C. A. room	-	12 00

Bible Study Books and Missionary Review	11	68
Miscellaneous	-	3 15
Balance on hand	-	94 62
		<hr/> 308 97

**Financial Report of the Missionary Committee
Sept. 1901 to Sept. 1903.**

RECEIPTS

Balance from last Committee	-	\$ 2 45
Pledges for year 1900-1901	-	2 90
Pledges for year 1901-1902	-	242 98
Contributions towards expenses of delegates to Toronto	-	37 21
Y. M. C. A. appropriation for books	-	15 00
		<hr/> 300 54

EXPENDITURES

For Ganim Alban Shalah	-	65 00
Seven Children in North School		
Ramallah, Syria	-	35 00
One Year's support of Manual Training School near Hoshangabad, India	-	100 00
General Fund in Japan	-	48 20
Expenses of delegates to Toronto	-	37 21
Books and Magazines	-	14 53
Balance	-	60
		<hr/> 300 54

These reports are not combined because the year of the Finance Committee extended from April to April, while that of the Missionary Committee was from September to September. A rough combination of the two shows that the amount of money raised by the Association during the past year was about \$600.00.

CARLOS NOYES SHELTON,
Treasurer.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

'58. James Wood gave an address at the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, on the 22nd ult., on "The proposed conference of religious bodies on the temperance question and the results we hope to accomplish."

'65. Professor Allen C. Thomas gave an address on the 19th inst., at Corinth, Va., on "Bible teaching in Bible Schools."

'76. L. Lyndon Hobbs, president of Guilford College, N. C., was at Haver-

ford on the 25th inst., on a visit to his two sons who are students at Haverford Grammar School.

'96. Samuel K. Brecht is teaching Mathematics at the Norristown High School.

'96. T. Harvey Haines, together with Professor David J. Major of Ohio State University, has published an article on "Biography in the Schools," in the April number of the "Popular Science Monthly."

'98. S. H. Hodgkin graduated from Harvard last year, and has since been superintendent of graded schools in Oxford, N. C.

'98. O. P. Moffitt is in the grocery business at High Point, N. C.

'98. R. N. Wilson has recently been spending a few weeks in Philadelphia, where he underwent a successful operation for appendicitis at the Pennsylvania Hospital.

Ex. '99. L. R. Wilson, who came to Philadelphia, to be operated on for appendicitis, has returned to his home in North Carolina, cured.

'99. H. C. Petty, who has been connected with the General Electric Company, at Lynn, Mass., since graduation, has accepted a position with the Crocker-Wheeler Co., at Ampere, N. J.

'00. MacMillan Hoopes is now superintendent of the Hoopes & Townsend Company.

'00. J. M. Taylor is now a student at State College, where he is a member of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity.

'00. J. E. Lloyd is now taking a trip abroad with his mother and brother.

'00. W. B. Bell is president of his class at the Law School of the University of Columbia.

'00. J. I. Peelle is connected with the Los Angeles Heating Company.

'00. H. H. Stuart is working with the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Co.

'00. W. S. Hinchman, who has been teaching at Groton, will have a leave of absence next year, and will spend his time traveling in France and Germany.

'00. Frank Lutz has been spending the winter travelling and studying in Europe.

'01. L. W. DeMotte has returned from Porto Rico with his wife and will now

be engaged in business in Philadelphia.

'01. The following members of 1901 gathered at college on April 11th: H. V. Bullinger, J. W. Cadbury, E. C. Rossmässler, E. M. Scull, A. C. Tomlinson, and W. E. Cadbury.

'02. A. S. Cookman has been appointed cashier for Robert Crooks & Co., New York.

The following Haverfordians have been chosen as members of the Gentlemen of Philadelphia Cricket Team, which will go to England next summer: J. A. Lester, '96, captain; J. H. Scattergood, '96; F. C. Sharpless, '00; and C. C. Morris, '04.

Ex '02. S. M. Whiteley has announced his engagement to Miss Hester A. Hopkins of Baltimore. He is at present with the Riter-Conley Manufacturing Company, Pittsburg.

'02. R. M. Gummere expects to enter Harvard in the Post Graduate Department next fall. With this in view, he will shortly give up his position with the Provident Life and Trust Company.

'02. J. W. Reeder is in the oil business in Philadelphia.

'02. A. G. H. Spiers is expected home in time to enter the Harvard Post Graduate School next Fall. At present he is in France.

Ex'02. Silas Lane has returned from an extended trip around the world and is at present living with his father, at Poughkeepsie. Mr. Lane's father will be remembered as the builder of the Lane automobile.

The Class of 1902 has not as yet decided upon a suitable and proper gift to the College in some slight way appreciative of the good that Alma Mater has done for them, but they hope to be able to report by Christmas upon the matter and submit the idea to the College President.

CRICKET DEPARTMENT. SCHEDULE FOR 1903

FIRST ELEVEN

April 25	Germantown C. C.	At Haverford
May 2	Belmont	At Elmwood
May 5	Next Fifteen	At Haverford
May 9	Philadelphia C. C.	At Haverford
May 14	All-Scholastic	At Haverford
May 16	Merion C. C.	At Haverford
May 20	Pennsylvania	At Manheim
May 22	Harvard	At Cambridge
May 23	Moorestown	At Haverford
May 27	Philadelphia C. C.	At Wissahickon
May 30	New Jersey C. C.	At Haverford
June 6	Next Fifteen	At Haverford
June 10	Alumni	At Haverford

SECOND ELEVEN

April 28	Grammar School	At Haverford
May 2	Next Fifteen	At Haverford
May 5	First Eleven	At Haverford
May 16	Overbrook	At Overbrook
May 23	Merion C. C.	At Haverford
May 30	Linden	At Camden
June 6	First Eleven	At Haverford

THIRD ELEVEN

April 27	Central High School	At Haverford
May 2	Second Eleven	At Haverford
May 9	Friends Select	At Haverford
May 14	Germantown Jrs.	At Haverford
May 16	DeLancey	At Haverford
May 23	Friends Select	At Haverford
May 26	Penn Charter	At Haverford
May 30	Merion Jrs.	At Haverford

Inter-Class Games

April 30, May 1	1905 vs. 1906
May 7, 8	1903 vs. 1904
May 11, 12	The winners play for the championship

First XI vs. Germantown.

On Saturday, April 25th, the cricket season was opened with a victory over a strong side from the Germantown Cricket Club. The pitch played fast and true, and Haverford, batting first, should have scored far more than 85, especially when

the first wicket put on 46. However, a lamentable rot set in and no one, after the first two, scored double figures.

When Germantown went in, with only 86 to get to win, the outlook was not encouraging. But our bowling was right on the spot, and the enemies' wickets fell with gratifying regularity. The inning closed for 73. The score :

HAVERFORD

C. C. Morris, c. Jordan b. Clark.....	33
H. H. Morris, b. Clark.....	16
J. B. Drinker, b. Clark.....	0
P. D. Folwell, b. O'Neill.....	0
R. L. Pearson, c. Brown b. Clark.....	4
W. P. Bonbright, c. Brown b. Clark.....	0
A. H. Hopkins, c. Brown b. Bissell.....	1
A. G. Priestman, b. Bissell.....	7
H. W. Doughten, Jr., not out.....	8
H. Pleasants, Jr., c. O'Neill b. Henry.....	5
E. C. Peirce, b. Henry.....	0
Extras.....	11
Total.....	85

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Clark.....	78	2	41	5
O'Neill.....	48	1	19	1
Bissell.....	36	0	11	2
Henry.....	10	0	3*	2

*bowled one wide.

GERMANTOWN

R. D. Brown, c. Pearson b. Drinker.....	1
P. H. Clark, l. b. w. b. Drinker.....	23
T. C. Jordan, c. C. C. Morris, b. Priestman.....	0
J. N. Henry, b. Pleasants.....	17
A. W. Jones, c. & b. Priestman.....	13
W. P. O'Neill, b. Pleasants.....	2
E. P. Bissell, c. C. C. Morris b. Pleasants.....	5
F. C. Brewster, not out.....	5
H. Roberts, c. Bonbright b. Priestman.....	2
Mitchell, run out.....	0
Extras.....	5
Total.....	73

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Priestman.....	54	6	13*	3
Drinker.....	54	1	30	2
Bonbright.....	36	1	13	0
Pleasants.....	30	0	12	3

Bowled one no ball.

Second Eleven vs. H. G. S.

On Tuesday, April 28th, the Second Eleven played its first game, losing to the Haverford Grammar School. The fielding and bowling on both sides was rather good, the run-out, Philips to R. P. Lowry, being an especially keen piece of work. L. Lee, also, made a very neat one-hand catch. Wheeler, for the Second Eleven, and L. Lee and Godley, for the Grammar School, alone succeeded in reaching double figures. The score:

HAVERFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL

A. G. Hare, c. & b. A. T. Lowry.....	0
P. S. Hill, l. b. w. b. A. T. Lowry.....	0
F. D. Godley, c. Wheeler b. A. T. Lowry.....	15
R. Lee, run out.....	7
L. Lee, b. Dickson.....	10
W. H. Folwell, c. R. P. Lowry b. Dickson.....	5
S. J. Gummere, c. Philips b. Dickson.....	8
W. Pfeil, c. Evans b. A. T. Lowry.....	0
A. Orme, c. & b. A. T. Lowry.....	2
F. Sayen, not out.....	5
J. C. Thomas, b. A. T. Lowry.....	1
Extras.....	6
Total.....	59

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
A. T. Lowry.....	54	1	27	6
A. C. Dickson.....	48	2	25	3

HAVERFORD

C. R. Haig, b. L. Lee.....	0
V. W. Wheeler, c. L. Lee b. Godley.....	21
A. T. Lowry, b. Godley.....	1
E. M. Evans, c. Hare b. Godley.....	2
R. P. Lowry, b. Godley.....	0

R. J. Shortlidge, c. & b. L. Lee.....	3
S. G. Spaeth, b. Godley.....	6
J. D. Philips, c. Hare b. L. Lee.....	4
F. R. Taylor, c. & b. L. Lee.....	0
A. C. Dickson, not out.....	1
H. H. Cookman, c. Folwell b. L. Lee.....	0
Extras.....	8
Total.....	46

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
L. Lee.....	49	0	27	5
F. D. Godley.....	48	2	11	5

Notes.

The schedule this year is much like that of last, with thirteen games for the First Eleven. But one second team will be organized, instead of two, as last year.

The captains of the College Elevens are as follows: 1st XI, C. C. Morris, '04, 2nd XI, R. P. Lowry, '04, 3rd XI, H. J. Cadbury, '03. Also two of the class teams have elected captains; A. H. Hopkins, of the Sophomores, and H. Pleasants, Jr., of the Freshmen.

The first 3rd Eleven game with Central High School, on April 27th, was cancelled by the School.

Outside class games have resulted in two draws and one defeat:

April 13, 1905—54, Central High School—23, (six wickets). April 23rd, 1905—43, (three wickets), Penn Charter—143. April 6th, 1906—32, Haverford Grammar School—47.

TRACK DEPARTMENT.

THE schedule at present includes a dual meet with Lehigh at Haverford on March 27th; and a date may be arranged with Lafayette before that time.

Haverford was represented in the Handicap sports at Princeton as follows:

High Hurdles—T. K. Brown, Jr., '06.

Broad Jump—A. H. Hopkins, '05; T. K. Brown Jr., '06.
 High Jump—J. D. Phillips, '06.
 Shot Put—A. H. Hopkins, '05.
 440-Yds. Dash—A. G. Priestman, '05.
 Half Mile—H. H. Morris, '04, C. S. Bushnell, '05.
 Mile Run—H. H. Morris, '04.
 H. H. Morris won third place in the mile run, and T. K. Brown, Jr., third place in the high hurdles.

Trial Spring Sports.

The trials of the Annual Spring Sports took place on Walton Field on the afternoon of April 11th. The track was rather soft and the time suffered in consequence. The events follow:

100-Yards Dash—1st heat won by C. C. Morris, '04; 2nd, R. P. Lowry, '04; 3rd, Winslow, '05. Time 11½ sec.; 2nd heat won by Scull, '05; 2nd Brown, '06; 3rd, Thorn, '04. Time 11 1-5 sec.

Shot Put—Won by Hopkins, '05, 2nd, Pleasants, '06; 3rd, Philips, '06. Distance, 35 ft., 3½ in.

Half Mile Run—Won by H. H. Morris, '04; 2nd, Miller, '06, 3rd; Bushnell, '05. Time 2 min. 10 4-5 sec.

Running High Jump—Won by Philips, '06; 2nd tie between Hopkins, '05 and Pleasants, '06. Height, 5 ft. 6½ in.

220-Yards Dash—1st heat won by R. P. Lowry, '04, 2nd Priestman, '05; Time 25 1-5 sec. 2nd heat won by C. C. Morris, '04; 2nd Winslow, '05; 3rd Thorn, '04. Time 25 2-5 sec.

Pole Vault—Won by Scull, '05; 2nd, Philips, '06; 3rd, tie between Pleasants '06 and Smiley, '06. Height, 9 ft.

220-Yards Hurdles—Won by Brown, '06; 2nd, Hopkins, '05; 3rd, Priestman, '05. Time 29 3-5 sec.

The score at the end stood: 1906—23; 1905—17; 1904—5.

Final Spring Sports.

The finals of the Annual Spring Sports were held on Walton Field on the afternoon of April 29th. The following events took place:

100-Yards Dash—Won by J. L. Scull, '05; 2nd, T. K. Brown, '06; 3rd, C. C. Morris, '04. Time 11 1-5 sec.

One Mile Run—Won by H. H. Morris, '04; 2nd W. K. Miller, '06; 3rd, C. S. Bushnell, '05. Time 4 min. 52 sec.

Running Broad Jump—Won by A. H. Hopkins, '05; 2nd, T. K. Brown, '06; 3rd, E. F. Jones, '06. Distance, 20 ft. 6½ in. record.

220-Yards Dash—Won by C. C. Morris, '04; 2nd, E. F. Winslow, '05; 3rd R. P. Lowry, '04. Time, 24 2-5 sec.

120-Yards Hurdles—Won by T. K. Brown, '06; 2nd, A. H. Hopkins, '05; 3rd, W. P. Bonbright, '04. Time 17 1-5 sec.

Hammer Throw—Won by A. T. Lowry, '06; 2nd H. W. Jones, '05; 3rd, P. D. Folwell, '04. Distance, 104 ft. 5 in.

440-Yards Dash—Won by A. G. Priestman, '05 2nd, E. F. Winslow, '05; 3rd, G. Peirce, '03. Time 55 4-5 sec.

Hopkins, '05, carried off the honors with 18 points, and one record; Brown, '06, had 16 points to his credit; H. H. Morris, '04, had 10 points; and Philips, '06, 9 points.

The final score was: 1903—1 point; 1904—19 points; 1906—43 points; and 1905—45 points. This is the second year that 1905 has won the meet.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

THE contest for the Alumni Prize in Oratory took place in the gymnasium, on the evening of April 13th. The prize was won by Charles Woodard Davis, '03, and Bernard Lester, '04, received honorable mention. Mr. Parker S. Williams, '94, presided.

The programme was as follows:

1. Omar and the Dynamic Faith,
Arthur John Phillips

2. The African Sphinx in America,
Charles Woodard Davis
3. The Taking of the Bastille,
George Kingman Helbert
4. A Knight of the Cross,
William Mintzer Wills
5. Charles Sumner, Statesman of Conscience,
Harry Anthony Dominovich
6. The Dutch Struggle for Liberty,
Bernard Lester

COLLEGE NOTES.

J HENRY SCATTERGOOD, '96, will act as head coach of the football team for next year, and Dr. Babbitt as trainer. The schedule has been arranged as follows:

- Oct. 7—University of Pennsylvania, at Franklin Field.
- Oct. 10—Philadelphia Dental College, at Haverford.
- Oct. 17—Franklin and Marshall, at Haverford.
- Oct. 24—Rutgers College, at New Brunswick.
- Oct. 31—Ursinus College, at Collegeville.
- Nov. 7—New York University, at Haverford.
- Nov. 14—Delaware College, at Haverford.
- Nov. 21—Swarthmore, at Haverford.

The College Association has awarded debating pins to the members of the victorious Loganian team, consisting of H. A. Dominovich, '03, G. K. Helbert, '04, W. Carson, '06, and B. Lester, '04.

The Y. M. C. A. held its annual meeting and reception in the Gymnasium on April 8th. W. E. Cadbury, '01, addressed the meeting, and the heads of committees gave their reports. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: S. C. Withers, '04, President; H. W. Jones, '05, Vice President; Elias Ritts, '05, Corresponding Secretary; L. B. Seely, '06, Recording Secretary; E. M. Evans, '05, Treasurer. After the election, refreshments were served.

Many new trees and shrubs have been planted in various places over the campus.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees, it was determined to turn the old Grammar School building into a dormitory. There will finally be room for 24 students, the rooms to be apportioned between the different classes. Because of the distance of the building from the quadrangle, the charges will be very low.

On the night of April 9th, the Bowling Alley presented by the Beta Rho Sigma Society was officially opened. Dr. Babbitt made a short speech regarding the gift, and then President Sharpless and Dr. Gummere each bowled a ball down one alley. A match followed between the Bowling Teams of the Merion and Radnor Cricket Clubs, and was won by Merion.

The Gymnasium emblem has been awarded to O. E. Duerr, '03, W. P. Bonbright, '04, D. L. Burgess, '04, C. R. Haig, '04, and A. T. Lowry, '06.

The Haverford Fellowship has been awarded to H. A. Dominovich, '03. He will spend the coming year in the graduate department at Harvard.

A meeting of the Campus Club was held in the Faculty Room on the evening of April 10th.

The third quarter of the year ended Monday, March 30th.

An unusual rain storm, lasting several days, just previous to the Spring Holidays, making umbrellas and rain coats greatly in demand, caused the postponement of the Final Spring Sports until after vacation, and the cancelling of two cricket matches—one between two teams composed of the probable members of the first and second elevens; the other, between the Freshmen and Westtown.

The annual Junior Exercises will be given in Roberts Hall on the evening of May 15th.

The final examinations in June will be held in Roberts Hall, with all classes assembled in the presence of a member of the Faculty. His duty will be to

maintain good order, not to watch for any possible cases of cheating. The Honor System will continue as before, with the exception that the difficult responsibility of keeping order will be taken by the Faculty.

A large boulder, bearing the following inscription, has been placed at the entrance to Walton Field by the Class of 1890:

WALTON FIELD,

Named for Ernest F. Walton, of the Class of 1890,

To whose effort was due the construction of these Athletic Grounds in 1888.

Erected by his Class.

An opera, composed by C. L. Seiler, '02, entitled "Ye Haverford Bandit," will

be given under the auspices of the Haverford College Musical Association on the following dates: May 16th, Wayne Opera House; May 18th, Germantown Cricket Club; May 20th, New Century Club, Wilmington, Del.; May 23d, Merion Cricket Club, Haverford.

Dr. A. E. Hancock was married, April 21st, to Miss Jennie Crow, daughter of Ex-Sheriff Crow, of Philadelphia.

John Darlington Carter and Rachel Alsop were married on May 7th.

The ground has been broken and considerable work done on the improvement to the Friends Meeting House at Haverford.

EXCHANGES.

DURING the past month most of our exchanges have been indulging in brilliant Easter covers, the majority exhibiting decided artistic beauty. The best executed and most impressive design is found on the *Yale Record*, which easily surpasses its contemporaries in every way. The cover is modest in its color effects, and confines itself to a simple black and gold combination, which is very pleasing to the eye. In direct contrast to this is the glaring poster which adorns the *Punch Bowl*. The combination of red and yellow is striking but too gorgeous to be very satisfactory. The picture is rather ambiguous, as it is difficult to say whether it is intended for the skin of a luckless rabbit or the crimson garment of his Satanic Majesty. The girl inside would look equally well in either of these decorations.

While speaking of cover designs, we would like to suggest a change of color for the *St. Margaret's Chronicle*. Such a brilliant yellow must necessarily be obtru-

sive, especially when there is almost no decoration to relieve the monotony. In addition to this, the title design is very crude and amateurish, so that the whole effect is unpleasant. The contents of the paper are so good that a speedy improvement in the cover should be made in order to maintain an even balance. An excellent interior is necessarily handicapped by a poor exterior. The large number of photographs and drawings in the Easter number is very commendable. A German article entitled "Am Rhein," makes interesting reading, and gives a good description of the old Rhine castles. The illustrations are rather puerile, but show some artistic talent. A better example of combined literary and artistic ability is given in the article, "Une Excursion à Sèvres." Here the drawings are really well done, and prove the artist to be a credit to the college.

Our English contemporaries are always welcome. *The Carthusian* is probably the best publication that we re-

ceive from across the sea and we always find something of interest. The "Correspondence" column is usually well filled, so much so, that it leads an outsider to suspect that many improvements are needed at Charterhouse. In the latest issue the Correspondence covers four pages and includes twenty-eight letters. Most of these deal with proposed improvements on Squash courts, and with various athletic matters.

It is curious to note how the editors of the most important college humorous magazines show a tendency to copy the same joke at the same time. The *Cornell Widow* usually supplies most of the clippings for the other papers, and frequently we see the same joke in each paper, the credit, of course, being given to the *Cornell Widow*. For instance, one joke appeared in the latest issue of the *Yale Record*, then in the *Columbia Jester*, and finally, when we were quite sick of it, the *Harvard Lampoon* reprinted it. The *Cornell Widow* must feel highly honored by the popularity of its witticisms.

Among the serious college magazines of the higher class the *Harvard Monthly* ranks with the best. The article on "Frank Norris" is very well written, the quotation from "McTeague" being especially apt. The "Book Notices" show intelligent thought, and give some fair, unprejudiced criticism.

We welcome this month a newcomer, *The Valley Breeze*, published by the Philomathean Society of the Raisin Valley Seminary. The editors have made a good start, and give promise of producing a fairly respectable paper at some time in the future. At present, their first duty is to discipline their printer, who has made havoc of their effusions. When it comes to misspelling a heading in letters half an inch high it is time that

something should be done. We are uncertain whether to attribute "ATHELETICS" to the editor or the printer, but we will give the former the benefit of the doubt and impute it to the printer.

One of the best weeklies that we receive is the *Dickinsonian*. The matter is well arranged, and the news is usually interesting. The verse entitled "The College Editor" is true to life.

Several of our exchanges have, in the past two months, been making complimentary remarks concerning the prevalent habit of wrapping papers in such a way that it is almost impossible for the recipient to open them without injuring some parts of the contents. This state of affairs has been observed by us for some time past, and we hope that our small word may assist in abolishing the evil. Certainly our inventive genius was never put to test so much as when it became our duty to devise some means for removing tightly bound wrappers. Frequently the wrapper adhered to the paper itself and, when finally removed, invariably retained scraps of cover or reading matter, or else left disagreeable evidences of its former presence on the pages. We would urge the substitution of large envelopes for these unsatisfactory wrappers.

A writer in a juvenile magazine lately gathered a number of dictionary words as defined by certain people, of which the following seem genuine :

Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out.

Monkey—A very small boy with a tail.

Pig—A hog's little boy.

Salt—What makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on.

Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned.—*Ex.*

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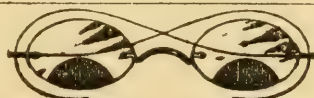
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VOLUME XXV, No. 4

JUNE, 1903

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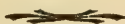
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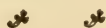
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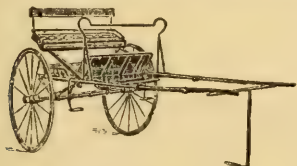
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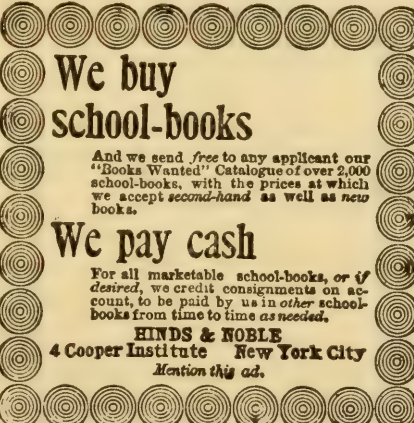
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ASIDE from all formal expression, there really is a great deal of significance to every fellow in the ending of another college year. It has been to us all an opportunity for growth and service, and whatever its success, it is a background of experience upon which we may paint in bright colors the hopes of our future. Happy are those who still look forward in that future to another year within these walls. And as the few months fly by in the almost nervous longing for the fall, well may they rest and work and slave and live for that coming year.

But for some of us these days are gone,

never to return. We have supped the healthy pleasures of a cycle of almost blissful existence. With work and play, with sorrow and joy, with the best of good fellowship our cup has been continually overflowing. But in leaving them behind what of joy and cheer does this commencement season offer unto us? True, our parting must be sad and the "sorrow's crown of sorrow" shall be ours in the memories. But let us follow the lesson we have learned here, and turn to the future with all the hope and effort of our young manhood using not for our vain sorrow and sad despair but in active, victorious life these sacred memories of our college days.

OFTENTIMES there comes over us a feeling of the futility of all our efforts at success, a feeling of deadly lassitude and lethal languor. *Dolce far niente* rings in our ears with siren tones. Let duty slide! Ambition is an empty dream. Why should we fret and trouble ourselves about many things? The world has done without us for ages past, and if we drop out, the universe will not fall to pieces. What is one man amidst this mighty whirl of infinite forces and æonian durations? But then comes the thought, tonic and stimulant as a breath of cool sea-air, "Every whole, however small it be, is made up of parts. I am part of the infinite cosmos which without my faithful labor is forever incomplete." And so we gain inspiration and fresh courage to carry on our little works, though rebuffs and cruel scorn beat against our faces like winter's driving sleet and bitter hail.

THERE is hardly any one association which has entered into college life more, and claimed more attention this spring than the Musical Association. Many students, especially those who do not figure prominently on the foot-ball or cricket field, here find very congenial work and get a great deal of enjoyment and benefit from it. It is a very serious undertaking, not only to compose, but to carry through successfully an opera, and C. L. Seiler is most heartily to be congratulated on his ability, both as a composer of music and as a manager. Also, he and his two fellow alumni should receive our thanks for the sacrifices they have made out of love for their college, in order to make the opera a credit to Haverford.

The one serious drawback of the opera was its absorbing claim on the time and energy of those students who rendered it. Very faithful and frequent practice caused conflicts with other college interests, and of necessity took the attention of many from the required work of the curriculum. Our college body is very small to attend all at once to as much work as it has during the past two months, and there is danger of undertaking so many things that each one can not be done well. At present the prospects for another opera next year are not bright, and it may be well that this is so. But we believe that the ones given these past two years, besides being well done in themselves, have been of great value to the fellows who took part in them, and to the college itself.

IT is rather early to look forward to the next foot-ball season, but it will soon be at hand with all its strenuous effort and excitement. The schedule is somewhat easier in some respects than usual, and we hope that the number of injuries will consequently be smaller. The rules of foot-ball will be restrictive

of heavy mass plays, giving more importance to light quick movements in the open field and kicking. Some of these facts may help toward a more successful season in 1903, especially as our light weight is apt to be better adapted to end runs than to mass plays. At any rate, let the feeling of discouragement which existed last fall at the conclusion of the final game gave way to one of hope. Our head coach of last year will expect a like exertion from us. We cannot but have faith in him. Haverford will always have faith in Henry Scattergood. Let us hope and work for the best. Swarthmore is by no means invincible.

THE readers of this paper give more of their interest, no doubt, to the articles than to the advertisements; and this is neither strange nor undesirable. But an occasional glance at the advertising columns would do no harm to any one, and might be of benefit to the advertiser, the reader, and the paper. The old idea was that trade was akin to stealing, and that if two men exchanged horses, the trade must be of disadvantage to at least one of the parties; but to-day transactions are possible which may be mutually advantageous. Our readers, when they make purchases, naturally have their own interests uppermost in their minds, and go where they can best be served, but when they have a choice between several places to transact their business, let them remember that our advertisers are reliable, and in many cases give special inducements to Haverford students. We are under obligation to the advertisers because they make it possible to reduce the price of subscription very much below what it would be if they did not help us. And if we do not patronize them, it will cease to be to their advantage to advertise in the HAVERFORDIAN.

MATTHEW ARNOLD—AN IMPRESSION.

PERHAPS it was Hazlitt who said that whenever he read a book he had a curiosity to know what sort of man was the author. In my own case, with many of the books I read I find myself constructing an imaginary picture of the writer out of the shreds of knowledge I may chance to have of his personality. The mental impression that "Sartor Resartus" has left with me is that of an elderly gentleman with pain-racked face, and hands tightly clasped over his stomach. The one left by "Culture and Anarchy" is more pacific. It is that of an exceedingly mild, grey-haired scholar with eye-glasses, whose very presence seems to radiate sweetness and light.

Long ago, at the court of Nero, there lived a man on whom was bestowed the title of *arbiter elegantiarum*. From literature to wine, this man's taste was exquisite. Not only was his judgment final, but no other man dared praise or dispraise anything before the *arbiter* had given his decision. Perhaps at first sight there will appear to be little in common between Petronius and Matthew Arnold,—between the Roman profligate and the English high priest of culture. The resemblance, for such it seems to me, between these men consists in a certain intellectual attitude. Matthew Arnold also was an *arbiter elegantiarum*. His taste was just as discriminating as Petronius', and, like the Roman, he was content to go on his own lofty way, quite certain that it was the right way, and heeding public opinion

"As the sea's self heeds a pebble's cast."

Matthew Arnold's literary criticisms are characterized by care, thoroughness and sympathy. Sometimes he sees only one side of a man, but that side is always the most important one. The writers

he criticises are those whose work has been done, who have become classics and have gone to their reward. On these men he passes, so to speak, a final judgment. He stands in the relation of a chief justice giving his decision in a case that has fought and appealed its way through the minor judiciaries up to the ultimate justice of the supreme court. But was Arnold entirely right in neglecting his contemporaries? Is it not part of the critic's duty to direct and form the public taste? And, in performing this duty, should not Arnold have criticised the writers of his own day? His opinions on such men as Robert Browning and Tennyson would have been particularly valuable, and he might have made himself a literary dictator—a latter-day Ben Jonson.

As a critic of national life, he wrote "Culture and Anarchy" and "Discourses in America." "Culture and Anarchy" is at the same time a defense of culture and a criticism of the national life of the English people. Arnold had been accused of holding himself aloof from the reforms and burning questions of the day because of his culture; and from this it was urged that all culture was damnable. Arnold rebukes his accusers with the calmness and condescension of a Nestor chiding an impetuous and foolish youth. With his humorous sarcasm he overwhelms the strongholds of the Barbarians, the Philistines and the Populace; but, above all, those of Philistia. And here he shows himself to belong to the higher order of critics. For, not content with simply proving what he criticises to be wrong, he points out a remedy; and his cure for anarchy, his panacea for the national ills of the British is culture, embodied in its handmaidens sweetness and light.

Arnold's style is so unobtrusive, so supremely simple, with the majestic simplicity which he admired in the literature and art of the Greeks, that, at first, I did not realize he actually possessed an individual style. It was only after reading page after page of his writing, seeking vainly a wrongly applied adjective, a single word that rang false, that I realized what a perfect instrument in his hands was his style. I say instrument advisedly, because he always used it as such. He believed that style is a means to an end just as he believed that sweetness and light lead a man finally to God. A marked feature of his style is his use of sarcasm and irony. These qualities he rendered tenfold more deadly by his calmness; for he either never wrote a word excitedly, or he never became excited. Thus we see that Arnold's mastery of style consisted in his making it a perfect instrument, and his vitalizing his sarcasm and irony through his calmness.

But it is neither as a calm scholar, nor an *arbiter elegantiarum*, nor a critic of books and nationality, nor yet as a master of style that Matthew Arnold is destined to be held in loving remembrance through the long hereafter. The greatest thing about him, and he had many elements of greatness, is his life. He took his way through the world, seeing the evil and the good, commending and blaming impartially. Wealth or temporal power had absolutely no influence upon him, and, had he been called to stand before kings, he would certainly have spoken with the same frankness and sincerity that George Fox employed toward Cromwell. He possessed his own soul, and he possessed it peacefully. Fallen on a material age, he was a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions. He was a man who dared to live according as he believed; and simply by his having lived in it, the world has been inestimably blessed.

R. P. L., '04.

THE SONG OF A BIRD.

I.

My throat is hoarse with calling,
And my heart has no voice to be heard
By him who ran tripping and falling
To follow the song of a bird.

II.

It led towards the reddening west,
Towards the pale and shivering star,
Till it died when the day was at rest,
And left him wandering far.

III.

I told him 'twas only a vision—
And I've called the whole night long—
But he would not change his decision,
But ran out to follow the song.

IV.

And now that the night tide thickens,
He will be lonely in the gloom,
And my heart within me sickens
For the forest is damp, like a tomb.

V.

Against the dark wall of the midnight
 I can see his white face strain,
 And stare for a single ray of light,
 His lips compressed with pain.

VI.

But the wild wind moans incessant,
 And the tall pines whisper low,
 The moon droops a silver crescent
 On his pallid corpse below.

W. H. H., JR., '06.

AN UNFINISHED TRAGEDY.

PHILIP went forward and shook hands with Jessie. He could hardly believe it was the same person to whom he had lost his heart so many years ago. And there had been great changes in the maiden from eight to eighteen. Then she had been a child of no unusual sort, tho' sweet-tempered and unspoiled; now she was a young girl of wide experience and high intellectual attainments. She was also possessed of remarkable beauty, of the delicate and *spirituelle* type. Philip was overwhelmed. He could hardly converse rationally. For ten years he had thought of her as a little girl in short skirts, with no particular attributes of any sort. Now to find her a young lady, charmingly gowned, radiantly lovely—it took his breath away.

"I suppose you have splendid times at college, Mr. Tyler, do you not?" she asked, as the family was seated at the dinner table.

"Oh, I say!" Philip answered, "you never called me 'Mr. Tyler,' at Hensonville. Can't we keep the old names?"

"Well, 'Philip,' then." She blushed prettily. Mrs. Tyler looked at Joyce and smiled.

"Yes, indeed, we do," said Philip. "The years at college are the best one is likely to get in this life. But it's good to come home, all the same, especially when one finds such pleasant surprises wait-

ing. How long ago did your holidays begin?"

"We left school Thursday," Joyce replied. "Girls' schools are not so strenuous as men's colleges."

"No, I hardly suppose they are," answered her brother, somewhat condescendingly. "Girls care more for showy accomplishments than for solid learning, anyhow."

"Philip, that is rather ungracious," interrupted his father.

Jessie had been watching Philip very keenly, and had been trying to form some general idea as to his usefulness in the world. She had come to rather definite conclusions respecting the rest of the family, of Joyce at school, and of her father and mother during her three days' stay in the house. Philip impressed her as being somewhat conceited. She did not feel drawn to him at all. He was rather good-looking, it is true, but that advantage was more than balanced by a certain indefinable disagreeableness of manner.

After dinner Jessie and Joyce went up stairs to get ready to go out. Alice Sinclair had asked them to come and spend the evening with her. Philip sat down by his mother's side.

"Well, Philip, what do you think of her?" she asked.

"She is quite the prettiest girl I ever

saw" he answered. "She carries herself well, too. How did she happen to be at Joyce's school?"

His mother explained how it had come about. Philip was very much interested, especially at the news of her extensive travelling. It had always been his dearest wish to see those famous places which this slip of a girl had spent so much of her life in visiting. He decided that her acquaintance would be well worth cultivating.

The girls came down stairs dressed to go out.

"May I come with you?" Philip asked.

"Don't you think you had better devote the first evening of your return to your family, my son?" asked Mr. Tyler.

A shade of disappointment passed over Philip's face. But he answered quite respectfully, "Certainly, sir, I shall stay if you wish it."

"Oh, let the poor boy go," said his mother, who always sided with her son. "He is probably anxious to see Alice again."

It did not please Philip very much that his fondness for Alice should be mentioned at this time, but his face did not again betray his feeling.

"I think I had better stay at home," he said, heroically.

"No, no, go with the girls, go, no remonstrance." And his father settled himself more comfortably in his arm-chair. "I must confess, Mary," he said to his wife, as the door closed behind the three young people, "I am not altogether satisfied with Philip."

* * * * *

Three days later, Philip was sitting on the window-seat near Jessie, rather nearer, indeed, than was really necessary.

— "But, Jessie," he said, "I am quite sure I know my own mind.

Nothing in the world could ever make up to me for losing you."

"Philip, it is utterly ridiculous to say that a person you have known only three days is necessary to your happiness."

"Only three days!" echoed Philip. "I have known you and loved you for ten long years." (This was not true, but he was too much excited to think very accurately).

"No one ought to decide such an important thing in so short a time. There is another objection, too," she faltered.

"Don't you love me?" wailed Philip. "Is there some one else?"

"Even if there were no one else in the world I would not want to marry you. I am sorry to have to hurt you so, but it is much better to get such foolish notions out of your head," she added, more gently.

Philip got up, pressed his hand to his forehead, and staggered out of the room.

* * * * *

The next morning the family was seated around the breakfast table.

"Where is Philip?" asked Mr. Tyler, as he noticed that his son's chair was empty.

Jessie blushed violently. Everybody looked at her. She felt it her duty to say something. But nothing she could think of seemed just what was required. How could she tell Philip's parents and sister that he had proposed to her, and that she had rejected him? The thing was preposterous. Mrs. Tyler noticed her confusion and quickly changed the subject.

The meal ended without further incident. The morning wore on, and still no Philip appeared. When luncheon was served Mrs. Tyler sent Joyce upstairs to call Philip. She came down looking somewhat frightened.

"Mother," she said, "the door is locked, and I could not hear a sound."

Mr. Tyler sprang from his chair.

"Did you knock?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed, but there was no answer," replied Joyce in tremulous tones.

Mr. Tyler, followed by the others, walked quickly upstairs. A blow from his foot sent the door flying open. There, on the bed, completely dressed, lay Philip, his eyes closed, as if in peaceful slumber. On a nearby table stood a bottle of laudanum, half empty. Jessie caught sight of a bit of paper, lying on

the floor by the bed. A breath of air had blown it from the table. She picked it up, and in a high, tense voice began to read:

——I feel that I have no longer any reason for living. She without whom my life would be barren as desert sands, has told me she can never love me——

Her voice broke, and she sank sobbing to the floor. Joyce rushed to where Philip lay and tried to waken him out of his eternal sleep. In vain! Mrs. Tyler fell fainting into her husband's arms.

SUNSET.

The day departing, reddening all the west,
Adds one more day to past eternity,
Takes one day from the future infinite,
And brings me, O God, one day nearer Thee.

The day is fading and the dark night creeps
From out the east to chase the flying day
While day the heavens with golden banner
sweeps
And hastes to wrest from night, lands far away.

Why is the sky at times so richly dressed,
When day has almost come or almost gone,
While other times dark robes enshroud the west
And sombre curtains hide the rosy dawn?

Has some great deed been done to-day which
makes
The day so full of beauty and so bright
That heaven's colors upon itself it takes
And lovelier still seems face to face with
night?

Or is this Nature, full of light and sound,
Unconscious, cold alike to joy and care;
While man from all the beauties seen around
Builds up within his heart a world as fair?

The answer comes; music I hear from heaven—
Creation's harp rings through eternity,
And now I know the meaning to life given,
Our souls, the strings, must sound in harmony.

H. H. B., '04.

A DREAM OF A SKULL.

THE skull, placed on the corner of my desk, strangely attracts me. There is a fascination in its ghastliness, a charm in its very repulsiveness. At night, when I pause for a moment in my work, and my glance falls on it, I sometimes sit for a considerable period gazing at that bit of bone, which is able to hold my attention as by a spell, compelling my thoughts into weird channels. Some of these dreams that pass thro' my mind are wild vagaries that vanish as soon as I arouse myself, while others burn themselves into my memory as a live coal will burn into wood, so that I shudder, when, in the evening, indistinct and unreal, I recall them.

One night, as I was reading Carlyle, I stopped to meditate on the sentence, "Aus der Ewigkeit zu der Ewigkeit hin," and my eyes falling for an instant on the skull, the spell of the unrestrained vagaries was cast.

My ideas floated from one thing to another, but in general tending towards the truth of that sentence, yet without taking any particular form; and it seems to me now that I must have fallen asleep.

Everything was dark, and obscure, but I seemed to be on a great plain, where the atmosphere was close and suffocating, and there was nothing above save the moonless sky, from which, directly before me, there were hanging two vast velvet curtains, indistinct in their voluminous folds, and stretching sideways forever into the lonely air. The feeling that possessed me was that of the infinity of everything;—the sky was, as always, infinite; the curtains, so enormous and incomprehensible, seemed also infinite; the plain stretched out forever, and there was naught else there. But wait, for there was aught else there. Behind that gloomy drapery, which was woven of

mystery, blackness and fear, there swelled a mighty stream of innumerable men, traversing their ways through ages, pulsing like a great artery. The tumult of footfalls echoed far over the prairie, only to die away where none could hear.

The dull roar sounded not unlike that of some huge ocean of Eternity, as her monstrous waves break and flow over a beach of Time. It was an even, monotonous sound,—yet occasionally I heard piercing thro' all the pervading tumult, a faint cry, so faint, that I was not sure I had heard, but rather imagined it; so faint, that it was forgotten in a moment beneath the steady treading of the hordes that seemed pressing onward, ever onward, from some infinite distance to my left. When, however, they reached the juncture of the two curtains, there fell a silence, and indefinitely to my right there was this oppressive silence in contrast to the perturbed noise on my left. Horror seemed to reign, then, an awful, unexplainable horror; and an insatiable curiosity to discover the reason of the silence. The two passions struggled; my heart recoiled from learning the cause, but my mind seemed almost to thrust itself forward to explain the phenomena. But, as is generally the case in dreams, I could do nothing, I had no will. Suddenly a single tinkle of a bell resounded, and how pure and calm did it seem amid all the confusion and darkness!

The curtain on the right hand was slightly drawn aside, and there, typifying Death, ghastly, inevitable, with a lurid glow gleaming from his baleful eyes, and robed in a gloom as dense as Chaos, was the skull. Gradually the surrounding mysteries faded away, and I found myself sitting in my room, staring at the skull on my desk.

W. H. H., Jr., '06.

THE AFRICAN SPHINX IN AMERICA.

THERE is an impartial decree of fate that measures to every man his burden of cares. Each generation must be ground in its country's mill. Each must face its questions and solve its national problems.

The ordeal that our fathers endured is still fresh in our memory, although forty years have changed the field of carnage into a quiet pasture, and nature, the anodyne for all ills, has bound up the nation's wounds.

But ere the sound of the bugle had died away and the coverlet of green had been spread over the red mounds on the hill-sides; on that dark day when the country was without a leader; in a moment of passion and prejudice, Congress, when it unrestrictedly gave the ballot to the black man, instilled a poison from the effects of which we now suffer. Thinking only of justice to the slave, it failed to foresee the dire consequences, and thus was laid on the people of the United States a load that ever grows heavier and a problem that is yet to be solved.

That the thoughtful people of the country were opposed to such radical measures we are sure, and had the far-sighted leaders who carried us through the crisis had the management of this, we have every reason to believe that it would have been otherwise.

Had the negro gradually obtained political rights as he became able to bear them, so that by this time he could have been on equal footing with the white man, what a difference there might have been. But this was not the case. And it is left for us to find a remedy for the question as it stands, since it has recently broken out in all its malignant complications.

It is the height of injustice to lay the blame for these conditions at the door of the negro, for his path has been made thorny enough through no fault of his own. Untold stumbling blocks have been placed before him by those ignorant ones who thought to do him good, and by unprincipled politicians who used him as a tool.

At the close of the Civil War four million ignorant and impoverished negroes were turned loose on the South, without a purpose and without a leader, but endowed with full power of voting and office holding. Seeing their opportunity the carpet-bagger and the scallawag took charge of politics, schooled the negro in all the corruption known to that dark day, taught him to abhor labor and to place political control as his highest ambition. Yesterday the slave, to-day the master; but in whose narrow mind and deluded eye, Citizenship, the nation's brightest and rarest gem, appeared as a dirty coin to be bartered for a life of indolence and indulgence of appetite.

A few of the more intelligent were intoxicated by political success, lived in gaudy luxury and set themselves up as models to ensnare the ambitious youth. The older slave remained near his master, quietly followed his trade and became a worthy citizen. But unaccustomed to the cares of a household he was a bad manager and at the mercy of his neighbors; lacking in executive ability, he had no control over his family, and his children, heretofore brought up by the white people, were now turned loose on the country in early youth and allowed to follow their own inclinations without restraint.

Never shall I forget the picture of that old black "mammy," her gray locks bound in a red bandanna turban, sitting in a corner, well cared for by the family of which she had held three generations to her breast and seen grow up to noble manhood. But as she sat there in silence, the tears would well up in those dim eyes and trickling down the furrowed cheek, would fall on the thin horny hand. Ask why she wept and she would say, "My boys." It would be cruel to ask where they were, for it was too well-known that one in New York she had not heard from in ten years, another was serving a term in the State prison for burglary, and still another kept his position on the chain gang on the public roads

of North Carolina as a breaker of the law. And that pious soul's answer to your inquiring look was "They had no master."

This is the generation that makes up the bulk of the negro race to-day. Without a master, without breeding, without principles, with uncontrolled passions, an inclination to idleness and made arrogant by the idea that the people of the North will support them in anything. They flock to the Northern cities, only to be thrust out by the unions and forced to the commonest labor on account of their inferiority. The strenuous life drives them back to the South, where they paint to the ignorant ones there glowing pictures of high wages and social standing, thus arousing discontent and a hostile spirit. Is it any wonder that the prisons and penitentiaries are filling up? Can we reasonably expect anything else but an increase of crime? The farmers of the South are calling in vain for laborers. The rapidly growing country cries out for blacksmiths and carpenters to take the place of the slave artisan, but there are few who respond. Here is the blot that dropped from the pen of haste and ignorance on the new, clean page of the country's history, that generations will not be able to erase.

The disease that could have been so easily prevented is now the most obstinate to cure. The negro craves the ornamental rather than the substantial. He reaches out for the superficial signs of progress rather than the realities. Unable to maintain the false position in which he was placed, he feels the frail foundation crumble beneath him and wonders why mankind has not kept its promise.

With the true picture before us let us notice the attitude of President Roosevelt. Viewed from the point of right and justice alone, little that he has said or done tice alone, little that he has said or done tion is unassailable. But it is impossible to ignore actual results. The time when an ethical theory becomes an absolute standard for the government of man is still in the future, and it is dangerous to

assume that the conditions producing a certain effect on the white man, will produce the same on the negro as a whole.

Every person is a representative of his race and as such is held responsible for the actions of its members. A few men take the law in their own hands and the whole state is condemned for the lynching; one unprincipled politician in Mississippi incites a general post office row and that whole section must suffer; one ranting Congressman's fiery tongue will flood the country with his radical statements and by his conduct bring down the penalty on the entire South.

Why was there opposition to Reed Smoot as a Congressman? Why did Roosevelt himself express dissatisfaction? Was it because of any personal inability? Was he not as well qualified to perform the duties of office as other men? It was because he was a Mormon. Freedom of religious belief is guaranteed to every man under the constitution, but this one represented a class of people whose principles form a standard which we consider too low for that of the nation, therefore, it is not merely just and right, but our duty to discourage their participation in the government of the Union.

"Dr. Crum is as able to hold the office of Collector at Charleston as any other man in the city and I do not propose to make him the victim of discrimination on account of his color. I shall let the negro know that if he shows in a marked degree the qualities of citizenship, he will not be shut out by the closed door of hope." These words of the President are at first beautiful to the ear, but the echo that is sent back from the mountains of the West and the dark pine forests of South Carolina is as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. For Mormon Smoot is a true representative of his community and the people's choice, while the attempt was made to thrust Crum on the people of Charleston against their will, even after Congress had once refused to confirm the nomination.

It was not claimed that Crum was the

best man that could be found, but as good as any. Would it have been an act of discrimination to put in his stead one who is acceptable to the importers of the place, not one of whom is colored? Moreover, the statement would put a premium on the negro's head. It holds out to the race a dangerous and insidious goal, for it invites him to bend his energies toward politics and the control of the white man, instead of the much needed master of the family and lord of the soil.

The laws of nature will not allow great leaps to be made in scaling the heights. It is impossible to take any individual from a lower class and have him recognized as the equal of the white man. Not until the standard of the black race reaches that of our own can he be compared with the typical American and justly demand social equality. Booker Washington, doubtless the highest type of his race, may be well *able* to represent this country before another nation, but to send him as our ambassador to the English court would be an affront to all Europe.

The people of this country also demand the best. The people of the South simply ask that they be allowed to choose their own society, and is it prudent to thrust down their throats what we would not dare offer an alien? Now, under the light of intelligent reason, where is the consistency of such an attitude?

The true state of affairs is beginning to dawn on the people of the North. Perhaps it has been somewhat delayed on account of the bitterness of the South.

Heaven forbid that I should multiply the crime by hiding the truth. There are those who will take advantage of the negro yet, and *he* is unworthy of the name American who is not willing to be measured by the standard he sets for the black man.

But the people of the South have lost faith in the North in that while they staggered under the burden for thirty-five years, the people of the North, unencumbered, attempted to dictate how the load should be carried. And now they open up every occupation to the negro; they offer him most excellent advantages in every walk; they pay the taxes to educate his children, and become surety for his debts. And when the men of the North shall unrestrictedly open the field of labor to him, give him higher positions than he holds in the South, and shall prevent his being driven out from an Illinois town and his dwellings destroyed, then they will believe in Northern sincerity.

Such is the condition of the negro; such the political and social attitude of the South that is slowly spreading over the entire country. Political equality the negro once had, has lost, and may regain, but social equality is forever in the future, there to remain until the father in high society shall feel proud to give the hand of his daughter in marriage to a representative of the negro race, and shall deem it an honor to graft upon his family tree a scion from the jungle of Africa.

C. W. D., '03.

SKETCHES.

The White Horse Tavern.

IT is evening, and all around the old tavern is peace and quiet; such tranquility as rural prosperity alone can bring. From the massive stone chimney lazily curls a light wreath of pale blue smoke, tingeing the atmosphere with the fragrance of burning willow wood. On

the roof the weather-cock swings slowly to and fro, swaying in the fickle breeze, now East now South and back again with unwearying faithfulness.

In the barnyard, the chickens are preparing for the night, some being already at roost among the cross pieces of the rafters. From a distant pasture, the cows come slowly winding along the beaten

path toward the barnyard, their lowing mingling pleasantly with the clinking of the milk pails, which are being made ready around the watering trough.

A period of silence follows, during which, thro' the open door under the brick-paved porch, faint odors of cooking are wafted, vague presages of a substantial meal, enjoyable alike to the weary traveller and his good host. As the cows emerge from the stable into the barnyard, the sun disappears over the brow of a distant field of waving grain. One by one the stars appear and darkness settles down over the old tavern of the White Horse, lulling all living creatures into the charmed repose of rural twilight.

F. R. T., '06.

The Cushion and the Sofa.

NEVER was friendship stronger between a David and a Jonathan than that between the sofa pillow and the sofa. They just met one September day in a room in Barclay Hall, when a Freshman brought the pillow in, and tossed her unceremoniously into the sofa's bosom. There being no formal introduction, both at first were much embarrassed; especially the scarlet and black pillow, recently adorned by a Bryn Mawr goddess, flushed a still deeper scarlet. But the sofa soon recovered from his abashment, and his padded heart began to throb with ecstasy. They soon cultivated mutual acquaintance, and then affection. Madam Cushion felt many pangs of jealousy when the indelicate Freshmen placed other and strange sofa pillows in the arms of her lover. But she was far handsomer than the fairest of her rivals, and was never supplanted in her husband's affections.

One fatal day brought trouble and pain. Several Freshmen boisterously burst into the room, and, after up-

setting the furniture, began to throw books and pillows at each other. It might have been fun for them, but it was at the dear expense of the pillow. Grievously soiled, her garments nearly torn off from her, her former beauty departed, she no longer pleased those unfeeling Freshmen, for they cast her into the rubbish pile. Thence she was carried by darksome angels to a region of utter darkness, inhabited by the shades of burned houses, dissolute "one-hoss shays," broken chains, torn curtains, and many other departed glories of the upper world. The cushion wept the shades of tears, but the sofa could not weep; he could only sigh for his lost one. Year after year he remained in the same hall. His head was so bowed, and his spirit so broken, that he offered no remonstrance to being sat upon and kicked. One day his heart broke and he fell off his legs flat upon the floor. With many an imprecation from his master, who now had become a Junior, he was also cast into outer darkness. But he did not regret this, for the darkness was fairer to him than the light when he found there his old companion waiting for him. Her very disfigured and dirtied face seemed to him more beautiful than ever before, and he gently dried her spectral tears upon his inane velvet. There let us leave them forever, in perfect bliss, subject no more to estranging harms.

D. L. B., '04.

An Experience With Nature.

THE elements were raging. The low rumble of the thunder, mingled with the steady tapping of the rain, and interrupted by occasional flashes of lightning, composed a fitting lullaby for my wearied body as I sank into a stupor. I had not been unconscious many minutes when I suddenly became aware of the

fact that a new sound was mingling with the noise of the elements. A low moaning fell upon my ear and was followed by a shrill cry, as of a human being in deadly peril. Still, insensible of my danger, I dozed on." The sounds came nearer, and reverberated in my very ears. I made an impatient movement in my sleep, but yet did not fully awake. For awhile the moans and cries ceased. But soon they were renewed with appalling vigor. I was suddenly aroused by a light touch upon my cheek. With a shriek of fear and horror, I sprang to my feet. I was confronted by an animal of so hideous a description that my blood froze in my veins at the very sight of him. His immense, glaring eyes gazed at me fixedly from the darkness, and his teeth chattered with rage, while ever and anon he gave voice to that blood-curdling cry which had before disturbed my slumbers. The next instant he sprang at me with fearful impetus and buried his fangs in my hand. Immediately my other hand came down with a resounding smack, and, as I flicked his inanimate body aside, I sleepily remarked, "Gadzooks! but the mosquitoes are thick to-night!"

S. G. S., '05.

A Fragment,

I WAS walking, in sombre and pitiful mood, through the midst of a desolate, wild, abhorrent forest. I was lost, utterly lost, and alone. The undergrowth was dank and dismal. Great tamarisks and gloomy cypress trees grew straight up for hundreds of feet, mere naked trunks, and then shot out into a super-tropical luxuriance of foliage. Through this mighty canopy the asthenic moon peered feebly. Underfoot the ground was cold, and damp treacherous ooze squeezed itself from under my fearful feet. Dreadful plants flamed vividly through the gruesome

depths of the wood. The undergrowth was thick, impenetrable. Yet I struggled on. A poisonous serpent writhed slimily across my path. A brilliant bird flutters hopelessly through the dark aisles of the forest. And never the slightest sound comes to break the awful, the appalling silence. The horror of it grows and grows, as a rumor does when it passes from one scandalous tongue to another.

W. P. B., '04.

Misogynistic.

FOOL is the name for which we all are striving. And what a keen strife it is! What a victory, a triumph, a glory, a heaven, is in store for him who earns the title, biggest fool of all! How the little fawning fools cluster around their big hero fool and pat his foolish back! How they long for the time when they, too, shall become big fools! Come with me to yonder foot ball game. It is the game that is advertised, but it is something else that draws the fool. Tom, a man credited with good sense, deserts John and goes after Mary. John is a staid friend of known worth; Mary is a Philadelphia society girl. "What a 'lovely' touchdown!" "Don't you adore Browning?" "I think you're awful 'nice'!" Meanwhile the home team is being defeated through lack of cheering and good support, despite the efforts of a few faithful Sophomores on the grand stand. But Tom—he is a hero. After the game he is much more open to congratulation than the captain of the winning team. "Who was that handsome girl with you this afternoon, Tom?" "Congratulations, Tom, on your queenly conquest!" Why is Tom a hero? Because he has outstripped in the race of folly all of the admiring idiots around him; and when All Fools' Day comes, the great fool divinity with hoof and horns will give him a fool's reward.

D. L. B., '04.

A Dark Invasion.

THE night was frosty, and the large pole, running lengthwise of the wood shed, and about four feet back from the open front, was filled with chickens huddled closely together. Seven turkeys sat on the top of the shed, their outlines plainly seen from the road near by. A slight, careful tread snapped a few chips, and every fowl stretched and craned its neck and raised and lowered its head to see what made the noise. A dark warm wrist was gradually worked under the breast of the turkey on the end, and, deceived by the warm feeling the turkey shifted its roost from the warm spot under it to the warm object that seemed another part of the roost. A careful motion brought the doomed turkey to the level of a negro's waist, and with but one startled cry as it dropped into the open bag, the prize was captured. When the turkey sounded its farewell note, a sort of chuckle passed from one chicken to another in an almost continuous wave, a chuckle seemingly filled with questioning surprise.

A few minutes later, on the far edge of the wheat field back of the barn, a rabbit stopped munching the young shoots of wheat and rose on its hind legs to see a man with a bag pass by. A flutter was made inside the bag, and after watching a moment, and in turn blinking at the moon, the rabbit remarked:

"Bre'r Fox needs must form a trust, or he will be beaten at his own game."

R. J. S., '06.

A Religious Maniac.

UPON one of those dark and dreary afternoons which cast a gloom over all creation, I was walking up the prin-

cipal street of an old Philadelphia suburb, when my eye was arrested by a large stone house standing some distance back from the sidewalk. It was a homely structure, with ivy struggling up the lower portion of the wall. The gate was fastened with a heavy iron chain; weeds had overgrown the path and the bare windows seemed to have a cold, vacant stare, like the eyes of a corpse. Being possessed with curiosity, I climbed the fence, and made my way toward the rear. I paused, scanned the forbidding premises for a few moments, and was about to turn back, when I heard the faint muffled screams of a child. My interest now was thoroughly aroused, so that I opened cautiously a side door, and entered. The sight which presented itself within, was even more strange and gloomy than the aspect without. I found myself in a long, badly-lighted room, with a dirty bare floor, having four or five chairs scattered about it. The only mural decorations were a chart of the Lake of Fire, and several cards with texts such as: "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

This weird and desolate spectacle made me hesitate upon the threshold. In a moment, a great muscular man wearing patched trousers, and a red flannel shirt without a collar, rushed into the room and began to cross himself vigorously. He had a long, thin beard; his eyes stared at me with a wild expression of mingled fear and irresolution. At first I felt inclined to run, but seeing that the man did not mean any harm, I decided to stay, and inquire the meaning of the child's screams, and his own grotesque actions. Slowly I drew from him that the cause of the child's crying was a hard scripture lesson, set by the father, whose mind was deranged, by too-constant anticipation of the after life.

A. G. P., '05.

The Vesper Bell.

FOR years and years the old bell has tolled its iron summons over the hazy valley which, beneath it, stretches far away to the sunset. How varied are its tones only a life-long listener may know; for to each it reflects his own mood as in a crystal. On a summer afternoon when the long shadows imperceptibly have grown longer, and the homeward-flying birds fill the air with distant music, over the twilight-meadows an afterglow of sunset seems to linger, as though loath to go. A light breeze stirs the leaves and gently ruffles the face of the little river,

which, as a tribute to the hour runs more slowly. All nature is quiescent. The blue hills of the western horizon, edged with gold, are molded into the form of a giant—and the giant is sleeping. Suddenly and startling in its clearness, from the bell's iron throat there pours forth a flood of sound, falling like a benediction over the departing day. And as the last echoes fade into silence, slowly there arise to heaven the clear voices of the white-robed choristers, joined in a solemn *Te Deum*. The first star of evening burns low on the Eastern horizon and the day is done.

A. T. L., '06.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

Vacation Doings of the Faculty.

PRESIDENT SHARPLESS, after Commencement, will give the inaugural address at the installation of Langdon C. Stewardson as President of Hobart College. He will also give a course of lectures at a summer school on Pennsylvania's Provincial History. His summer will be mainly spent at Haverford.

Prof. Thomas will reside in Worcester, Mass., engaged in writing history.

Dr. Hall will travel in the far West.

Dr. Gifford will reside in New England.

Prof. Edwards sails for Europe about Commencement time, to be gone for two months.

Dr. Gummere will spend the summer in Nantucket, in literary work.

Dr. Brown will be in Cambridge, England, writing an article on "The Lunar Theory" for the new German *Cyclopedia of Mathematics*.

Dr. Mustard expects to be back from Europe about Commencement and to

spend the summer in Canada. He has been lecturing in Rome on "The Evidences of Classical Influences in the Poetry of Tennyson and Browning."

William H. Collins will find rest and recreation in the Berkshire Hills.

Dr. Pratt will continue his biological studies in Germany and New England. A new book from him is a possibility.

Dr. Babbitt will have his usual busy vacation at Chautauqua and Vermont.

Dr. Jones goes to England to give a course of lectures at the Woodbrooke Settlement, near Birmingham, on "Modern Views of God and the Spiritual Life."

Oscar Chase will find his rest among the Pennsylvania mountains, and at Haverford.

Dr. Bolles will visit the North Cape and afterwards add to his knowledge of mediæval history among the libraries of Central Europe.

Dr. Barrett goes for his sabbatical year to Germany, leaving about Commencement time.

Dr. Hancock will take care of his new establishment on the Haverford grounds.

Dr. Reid will pass his vacation in Virginia.

Dr. Ebeling will reside at Haverford during the summer, and in the fall will remove to Clinton, N. Y., where he will enter upon his duties in the Classical Department of Hamilton College.

Dr. Comfort will spend the summer at Haverford, mostly in the Library and in

supervision of his new house.

Dr. Rhoads expects to be in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

John D. Carter leaves the College with the good will of everyone and enters the employ of the firm of Carter & Scattergood, manufacturing chemists.

Dr. Strong has been appointed by the Carnegie Institute to an investigating position, and his work will be done in connection with the University of Chicago.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

'61. Edward Bettie has been elected Alumni Advisor of the Athletic Association.

'65. Allen C. Thomas read a paper before the American Antiquarian Society in Boston, April 30th, on "Some Autograph Documents of John Hancock and Thomas Cushing."

'82. George A. Barton, when last heard from, was about to leave Jerusalem for Europe. He has been in charge of the School for Study at Jerusalem for the past year.

'85. Rufus M. Jones will give ten lectures on "Present Day Ideas of God and Spiritual Life" at the Woodbrooke Summer School for Religious Study, Selly Oak, near Birmingham, England, July 23rd to August 6th. Dr. Jones will be in attendance at the school for at least four weeks, and will repeat his lectures August 6th to 20th. Dr. and Mrs. Jones will act as wardens at the school during the first month of its session.

'91. George Thomas, 3rd, has announced his engagement to Miss Gause, of Wilmington Del. He is now superintendent of the Diamond State Steel Company.

'98. Thomas Wistar has left the employ of Edward S. Hyde, and is now

with the Bell Telephone Company as an inspector in the Germantown district.

'02. R. M. Gummere will spend the summer at Nantucket with his family, prior to entering the Harvard Graduate School in the fall.

'02. W. P. Philips is in the Harvard Graduate School and expects to receive the degree of A. M. this year. He will probably teach in or near Philadelphia next year.

'02. J. B. Haviland is studying law in Glens Falls, N. Y., and expects to enter a law school next fall.

'02. C. Wharton Stork has accepted an offer to teach at Blight's School, Philadelphia, next year.

'02. W. W. Pusey, 2nd, has left the purchasing department of the Pusey & Jones Company, Wilmington, and has entered, with L. W. DeMotte, '01, the Maxwell Stevenson, Jr., & Co. Bank, Land Title and Trust Building, Philadelphia.

'02. H. A. Scattergood is situated at Lambertsville, N. J., as rodman on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

'02. E. E. Trout has refused an instructorship in mathematics at Harvard, and will enter business in Massachusetts after receiving his A. M. at Harvard.

P. G. '02. Tetsutaro Inumaru has been appointed overseer of departments 1, 6 and 7 at the Fifth Imperial Japanese Government Exposition.

'02. Caspar Wistar has been seriously ill at his home at LaMott, Pa., but is now convalescing.

'02. The following members of 1902 attended the presentation of "Ye Haverford Bandit," by C. L. Seiler, '02, at the Merion Cricket Club, on May 23rd: A. C. Wood, Jr., D. A. Roberts, H. A. Scattergood, N. A. Scott, E. H. Boles, C. L. Seiler, H. A. Balderston, H. G. Jones, R. M. Gummere, E. G. Kirk, W. W. Pusey, 2nd.

J. W. Reeder, '02, and H. G. Jones, ex-'02, will join with A. C. Maule and H. H. Lowry, '99, in renting Prof. Ed-

wards' house on the college campus for this summer. They will occupy the house early in June.

On the Harvard cricket team the following Haverfordians played against their old college on May 21st: C. H. Carter, '00, S. W. Mifflin, '00, E. E. Trout, '02, C. W. Stork, '02, E. W. Evans, '02.

Ex-'99. A. B. Mifflin has made the highest score of the season up to the present time, on May 23rd, when he made 177 for Radnor C. C.

'99 and '02. J. H. Redfield, Jr., and E. H. Boles have been assisting C. L. Seiler in giving the opera under the auspices of the Haverford College Musical Association.

COMMUNICATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HAVERFORDIAN:

DEAR SIR:—In the HAVERFORDIAN for April you have an editorial on cricket which I think may be easily misunderstood and, in my opinion, work harm to the good game of cricket at Haverford. You contrast the condition of the members of the cricket elevens with those of the foot ball teams, and seem to imply that the poor cricketer is imposed upon because he has to pay his own expenses. As a lover of cricket I wish to protest against this point of view.

Our whole idea of college sport has been contaminated by the spirit of commercialism introduced by the enormous gate receipts of our large university foot ball teams, and in a lesser degree by teams representing the smaller colleges. It is the great glory of the true cricketer that he plays the game for the sport, and not for applause or pay. In the last few years the attitude of college students generally towards athletics has changed.

Now a player seems to think that he confers a favor by playing on a team, and that, therefore, the athletic association should pay for everything he uses or does. He utterly fails to realize that he himself is getting more benefit out of the game than anyone else, and that, because he has been selected, he should be glad to pay his expenses, rather than shift them onto his unfortunate fellow student who cannot make the team and thus misses the good the player is receiving. Even at Haverford, where, I hope, conditions of sport are above the average, matters have reached such a state that fellows on the Gymnasium team will not even pay for their own shoes, costing seventy-five cents, but must send the bill to the association.

I am sure such a spirit of dependence on others for the cost of one's pleasures is demoralizing, and I hope we may be spared such an experience in cricket.

Many students do not hesitate to spend

goodly sums on social pleasures, but will not pay a cent towards their travelling expenses on a team.

I hesitate to allude to the past, but surely my contemporaries will bear me out when I say that these things did not used so to be. So I would urge the Haverfordian of to-day to give up one or

two visits to the theatre and to save his money for his athletic expenses, for by so doing he will be making an investment which will bring him handsome returns in after life.

Yours truly,

CHARLES J. RHOADS, '93.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., May 23rd, 1903.

CRICKET DEPARTMENT.

First XI vs. Belmont.

THE Haverford First XI played the Belmont C. C. on Saturday, May 2d, at Elmwood. Belmont was not very strong in bowling, and Haverford lacked the services of C. C. Morris. When Haverford went to bat first on a good crease the chances were greatly in our favor, but things looked pretty badly when, at the fall of the 5th wicket, only 26 runs had been scored. However, when the last wicket fell 125 runs were credited to Haverford. Belmont then went to bat and was all out for 100. D. Graham did the best bowling for Belmont and Priestman for Haverford. The score :

HAVERFORD.

H. H. Morris, c. D. Graham, b. W. Graham...	9
J. B. Drinker, run out.....	9
H. W. Doughten, Jr., l. b. w., b. D. Graham..	0
R. L. Pearson, c. W. Graham, b. D. Graham.	26
A. G. Priestman, b. D. Graham.....	5
P. D. Folwell, b. D. Graham.....	0
W. P. Bonbright, b. D. Graham.....	13
A. T. Lowry, not out.....	29
A. H. Hopkins, b. Hurditch.....	23
H. Pleasants, Jr., b. D. Graham.....	3
E. C. Peirce, b. D. Graham.....	0
Extras	8
Total.....	125

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
W. Graham.....	48	1	37	1
D. Graham	67	1	35	7
Watson.....	15	0	11	0
Coates.....	15	0	13	0
Hurditch.....	6	0	11	1

BELMONT.

E. K. Leech, b. Priestman.....	7
C. P. Hurditch, b. Priestman.....	25
E. B. Watson, b. Pleasants	5
W. Graham, st. Peirce, b. Pleasants.....	4
C. Coates, c. Pleasants, b. Priestman.....	4
W. F. Keenan, b. Priestman.....	19
W. F. Keenan, Jr., b. Priestman.....	6
D. Graham, c. Pearson, b. Priestman.....	15
W. C. Graham, not out.....	1
C. J. Murphy, b. Pleasants.....	1
J. Hecht, run out	1
Extras.....	12
Total.....	100

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Priestman.....	90	2	48	6
Drinker.....	18	0	16	0
Pleasants.....	60	2	22	3
Bonbright.....	12	1	3	0

First XI vs. the Next XV.

On May 5th, the First XI defeated the next XV. The game was not a very interesting one. The score :

NEXT XV.

Dr. F. B. Gummere, c. C. C. Morris, b. Drinker	5
Dr. W. W. Comfort, run out.....	16
C. R. Haig, c. Folwell, b. Priestman.....	20
V. W. Wheeler, run out.....	13
R. P. Lowry, b. Priestman.....	8
J. D. Philips, c. & b. Pleasants.....	11
R. J. Shortlidge, b. Pleasants.....	12
F. R. Taylor, b. Priestman	0
A. C. Dickson, c. & b. Priestman	14
D. L. Burgess, b. Priestman	0
S. G. Spaeth, run out.....	12
E. M. Evans, not out.....	4
E. Ritts, c. Doughten, b. Priestman.....	0
H. H. Cookman, c. Folwell, b. Priestman ...	0
W. S. Bradley, b. Priestman.....	0
Extras	8
Total.....	123

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Folwell	24	0	14	0
Drinker	47	2	21*	1
Hopkins	24	1	7	0
Lowry	18	1	6	0
Pleasants.....	60	1	19	2
Priestman	76	3	41	8
Bonbright	6	0	7†	0

*Bowled one wide. †Bowled one no ball.

FIRST XI.

C. C. Morris, c. Haig, b. Taylor.....	11
H. H. Morris, b. Haig	44
H. W. Doughten, Jr., b. Spaeth.....	48
W. P. Bonbright, c. Shortlidge, b. Cookman	18
A. T. Lowry, b. Haig	4
P. D. Folwell, b. Spaeth	19
A. G. Priestman, not out.....	7
J. B. Drinker, did not bat	
A. H. Hopkins, did not bat	
H. Pleasants, Jr., did not bat.....	
E. C. Peirce did not bat.....	

Extras

Total

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Dickson.....	66	2	24	0
Taylor.....	42	0	43*	1
Comfort.....	30	0	23	0
Haig.....	24	0	21	2
Spaeth.....	42	0	29	2
Cookman.....	26	0	11	1

*Bowled one wide.

First XI vs. Philadelphia C. C.

The Haverford First XI played the Philadelphia C. C. at Haverford on Saturday, May 9th. Philadelphia did not have a full team and so had to borrow two fielders. Haverford went to bat first on a fast pitch and easily scored 262 runs for 5 wickets, C. C. Morris scoring the first century for Haverford this spring. The innings was then declared and Philadelphia went to bat. George Woolley played for Philadelphia. Stumps were drawn at 6 o'clock with the game in favor of Haverford, Philadelphia having 107 runs for 5 wickets. The score :

HAVERFORD

C. C. Morris, retired	104
H. H. Morris, b. Woolley.....	18
H. W. Doughten, Jr., c. Mason, b. Walker...	7
J. B. Drinker, b. Walker.....	11
A. H. Hopkins, b. Hanford.....	79
C. R. Haig, not out.....	18
W. P. Bonbright, not out.....	6
R. P. Lowry, did not bat.....	
A. G. Priestman, did not bat.....	
A. T. Lowry, did not bat.....	
H. Pleasants, Jr., did not bat.....	
Extras.....	19
Total (5 wkts).....	262

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Welsh.....	30	0	47	0
Hanford.....	30	0	31	1
Woolley.....	78	0	69	1
Walker.....	108	3	70	2
Mason.....	12	0	26	0

PHILADELPHIA

Woolley, b. Pleasants.....	44
S. Welsh, b. Pleasants.....	4
J. H. Mason, b. Priestman.....	7
F. B. Harris, b. Drinker.....	14
W. H. Walker, c. A. T. Lowry, b. Pleasants...	17
S. Young, not out.....	4
J. H. Whitaker, not out.....	10
Hanford, did not bat.....	
L. Gray, did not bat.....	
Extras.....	7
Total.....	107

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Bonbright.....	18	0	28	0
Priestman	66	1	35	1
Pleasants.....	60	2	23	3
Drinker.....	12	0	12	1
Hopkins	12	1	2	0

First XI vs. Merion.

Played at Haverford, Saturday, May 16th. Merion won the toss, and elected to bat on a hard and fiery wicket. The bowling of Priestman and Pleasants was on the spot, and at times almost unplayable. C. C. Morris brought off a very difficult catch at short slip. H. G. Jones batted well until he was hit over the eye and badly cut by a ball which got up suddenly. The innings closed for 68.

Haverford's innings began somewhat disastrously, and had it not been for the steady play of Pearson the result might have been different. He batted with excellent judgment at a critical time, and practically saved the game. Lowry, who come in later, also seemed to master the bowling, and scored rapidly. The score:

MERION.

R. H. Patton, b. Pleasants.....	1
J. L. Evans, b. Pleasants.....	12
H. P. Baily, b. Priestman.....	4
H. H. Lowry, run out.....	7
P. D. Folwell, c. Drinker, b. Pleasants.....	11
W. N. Morice, c. C. C. Morris, b. Priestman.....	0
A. P. Morris, b. Priestman.....	0
H. G. Jones, retired hurt.....	17
J. C. Thomas, b. Priestman.....	2
W. C. Longstreth, not out.....	5
S. G. Spaeth, c. Drinker, b. Pleasants.....	1
Extras	8
Total.....	68

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Priestman	84	2	37*	4
Pleasants	84	3	25	4

*Bowled two wides.

HAVERFORD.

C. C. Morris, c. Evans, b. Morris	15
H. H. Morris, b. Morris.....	0
H. W. Doughten, Jr., b. Baily.....	1
R. L. Pearson, b. Patton	43
A. H. Hopkins, run out.....	2
A. G. Priestman, b. Morris.....	1
J. B. Drinker, b. Patton.....	190
W. P. Bonbright, b. Patton.....	7
A. T. Lowry, not out	28
H. Pleasants, Jr., b. Morris.....	1
E. C. Peirce, b. Morris.....	5
Extras	23
Total.....	154

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Baily.....	42	0	17	1
Morris	79	0	59	5
Patton	60	1	37	3
Morice	18	0	15	0

First XI vs. Pennsylvania.

On Wednesday, May 20th, the team journeyed out to Queen Lane and started the first Inter-Collegiate game. Captain Morris again failed to call the toss of the coin, and Pennsylvania started batting on a run-getting wicket. Things went fairly well for a time, but Dansey stuck

to his work, stopping all off and straight balls, scoring freely from ones to leg. G. V. Smith was missed on the first or second ball, and then hit off his runs rapidly. Later, Potts was missed before he had scored, and Dansey was missed before he reached his half-century. Almost everyone made some runs, and the side was not out until 271 had gone up on the boards. Priestman and Pleasants bore the brunt of the attack. The former had slightly the better average. Drinker, Bonbright, C. C. Morris, Hopkins and Pearson also bowled. One run-out was on a throw by the captain; a very sharp piece of fielding.

With not much more than an hour left to play, C. C. Morris and H. H. Morris opened up for Haverford. After having a catch dropped C. C. Morris settled down and scored rapidly. H. H. Morris, Drinker, Doughten and Lowry lost their wickets for small scores. When stumps were drawn the score stood 94 for 4 wickets, of which C. C. Morris had made 67, not out.

On Thursday, May 28th, the game was resumed. The wicket played fast, though the outfield was slow. Morris and Hopkins opened. Hopkins did not stay very long, and was succeeded by Pearson. Soon afterwards Morris was given run out. Then Priestman came in and hit out in lively fashion during the remainder of the innings. The side was all out for 199, and Pennsylvania won by 72 runs. The score:—

PENNSYLVANIA

F. S. White, b. Pleasants.....	15
W. D. Banes, b. Priestman.....	3
G. F. Dansey, not out.....	92
E. S. Hare, b. Priestman.....	0
G. V. Smith, c. Bonbright, b. Hopkins.....	32
H. Christman, b. Bonbright.....	15
H. C. Weeks, c. Hopkins, b. Bonbright.....	4
J. W. Potts, b. Priestman.....	47
P. Nicholson, run out.....	12
W. C. Graham, run out.....	20
J. R. Freeland, b. Pleasants.....	15
Extras	16

Total.....271

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Priestman	168	8	93†	3
Pleasants.....	210	11	70*	2
Drinker	42	2	23	0
Hopkins.....	48	0	28*	1
Bonbright	48	2	23	2
C. C. Morris.....	12	0	7	0
Pearson	12	0	15	0

†Bowled four wides.

*Bowled one no ball.

HAVERFORD

C. C. Morris, run out.	82
H. H. Morris, c. Banes, b. Potts.....	1
J. B. Drinker, c. Dansey, b. Hare	4
A. T. Lowry, c. Dansey, b. Potts.....	12
H. W. Doughten, Jr., c. Christman, b. Hare	6
A. H. Hopkins, c. Fotts, b. Weeks.....	13
R. L. Pearson, c. sub. b. Weeks.....	22
A. G. Priestman, not out.....	48
W. P. Bonbright, c. sub. b. Weeks.....	2
H. Pleasants, Jr., b. Hare.....	2
E. C. Peirce, c. sub. b. Hare.....	0
Extras.....	7
Total.....	199

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Potts.....	150	2	81*	2
Weeks.....	90	1	38	3
Hare.....	78	2	48	4
Freeland.....	6	0	8	0
Banes.....	18	0	18	0

*Bowled one wide.

First XI vs. Harvard.

Played on Soldiers' Field, 21st May, 1903. The wicket was very treacherous, and Harvard rapidly succumbed to the bowling of Pleasants and Priestman. Carter and Rothermel played very creditable innings. Mifflin made one or two good hits, but no one else shaped very well. Only forty-one runs were scored by the batters.

After lunch C. C. and H. H. Morris opened up for the visitors. C. C. Morris was soon out on a rather careless stroke to square leg. Pearson stayed with H. H. Morris until the score was 30. Three wickets fell rapidly. Then Priestman and H. H. Morris made the

stand of the day, putting on nearly 70 runs. H. H. Morris continued scoring freely, after the loss of his partner. He completed his century when the last man was in with him. It was a very creditable performance considering the difficulty of the wicket, and went far toward winning the game. The teams dined at the Harvard Union in the evening.

The score :

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

W. N. Taylor, b. Pleasants.....	0
A. Drinkwater, c. Priestman, b. Pleasants...	3
C. H. Carter, c. Pearson, b. Pleasants.....	10
S. W. Mifflin, c. Pleasants, b. Priestman.....	9
F. C. Taylor, b. Pleasants.....	5
P. F. Rothermel, c. and b. Pleasants.....	11
E. E. Trout, c. Lowry, b. Pleasants.....	0
E. W. Evans, b. Pleasants.....	2
D. Tyng, c. C. C. Morris, b. Priestman.....	1
R. S. Trainer, not out.....	0
C. W. Stork, b. Pleasants.....	0
Extras.....	15
Total.....	55

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Pleasants.....	75	3	14	8
Priestman	72	4	27*	2

*Bowled one wide.

HAVERFORD

C. C. Morris, c. Stork, b. F. C. Taylor.....	4
H. H. Morris, not out.....	101
R. L. Pearson, b. F. C. Taylor.....	10
H. W. Doughten, Jr., b. F. C. Taylor.....	0
J. B. Drinker, c. Rothermel, b. F. C. Taylor	1
A. H. Hopkins, c. Evans, b. F. C. Taylor....	8
A. G. Priestman, b. F. C. Taylor.....	23
A. T. Lowry, l. b. w. b. Mifflin.....	0
W. P. Bonbright, c. Trainer, b. F. C. Taylor	15
H. Pleasants, Jr., b. F. C. Taylor.....	0
E. C. Peirce, c. Morgan, b. Mifflin.....	6
Extras.....	20
Total.....	181

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
F. C. Taylor.....	114	2	76	8
Carter.....	78	1	48	0
Stork.....	12	0	17	0
Mifflin	51	0	27	2

First XI vs. Moorestown.

Played at Haverford, Saturday, May 23rd. The wicket was very fast and true. Moorestown batted first. When 90 was put up only 3 wickets were down. Then a dreadful slump ensued, and the entire side was out for 103. Pleasants bowled very successfully, taking seven wickets at an average cost of six runs.

For Haverford, C. C. Morris and Pearson took the edge off the Moorestown bowling, allowing Priestman and Hopkins to score freely. Hopkins batted very attractively for his 51 not out, getting one ball clear over the boundary. When stumps were drawn the score stood 195 for 4 wickets. The score :

MOORESTOWN

C. B. Wallace, b. Pleasants.....	5
Smith, c. & b. Pleasants.....	21
G. W. McAllister, b. Pleasants.....	17
A. C. Wood, Jr., b. Bonbright.....	25
. S. Stokes, b. Bonbright.....	17
A. S. Richie, b. Bonbright.....	11
D. A. Roberts, b. Pleasants.....	0
A. E. Marien, not out.....	0
I. D. Roberts, b. Pleasants.....	0
T. Heulings, b. Pleasants.....	0
W. C. Stokes, b. Pleasants.....	0
Extras.....	7
Total.....	103

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Pleasants.....	95	1	42	7
Priestman.....	72	1	39	0
Bonbright... ..	18	1	15	3

HAVERFORD

C. C. Morris, c. I. D. Roberts, b. Smith.....	54
H. H. Morris, b. Wallace.....	2
R. L. Pearson, c. Wood, b. Smith... ..	29
A. H. Hopkins, not out.....	51
A. G. Priestman, c. J. S. Stokes, b. Smith... ..	14
W. P. Bonbright, not out.....	29
J. B. Drinker.....	} did not bat
H. W. Doughten, Jr.....	
A. T. Lowry.....	
H. Pleasants, Jr.....	
E. C. Peirce.....	
Extras.....	16
Total for four wickets.....	195

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Smith.....	84	1	76	3
Wallace.....	66	1	41	1
Wood.....	42	0	49	0
Marien.....	12	0	13	0

First XI vs. Philadelphia C. C.

Played at Wissahickon Heights, 27th May. Capt. Morris lost the toss, and Haverford took the field. Half of the regular team was participating in the Lehigh track meet, and it was not the strongest side Haverford could put into the field. Pleasants bowled very successfully. Drinker also did better work than the record shows, as two catches were dropped off his bowling. Philadelphia's team, with a few exceptions, was not a very strong lot of batters, and was all out for 147.

With about an hour and a half left to play, Haverford went to bat and scored 244 for three wickets, which is almost phenomenally fast run-getting. Pearson hit splendidly for his 131 not out getting no fewer than 22 4s. C. C. Morris made his 73 in about 45 minutes. In one over off H. L. Clark, Pearson scored three on the first ball, and then Morris hit five successive boundaries. The score :

PHILADELPHIA

Woolley, c. Pearson, b. Bonbright.....	6
W. H. Walker, c. Evans, b. Pleasants.....	18
H. L. Clark, c. Peirce, b. Drinker.....	26
T. S. Donohugh, c. Bonbright, b. Drinker... ..	41
R. O. Sheridan, run out.....	6
Handford, c. Lowry, b. Pleasants.....	3
C. L. Sheppard, c. Evans, b. Bonbright.....	19
J. Cadwalader, Jr., b. Pleasants.....	13
L. Gray, b. Pleasants.....	2
O. H. P. Pepper, b. Pleasants.....	0
F. Wright, not out.....	0
Extras.....	13
Total.....	147

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Bonbright.....	48	0	41	2
Pleasants.....	87	6	34	5
Drinker.....	54	0	55	2

HAVERFORD

W. P. Bonbright, c. Wright, b. Woolley.....	33
R. L. Pearson, not out.....	131
C. C. Morris, c. Wright, b. Walker.....	73
R. P. Lowry, c. Clark, b. Hanford.....	2
J. B. Drinker.....	} did not bat
H. W. Doughten, Jr.....	
V. W. Wheeler.....	
E. M. Evans.....	
H. Pleasants, Jr.....	
C. R. Haig.....	
E. C. Peirce.....	
Extras.....	2
Total (for 3 wks).....	241

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	R.	M.	W.
Walker.....	72	0	79	1
Clark.....	36	0	56	0
Woolley.....	36	0	38	1
Hanford.....	31	0	57	1

Second XI vs. the Next XV.

The game between the Second XI and the next XV scheduled for May 2nd was played on that date. The wicket was very hard and quite accurate, though slightly inclined to bump. Lowry made a good score of 31, while Taylor took 8 wickets for 13 runs. The score:

NEXT XV.

W. M. C. Kimber, run out.....	2
D. L. Burgess, c. Dickson, b. Taylor.....	16
W. H. Haines, Jr., c. Lowry, b Taylor.....	0
O. E. Duerr, b. Taylor.....	0
H. H. Cookman, b. Taylor.....	0
H. J. Cadbnry, b. Taylor.....	4
W. M. Wills, b. Dickson.....	0
E. F. Bainbridge, b. Dickson.....	0
B. H. Cates, b. Dickson.....	3
S. M. Boher, c. Dickson, b. Taylor.....	1
J. T. Fales, b. Dickson.....	0
L. B. Seely, b. Dickson.....	0
L. M. Perkins, not out.....	0
E. F. Winslow, c. Lowry, b. Taylor.....	0
J. Monroe, st. Lowry, b. Taylor.....	0
Extras.....	1
Totals.....	27

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Dickson.....	30	2	13	5
Taylor.....	31	2	13	8

FIRST XI.

V. W. Wheeler, c. Cadbury, b. Wills.....	9
C. R. Haig, c. Cookman, b. Wills.....	15
E. M. Evans, c. & b. Wills.....	8
R. P. Lowry, c. Duerr, b. Wills.....	31
F. R. Taylor, c. Duerr, b. Wills.....	3
A. C. Dickson, b. Cookman.....	0
J. D. Philips, b. Cookman.....	17
S. G. Spaeth, not out.....	9
W. S. Bradley, b. Wills.....	1
D. J. Reid, c. Caabury, b. Wills.....	0
G. Peirce, c. Seely, b. Cookman.....	1
Extras.....	4
Total.....	98

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Cookman.....	77	1	56*	3
Wills.....	72	2	39*	7

*Bowled one wide.

1905 vs. 1906.

THE annual inter-class cricket match between the Sophomores and the Freshmen was begun on April 30th, on a good fast wicket. The Freshmen, winning the toss, elected to bat, and rolled up 82 runs. The Sophomores batted on May 1st and exactly equaled the Freshmen's score. The second inning began on May 6th. The Freshmen again batted first, on an excellent crease, and when stumps were drawn at 6 o'clock, had secured 117 runs for 6 wickets. On May 7th the Freshmen were retired for a total of 132, and the Sophomores began. The first wicket fell for two runs and then Hopkins and Priestman made a beautiful stand for 155 not out. The score:

1906

A. T. Lowry, c. Cookman, b. Pearson.....	8
H. Pleasants, Jr., b. Pearson.....	1
J. D. Philips, c. & b. Priestman.....	0
H. W. Doughten, Jr., run out.....	20
A. C. Dickson, b. Hopkins.....	10
R. J. Shortlidge, c. Priestman, b. Pearson.....	15
F. R. Taylor, b. Hopkins.....	0
W. H. Haines, Jr., not out.....	7
E. F. Bainbridge, c. Spaeth, b. Hopkins.....	0
H. B. Hopper, b. Hopkins.....	0
E. F. Jones, b. Pearson.....	4
Extras.....	17
Total.....	82

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Priestman	66	1	28†	1
Pearson.....	72	5	19*	4
Hopkins.....	48	0	20	4

*Bowled one wide. †Bowled one no ball and one wide.

1905

R. L. Pearson, c. Shortlidge, b. Lowry.....	4
A. G. Priestman, b. Lowry.....	14
A. H. Hopkins, b. Lowry.....	5
V. W. Wheeler, b. Pleasants.....	2
E. M. Evans, c. Dickson, b. Pleasants.....	19
H. H. Cookman, b. Lowry.....	4
E. Ritts, c. Shortlidge, b. Lowry.....	8
S. G. Spaeth, c. & b. Pleasants.....	9
B. H. Cates, run out.....	2
E. C. Peirce, c. Taylor, b. Lowry.....	3
S. M. Boher, not out	5
Extras	7
Total.....	82

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Pleasants.....	84	2	27	3
Lowry	74	1	44*	6
Dickson	6	0	8	0

*Bowled one no ball.

1906

A. T. Lowry, b. Hopkins.....	9
J. D. Philips, b. Hopkins.....	0
H. W. Doughten, Jr., c. & b. Hopkins.....	71
H. Pleasants, Jr., b. Pearson.....	6
R. J. Shortlidge, b. Hopkins.....	0
A. C. Dickson, c. & b. Pearson.....	3
F. R. Taylor, c. Ritts, b. Pearson.....	12
W. H. Haines, Jr., b. Hopkins.....	0
E. F. Bainbridge, b. Priestman.....	9
H. B. Hopper, c. Wheeler, b. Priestman.....	0
E. F. Jones, not out	2
Extras.....	20
Total 1st Innings.....	82

Total for Match.....214

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Priestman	99	7	31*	2
Hopkins	114	2	51	5
Pearson	75	3	42†	3

Bowled one wide and three no balls. †Bowled two wides and one no ball.

1905

R. L. Pearson, b. Lowry.....	0
A. G. Priestman, not out.....	58
A. H. Hopkins, not out.....	90

V. W. Wheeler, did not bat.....	
E. M. Evans, did not bat.....	
H. H. Cookman, did not bat.....	
E. Ritts, did not bat.....	
S. G. Spaeth, did not bat.....	
B. H. Cates, did not bat.....	
E. C. Peirce, did not bat.....	
S. M. Boher, did not bat.....	

Extras

Total of 1st Innings..... 82

Total for Match (11 wks.).....238

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Pleasants.....	78	3	49	0
Lowry.....	30	0	49*	1
Taylor.....	6	0	15	0
Dickson.....	36	0	41	0

*Bowled six no balls.

1904 vs. 1905.

The deciding interclass match was begun on May 11th, the opponents being the Juniors and Sophomores. The latter team went to bat on a perfect wicket, and, owing to the hard hitting of Pearson, Priestman and Wheeler, and some disgraceful fielding on the part of the Juniors, 166 runs had been scored at a cost of only four wickets when stumps were drawn. Contrary to expectation the Sophomores continued to score heavily on the next day, and remained at the wickets for nearly the whole afternoon, Ritts scoring a well-hit 42. In the short time which remained, Hopkins and Priestman succeeded in retiring both the Morris brothers, a sensational catch by Ritts being responsible for the captain's downfall. On the following day the match was speedily finished, owing to the splendid bowling of Hopkins and Priestman, who allowed only one double-figure score on the side. The final score was 271 to 74, the Sophomores thereby winning the college championship.

The score follows :

1905.

R. L. Pearson, c. Lowry, C. C. Morris.....	32
A. G. Priestman, c. Bonbright, b. Folwell...	58

A. H. Hopkins, b. Folwell.....	14
E. M. Evans, c. & b. C. C. Morris.....	11
V. W. Wheeler, b. C. C. Morris.....	27
T. S. Downing, b. Folwell.....	12
H. H. Cookman, c. Folwell, b. Wills.....	4
S. G. Spaeth, c. Haig, b. Bonbright.....	32
E. Ritts, st. Lowry, b. C. C. Morris.....	42
E. C. Peirce, not out.....	4
S. M. Boher, st. Lowry, b. C. C. Morris.....	2
Extras.....	33
Total.....	271

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	R.	W.
P. D. Folwell.....	156	1	112	3
W. P. Bonbright.....	96	2	45	1
C. C. Morris.....	114	0	82	5
W. M. Wills.....	12	0	11	1

*Bowled four wides.

1904

C. C. Morris, c. Ritts, b. Hopkins.....	32
H. H. Morris, c. Cookman, b. Priestman.....	4
C. R. Haig, b. Hopkins.....	7
W. P. Bonbright, c. Boher, b. Priestman.....	4
P. D. Folwell, b. Hopkins.....	4
R. P. Lowry, c. Cookman, b. Hopkins.....	3
W. M. Wills, c. Boher, b. Hopkins.....	2
D. L. Burgess, c. & b. Priestman.....	8
W. S. Bradley, not out.....	0
W. M. C. Kimber, c. Cookman, b. Hopkins	0
H. N. Thorn, c. Spaeth, b. Priestman.....	7
Extras.....	3
Total.....	74

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	B.	M.	W.	R.
Priestman	76	2	36	4
Hopkins.....	72	2	38	6

Notes.

The contest for the Inter-collegiate championship resulted as follows:

	W.	L.	P. C.
Haverford	1	1	500
Harvard	1	1	500
Pennsylvania	1	1	500

In runs and wickets the results were as follows:

	R.	W.	Av.
Haverford	380	20	19.00
Pennsylvania	313	20	15.65
Harvard	139	14	9.93

The cup stays with Haverford, since she won it last year.

The scoring this year has been much heavier than last year. Six scores of over 70 have been made up to and including the game of May 27th.

The Third Eleven has played two games with Friends' Select School, losing the first, 55 to 77, and drawing the second, 130 to Friends' Select's 90 for 5 wickets. Taylor, '06, has the best batting average, 35, and Kimber, '04, has the bowling average of 4.

The Second and Third Elevens have been unfortunate in having several games cancelled by the outside teams.

THE EVERETT ORATORICAL CONTEST.

ON the evening of May 21st, a very small audience gathered in Roberts Hall to hear the contest in oratory between the Sophomore and Freshman classes. The victory was won by the Freshman Class, while the Everett Society Medal for the best individual speech was awarded to Walter Carson, '06, with honorable mention of Warren Koons Miller, '06. The judges were: J. Parker Crittenden, Esq., chairman; Prof. F. A. Dakin, and Lucien Hugh Alexander, Esq. Alfred P. Smith, Esq., presided. The speakers, with their sub-

jects, were as follows:

1. Charles Stone Bushnell, '05,
Sir Philip Sidney
2. Thomas Kite Brown, Jr., '06,
The Character of Dante
3. Sigmund Gottfried Spaeth, '05,
Modern Mexico and its Ruler
4. Jesse Duer Philips, '06,
The Modern Newspaper and the Public
5. Victor Wayne Wheeler, '05,
Problems of Lynch Law
6. Walter Carson, '06,
History of the Covenanters
7. Herman Kroberger Stein, '05,
Russia's Policy Toward the Finns
8. Warren Koons Miller, '06,
Phases of Courage.

REPORT OF

CHARLES J. RHOADS,

TREASURER OF THE HAVERFORD COLLEGE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

GENERAL FUND

	DR.	Deficit	Surplus
To dues from Undergraduates - - -	\$572 50		
To dues from Alumni - - -	270 00		
To appropriation from Skating Pond - -	220 00		
To interest on deposit account, etc. - -	6 10		
	<hr/> 1068 60		
	CR.		
By appropriation to Football - - -	169 00		
Cricket - - -	338 00		
Gymnasium - - -	169 00		
Track - - -	169 00		
Interscholastic Meet - -	204 81		
Miscellaneous Expenses - -	7 44		
Balance - - -	11 35		11 35
	<hr/> 1,068 60		

FOOTBALL

	DR.	
To Balance - - -	2 39	
To Gate Receipts and Guarantees - -	2,087 52	
To appropriation from General Fund - -	169 00	
To Miscellaneous Receipts - - -	129 00	
	<hr/> 2,387 91	
	CR.	
By Travelling expenses, meals, etc. - -	305 24	
By Equipment - - -	704 43	
By Medical and special supplies - -	231 06	
By Guarantees - - -	222 70	
By Officials - - -	155 00	
By Miscellaneous expenses - - -	597 08	
Balance - - -	172 40	172 40
	<hr/> 2,387 91	

CRICKET

	DR.	
To Balance - - -	24 67	
To Appropriation from Trust Fund - -	50 00	
To Appropriation from General Fund - -	338 00	
	<hr/> 412 67	

CR.

By Equipment	-	-	-	-	-	204 00
By Travelling expenses	-	-	-	-	-	75 00
By Miscellaneous expenses	-	-	-	-	-	81 55
Balance	-	-	-	-	-	52 12
						<hr/>
						412 67

52 12

GYMNASIUM

DR.

To Balance	-	-	-	-	-	7 00
To Receipts from Exhibitions	-	-	-	-	-	360 73
To Appropriation from General Fund	-	-	-	-	-	169 00
Deficit	-	-	-	-	-	46 30
						<hr/>
						583 03

46 30

CR.

By Equipment	-	-	-	-	-	198 63
By Guarantees	-	-	-	-	-	130 80
By Travelling expenses	-	-	-	-	-	110 00
By Miscellaneous expenses	-	-	-	-	-	143 60
						<hr/>
						58 0

TRACK

DR.

To Balance	-	-	-	-	-	8 16
To Appropriation from General Fund	-	-	-	-	-	169 00
Deficit	-	-	-	-	-	15 59
						<hr/>
						192 75

15 59

CR.

By Equipment	-	-	-	-	-	13 95
By Guarantees	-	-	-	-	-	45 00
By Travelling expenses	-	-	-	-	-	25 00
By Miscellaneous expenses	-	-	-	-	-	108 80
						<hr/>
						192 75

Cash Balance ay 24th, 1903.

173 98

235 87

235 87

Examined and found correct

(Signed) J. M. STEERE,

AUDITOR.

Philadelphia, May 24th, 1903.

HAVERFORD-LEHIGH.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY defeated Haverford College, Wednesday, May 27th, in an athletic meeting, by a score of $55\frac{1}{2}$ to $52\frac{1}{2}$. At times a rather strong wind blew across Walton Field, making it harder for the long distance runners. The track was in better condition than usual; however, no records in running events were broken. In field events, H. W. Jones threw the hammer 122 feet 2 inches, beating his own record of last year by over fifteen feet. J. D. Philips cleared 5 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in the high jump—one-half inch better than the old record. T. K. Brown, Jr., made a splendid jump in the running broad of 21 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, breaking Hopkins' record, made this spring. For Haverford, Brown won 15, Hopkins $10\frac{1}{2}$, and Capt. Morris 8 points. The best work for Lehigh was done by Van Duyne, who won 13 points, and Hayes, who won 8. The closeness of the score aroused much interest among the spectators.

SUMMARY.

100 Yds. Dash—1st, Brown, of Haverford; 2nd, VanDuyne, of Lehigh; 3d, Crowthers, of Lehigh. Time, 10 4-5 sec.

Shot Put—1st, Gott, of Lehigh; 2nd, Hopkins, of Haverford; 3d, N. L. Pentz, of Lehigh. Distance, 36 ft. 9 in.

Half-Mile Run—1st, Hayes, of Lehigh; 2nd, Morris, of Haverford; 3d, Klar, of Lehigh. Time, 2 min. 8 1-5 sec.

120-Yds. Hurdles—1st, Brown, of Haverford; 2nd, Hopkins, of Haverford; 3d, Harrower, of Lehigh. Time, 17 2-5 sec.

High Jump—1st, Philips, of Haverford; 2nd, Roszel, of Lehigh; 3d, a tie between Hopkins, of Haverford, and Hodgkin, of Lehigh. Height, 5 ft. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. Record.

220-Yds. Dash—1st, Van Duyne, of Lehigh; 2nd, Crowthers, of Lehigh; 3d, Winslow, of Haverford. Time, 24 sec.

Hammer Throw—1st, Jones, of Haverford; 2nd, Lowry, of Haverford; 3d, Baufield, of Lehigh. Distance, 122 ft. 2 in. Record.

220-Yds. Hurdles—1st, Saffold, of Lehigh; 2nd, Henderson, of Lehigh; 3d, Hopkins, of Haverford. Time, 28 sec.

Pole Vault—1st, a tie between Sammis and H. Pentz, of Lehigh; 3d, a tie between Scull of Haverford and Lowry, of Haverford. Height, 9 ft. 4 in.

1 Mile Run—1st, Morris, of Haverford; 2nd, Miller, of Haverford; 3d, Klar, of Lehigh. Time, 4 min. 53 sec.

440-Yds. Dash—1st, Van Duyne, of Lehigh; 2nd, Hayes, of Lehigh; 3d, Priestman, of Haverford. Time, 54 3-5 sec.

Broad Jump—1st, Brown, of Haverford; 2nd, Hopkins, of Haverford; 3rd, Saffold, of Lehigh. Distance, 21 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Record.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THREE lectures were delivered by Prof. F. G. Peabody, of Harvard University, on the subject, "The Religion of the Educated Man." The first of the series was given in the old collection room in Barclay Hall, on the morning of May 8th; the second, in Roberts Hall, the evening of the same day; and the third, in Roberts Hall, the following morning. The addresses were much appreciated by those who attended from the College and the neighborhood.

Roberts Hall was formally opened Thursday evening, May 7th. Howard Comfort, '70, Secretary of the Board of Managers, made appropriate remarks in acceptance of the building. President Sharpless explained the absence of Dr. Peabody, who was expected to deliver the first of his series of lectures that evening. J. W. Rowntree, of England, entertained the company for a short time with refreshing anecdotes.

A carpenters' strike in Philadelphia threatened to delay indefinitely the completion of the woodwork inside of Roberts Hall. A movement started among the students of mechanical ability to displace the strikers and finish the work themselves. Their services were favorably considered, but were not accepted, as other workmen were secured.

The opera was rendered very successfully at Wayne Opera House, May 16th; Germantown Cricket Club, May 18th; New Century Club, Wilmington, Del., May 20th; and at Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, May 23rd. It was well received at each of the places, but the largest crowd and most successful rendition were at the Merion Cricket Club. Many friends of the College and of the performers were present, and enthusiastically encored at every opportunity.

The Junior exercises of the Class of 1904 were held on Friday, May 15th. An entertainment was given in Roberts Hall, entitled "A Night of Darkness." The class, in the attire of colored minstrels, amused the audience with stories, jokes and music. At the end an unruly chemistry class went through an eventful

recitation period. After the entertainment, the guests adjourned to the campus and gymnasium, where they partook of refreshments and other good things.

Several future members of the Class of 1907 have been seen at the door of Barclay Hall trying to gain admittance by ringing the door bell. Others have appeared on the campus preparatory to choosing rooms or taking entrance examinations. A very large class is expected to enter next autumn.

The Class of 1905 has won the inter-class championships this year in both departments of spring athletics, cricket and track sports.

The new bowling alleys are much appreciated by the students. The record of the alley at present is held by H. M. Schabacker, '04, with a score of 256.

C. R. Haig, '04, has been elected captain of the gymnasium team for next season.

At meetings of the different departments of the Athletic Association, and of other associations, new officers have been elected, as may be seen in the directory.

EXCHANGES.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the ex-man of the *Georgetown College Journal*, takes occasion to remark on the extreme irritability of some exchange editors and their furious resentment at the slightest adverse criticism. We fully agree with him and are heartily sick of the supposedly sarcastic rejoinders which are constantly cropping up when the feelings of some wee ex-man have been hurt by a straightforward statement. We think that the true exchange editor should take pleasure in reading a really

good criticism, and, if it strikes him as being too harsh, it will only serve to impress the defect in his own paper all the more strongly on his mind. There never was a perfect publication. The probabilities are that there never will be. If, by any chance, there should be one, we would certainly not look for it in the ranks of college literature. Knowing, then, the imperfection of our publications, we should hunger—yea, absolutely *hunger*—for adverse criticism, in order

that we might continually "see oursel's as others see us."

For our own part, we simply revel in "roasts." We keep a complete and comprehensive collection of all the sarcasms cast at our august person, and, when the monotonous routine of studies has been wearing too heavily on our frail constitution, we take delight in reclining in some shady nook, with no companion save our trusty critics. Then, while the cool air is being wafted about our brow by means of a fan, and the hot air is surging into our brain from the clippings before us, we lean back in delicious content, and murmur, "This, indeed, is bliss."

We have been very unfortunate of late in receiving a superabundance of complimentary remarks which contained very little good advice. In the last number of the *Irwinian*, however, we were delighted to find some extraordinarily thoughtful criticism—not some hackneyed phrase which can be seen at any time, but a studied piece of mature wisdom, expressed with that wonderful tact for which the members of the gentler sex, and particularly the editresses of the *Irwinian*, are noted. In order that the world may not be deprived of this work of art, we quote the criticism in full: "The HAVERFORDIAN contains several interesting pieces of poetry this month. *We suggest that they start an exchange column, as this would be a great addition to the paper.*" Needless to say we shall gladly follow this suggestion and shall endeavor to have an exchange column in the future.

While speaking of exchange editors and their doings, we wish once more to commend our friend of the *Georgetown College Journal*. We are always sure of finding some really interesting, unbiased criticism in his columns. Last month, however, he did a thing which was not

only totally unnecessary, but which also tended to lower him greatly from the dignity of his position. He took the trouble to explain his reasons for criticising an essay in a small magazine, whose ex-man had taken offense at the criticism. Now, we do not doubt that the *Georgetown Journal* ex-man's criticism was well deserved, for we consider him a competent critic; but, after making his remarks, he should not afterwards have given an elaborate explanation of his reasons simply because his contemporary took offense. The fact is, the explanation was not in his best style, and really did very little toward strengthening his position, whereas it did a great deal toward detracting from his dignity as an ex-man. We believe that a man is not compelled to explain his reasons for a criticism which is manifestly just, and that he only lowers himself by entering into such a trivial discussion with a rival editor.

University Life, published by the students at the Friends' University at Wichita, is a curious mixture of good literary work and uninteresting locals and personals. The latter occupy a large part of the paper at present and should be cut down considerably. The article on "The Color Element in Shelley" is well-written and shows some original thought. A paper on "Religious Impulse" contains several facts of interest to students of psychology, but is otherwise rather a dry morsel to swallow. We would suggest that *University Life* increase the size of its pages and also enlarge its print. The exchange column might be improved by inserting a few lengthy criticisms in place of the great number of terse remarks which cannot but impress the reader with an idea of a lack of consistent thought in the writer. On the whole, however, the exchange notes are above the average.

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| Assets of the Company                                            | - | - | - | 61,615,271.43  |

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# THE HAVERFORDIAN



## HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXV, No. 5

OCTOBER 1903

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## DIRECTORY

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| Vice President..... | A. H. Hopkins, '05  |
| Secretary.....      | J. D. Phillips, '06 |
| Treasurer.....      | C. J. Rhoads, '93   |

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| Assistant Manager..... | E. Ritts, '05        |
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| Treasurer.....      | T. J. Megear  |

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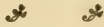
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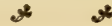
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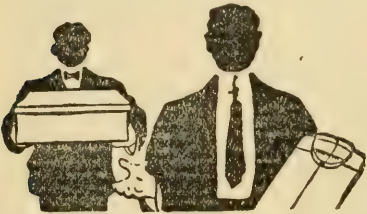


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# THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXV.

HAVERFORD, PA., OCTOBER, 1903.

No. 5.

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

### EDITORS

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ROBERT P. LOWRY, 1904.

A. GLYNDON PRIESTMAN, 1905.

SIGMUND G. SPAETH, 1905.

ARTHUR T. LOWRY, 1906.

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BERNARD LESTER, 1904, *Business Manager.*

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interests of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-third of the month preceding the date of issue.

*Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*

WE return to this spot for another college year to find changes in ourselves and changes in the environment which circles us about. Many things have hurled themselves upon our path, which have penetrated deeply into our separate natures; but as members of a brotherhood,—a brotherhood of Haverford men—we have suffered a loss. Not only is it the loss of a fellow Haverfordian, nor simply that of a devoted instructor, but it is a loss of a man and a friend. A man because he was true to the stimulations of his conception of right,—a friend because he was in sym-

pathy with similar stimulations in us. Edward Rhoads possessed, we believe, that admirable trait of faithfulness to the student of medium intelligence, in the face of a future abounding in personal gain. Although, at times, it is unwholesome to gaze into the future, his death has created within us a deeper feeling when we remember that he was distinctively a man of great possibility. And so there exists a two-fold sadness,—the loss of a friend, and the loss of a personality of diverging influence.

We are unable to check the great arm of infinite power that leads us, but we can lend ourselves to its sway. God grant that we may not forget the help and the inspiration he has been to us, for in our faithfulness to it, and to it alone, may we show our loyalty to him. Let us do justice to his memory by taking into our hearts the lesson of his life.

THE HAVERFORDIAN expresses the feeling of the College fellows when it extends its most genuine sympathy to one who was formerly our editor, and now is our teacher, helper and friend. We have all been saddened at the loss which Dr. and Mrs. Rufus M. Jones have met this summer, and we hope that he will be strengthened in this sorrow to continue at Haverford his work, which has been so exceedingly helpful.

WITH the opening of every College year comes the question—what kind of foot ball team will we turn out? And a right proper question it is too,



evincing, as it does, an interest on the part of those upon whom the game must depend for its support. Though several good men were graduated last June yet there remain enough to form the nucleus for a good representative team. The incoming class is always an uncertainty as regards new material, for it has never been the policy to canvass among the schools for athletes, and but little effort has been expended toward entering larger classes. So we have little excuse for expecting material immediately available. May the unexpected happen!

The new rules will necessitate a change from our former style of play and the exact system to be used this year will be developed later when something more definite is known of the weight and speed of the candidates. The first formation used, however, will be that of the old style open play, and this may be used as a working basis for a better system.

A COLLEGE can have no testimonial like the devotion of its alumni. And no college has a more devoted alumni than has Haverford. Probably few of the undergraduates realize how much of the luxurious comfort of their surroundings they owe to the old Haverfordians. To them the giving of time and money for purposes of still further adding to the advantages they themselves enjoyed in their student days seems to have become a settled habit.

As another evidence of their love for Haverford, the Alumni have undertaken the erection of a cricket pavilion at the southeast corner of Cope Field. The plans have been drawn up by Mr. Walter F. Price, '81, who kindly offered his services to the building committee. The pavilion will consist of two floors, of which the lower will be a club room, adorned with trophies and cricket

pictures, while the upper one will serve as a grand stand, where non-combatants, to the number of a quarter thousand, can watch the bloodless battles on the green field below.

FOR many years a carnal craving has possessed us to have a *sanctum*. Such a place might afford ample room and adequate privacy for the various manifestations of editorial zeal or joviality incident to the publication of our College paper. A room for the various processes necessary to bring forth the monthly finished product in time to fill the hungry consumer, should have location in Time and Space. We now are glad to acknowledge the kindness of the College for giving us the use of the President's former office in Barclay Hall. We hope that this will be the headquarters for all things and all people connected in past or present time with the HAVERFORDIAN, where our good traditions may accumulate, where former editors may return and meet the present ones, and where good fellowship and hard work may unite in sending out a representative College paper.

AN endeavor has been made to issue the October number of the HAVERFORDIAN earlier in the month than the 10th, when it is usually expected. As a great deal of information had to be collected before college opened, some of the departments may not be as complete as we would like to make them,—still we hope there are no startling mistakes or omissions to offset the gain in priority.

We desire to call attention to the clipping on Henry Cope, '69, which appears under the Alumni Department. The appropriateness of the new name our cricket field bears is there set forth better than it could be in our editorial columns.



## IMPROVEMENTS ON THE COLLEGE LAWN.

THE "Campus Club" of Haverford College—not by any means an ideal name, but convenient, was founded several years ago chiefly through the interest and efforts of Mary Newlin Smith, in order to encourage a love of botany, forestry and landscape art among the students of the College, to whom, with the faculty and their wives, membership was originally confined. According to the Club's Constitution, the objects were four-fold: 1, The improvement and preservation of the lawn; 2, marking and cataloguing the trees and shrubs; 3, stimulating an interest in ornithology; and 4, the promotion of an interest in forestry.

Under the care of the Club, these objects were, to a certain extent, successfully carried out. The names of the many rare growths on the lawn were correctly obtained from James Moon, who gave much kind care to the matter, and all trees and shrubs have been located and mapped. After the sleet storm of 1902, the Club raised over \$600.00 to trim and replant. Lectures were delivered under its auspices by Dr. Rothrock upon Forestry, and by William L. Baily on Birds. The Pennsylvania Forestry Association last year held its annual meeting at the College, planted trees, and pleasantly entertained the Club at a tea in the Gymnasium.

The time has now come to enlarge the scope of the Club. The circular sent out to Haverfordians and their many friends, published in another column of this paper, will, to a certain extent, explain itself, but we desire to call especial attention to the object for which the Committee, appointed at a public meeting called by the Club last June, is now working. An important element in the educational value of Haverford is to be found in the

influence of the lawn. Its beauty appeals to the best interests of the students, while its physical advantages are by nature suited to athletic purposes. It is not necessary in these pages to dwell upon the attachment of the old Haverfordian to this feature, but it is quite time that its needs were strongly emphasized, and care taken that the setting of new buildings, and of those proposed for the future, be of a sort commensurate with their dignity. The character of the lawn lends itself to the most artistic treatment. The natural bits of wild wood that exist are capable of the most skillful development and combination. It will be of the highest importance to preserve these advantages, and combine them with necessary roadways, paths and openings, so as to produce a perfectly consistent and beautiful whole. This cannot be done without a comprehensive plan, and to gain this, the services are necessary of a competent artist and landscape gardener, possessed of knowledge, skill and constructive imagination. The lawn has reached a crisis, due to various natural causes, an important one being the maturing of many of the older trees, necessitating much replanting, while new walks and entrances require new adjustment and grouping. Some of the roadbeds are also in need of rebuilding.

It is with the earnest wish to bring the artistic needs of our beautiful lawn before the public, that the Committee have taken up this work, and they are sanguine enough to hope and expect, in these days of a revival of interest in landscape gardening and horticulture, that there will be a generous response to their appeal, sufficient in any case to justify the employment of a skilled adviser, under whose care there can go on the necessary trimming and daily work. All this should



tend toward one harmonious result, a lawn with walks and drives, athletic fields of all sorts, perhaps including, near the Elizabethan garden proposed, the good old English game of *bowls*, and possessing spacious open lawns and quiet retreats, with bits of wild forest carefully

preserved. "God Almighty," wrote Lord Bacon, "first planted a garden." We may therefore feel almost justified in placing the educational value of the Haverford lawn at the top of the curriculum.

A. M. G.

### L'ENVOI.

The story of college is ended, the tale of its life has been told,  
Yet the love of its fun and its frolic is one that will never grow old.  
No more now in class room and cricket, no more now on gridiron and track  
Shall we strive to uphold, as in college days old, the honor of Scarlet and Black.

No more now by Autumn sunsets shall we cheer on the football field ;  
No more shall we sing in Old Founders, whence of old our melodies pealed.  
Yet life will be fuller and brighter and memories sweet 'twill afford,  
And for many a day, though far away, we'll remember old Haverford.

Our class's annals are ended, yet history's never complete,  
For life's great path of glory lies still untouched at our feet.  
As we strive in the life of battle, our friendship stronger will be,  
And a song of praise we'll ever raise for Haverford Nineteen Three.

HENRY JOEL CADBURY,  
Historian.

*From 1903 Class History, June 11, 1903.*

### Dante in Hell.

Great Dante, wandering thro' the place of woe,  
Follows with reverent step his ancient guide  
As onward thro' the dismal deep they go.  
Some sinful spirits that did there abide  
Attempt to hide their faces from his view,  
Nor from their dolorous march will turn aside.  
Others press round him, and seek tidings new  
Of their dear Florence, where they once did dwell,  
And passed the time with pleasures not a few,  
Sweetly and gladly, thinking not of Hell.  
Many the direful torment that he sees  
Of souls who to that dreadful region fell  
By their own wicked folly,—human trees,  
Strange monsters, guilty lovers, and all those  
Who drain the Cup of Judgment to the lees.  
Thus the Almighty dealeth with his foes.

W. P. B., '04.



## COMMENCEMENT, 1903.

ON June 12th the Commencement exercises were held for the first time in Roberts Hall. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on sixteen graduates, that of Bachelor of Science upon six, and Master of Arts upon three. One special diploma was awarded.

President Sharpless in his address referred appreciatively to the donation by Mrs. Roberts of the building in which the exercises were being held. He spoke of the several improvements made within the past year, of the conversion of the Collection Hall into an enlarged Library,

of the Honor System, of the scholarly attainments of the students, and of the satisfactory work of the Graduating Class.

Parker S. Williams, '94, gave an address which seemed to meet the occasion exactly. His humorous and original remarks were pointed, and full of meaning to the Graduating Class. He spoke of business and professional life for Haverford men, and presented the need of politics for men of integrity.

Degrees were conferred and prizes and honors announced as follows:

## BACHELOR OF ARTS.

Franklin Elverson Barr  
Henry Joel Cadbury  
Clarence Raymond Cornman  
Harry Anthony Dominovich  
James Blathwaite Drinker  
Enoch Farson Hoffman  
John Emory Hollingsworth  
Hervey Macy Hoskins

George Peirce  
Arthur John Phillips  
Elias Nathan Rabinowitz  
Robert Louis Simkin  
Israel Sheldon Tilney  
Samuel Norman Wilson  
Fitz Randolph Winslow  
Joseph Kent Worthington

## BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

Edwin Brooke Bateman  
Charles Woodard Davis  
Otto Eugene Duerr

Carey Vandervort Hodgson  
Howard Moffitt Trueblood  
Irving White

## MASTER OF ARTS.

John Gyger Embree

Elliot Field

Walter Swain Hinchman

## PRIZES

*The Haverford Fellowship (\$500) for 1903-1904, has been awarded to*  
Harry Anthony Dominovich

*The Alumni Prize in Composition and Oratory (\$50) has been awarded to*  
Charles Woodard Davis

Honorable Mention. . . . Bernard Lester

*The Everett Society Medal for Oratory for Sophomores and Freshmen has been awarded to*  
Walter Carson

Honorable Mention, . . . . Warren Koons Miller

*The John B. Garrett Prizes for Systematic Reading for Juniors have been awarded to*

|                     |           |                          |
|---------------------|-----------|--------------------------|
| First Prize (\$40)  | . . . . . | William Parker Bonbright |
| Second Prize (\$30) | . . . . . | Daniel Lawrence Burgess  |
| Third Prize (\$20)  | . . . . . | Bernard Lester           |
| Fourth Prize (\$10) | . . . . . | Howard Haines Brinton    |



## THE HAVERFORDIAN

*The Class of 1896 Prizes in Latin and Mathematics for Sophomores and Freshmen have been awarded to*

|                              |                        |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| Latin (\$10) . . . . .       | Frederick William Ohl  |
| Mathematics (\$10) . . . . . | Edmund Converse Peirce |

*The Philip C. Garrett Prizes have been awarded to*

|                                           |                          |
|-------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Senior Mathematics (\$10) . . . . .       | Samuel Norman Wilson     |
| Senior or Junior Biology (\$10) . . . . . | John Roberts Thomas      |
| Honorable Mention, . . . . .              | George Peirce            |
| Sophomore Themes (\$10) . . . . .         | Frederick William Ohl    |
| Honorable Mention . . . . .               | Sigmund Gottfried Spaeth |
| Freshman Latin (\$10) . . . . .           | Walter Carson            |
| Honorable Mention . . . . .               | James Monroe             |
| Freshmen Greek (\$10) . . . . .           | Elliott Bartram Richards |

*The Class of 1898 Prize in Chemistry (\$10) for Seniors or Juniors has been awarded to*  
George Peirce

## HONORS

*Seniors elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society*

|                          |                     |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| Henry Joel Cadbury       | George Peirce       |
| Harry Anthony Dominovich | Robert Louis Simkin |
| Samuel Norman Wilson     |                     |

*General Honors*

|                                               |                          |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Henry Joel Cadbury                            | Robert Louis Simkin      |
| Harry Anthony Dominovich                      | Samuel Norman Wilson     |
| Highest Honors in English and Greek . . . . . | Harry Anthony Dominovich |
| Honors in Chemistry . . . . .                 | Edwin Brooke Bateman     |
| Honors in Greek and Philosophy . . . . .      | Henry Joel Cadbury       |
| Honors in Chemistry and Biology . . . . .     | George Peirce            |
| Honors in Economics and Philosophy . . . . .  | Arthur John Phillips     |
| Honors in Philosophy . . . . .                | Robert Louis Simkin      |
| Honors in Mathematics . . . . .               | Samuel Norman Wilson     |

## Sonnet—To a He-Goat.

Glowing with intellect, like some bright star,  
There do you stand and munch your hay at  
will ;

And human signs or sounds cannot unstill  
Your thought, nor deep philosophy can mar.

Portraits of holy fathers—saints they are—  
Oft have I seen on colored glass, at prayer,  
With beards that straggle on their bosoms far,  
Reminding me of your long, stringy hair.

Is it that you have thoughts too deep for tears ?  
But lo ! why look you with such grave intent,  
Why is your head uplifted as to bah,  
Why gleam your eyes with such reluctant  
fears,

Why toward myself your graceful neck is bent ?  
Ah ! it is plain. God save my Panama !

B. L. '04.



## THE HAVERFORD COLLEGE CAMPUS CLUB.

A PUBLIC meeting of friends of the College interested in the improvement of its natural attractions, met in Roberts Hall, 6th Mo. 11th, 1903, under the auspices of the Campus Club, a small society heretofore composed of officers and students of the College whose object has been to care for and improve the College grounds.

It is seventy years since William Carvell, an English gardener, laid out the Haverford College lawn. The fine avenues of sugar maples and the groups of forest trees then planted by him, have many of them more than reached their prime. The storm of two years ago ruined the beautiful entrance avenue and mutilated many fine single trees. New buildings have made necessary new approaches: and the heating and lighting plant demands artistic concealment. The romantic "Serpentine" walk has been partially destroyed by the new gymnasium and should be restored; the causeway of the bridge at the foot of the hill upon the lawn needs protection, and hundreds of shrubs and many pathways mutely plead for attention, as the observant Haverfordian strolls among them.

Other improvements look towards the reconstruction of walks and driveways where necessary; and the setting of dogwoods and hardy plants along their borders.

It is now proposed to have the sixty acres of lawn proper placed in the hands of a landscape architect, who will give the tract his immediate supervision, making a plan of the grounds as at present laid out, and showing therewith working drawings of such improvements as are deemed desirable. The original design of William Carvell is to be carefully conserved.

It is proposed also to establish The Mary Newlin Smith Memorial Garden, to

be laid out in Elizabethan style, geometrical in design, with numerous beds bordered by box and brimming with annuals. The beds to be separated by pleasing walks and the whole surrounded by wide open-borders, of choice hardy shrubs and plants, with dwarf trees perhaps at the side. The whole to have a suitable entrance to be in a somewhat secluded situation.

In the absence of an endowment, subscriptions toward a Fund for immediate use for the special objects named above, are urgently requested. They will be placed to the account of the General Fund or the Memorial Garden Fund, as preference is expressed.

It is earnestly hoped that not less than five thousand dollars (\$5,000.00) may be raised for this fund, as soon as possible, for the work is large and should be begun at an early date this Autumn.

Initial gifts have already been received; one of them for \$500 dependent, however, upon other liberal subscriptions being made to the Fund.

It is especially desirable also, largely to increase the membership of the Campus Club, therefore all friends of the College are cordially invited to join its ranks.

At the annual meetings prominent speakers will be secured, to address us on subjects kindred to the aims of the Club.

Annual dues \$5.00 and upwards.

Life membership \$100.

Cheques should be drawn to the order of ALEXANDER C. WOOD, Jr., Treasurer, Riverton, N. J.

On behalf of the Committee,

AMELIA M. GUMMERE,

LUCY B. ROBERTS,

FREDERIC H. STRAWBRIDGE,

SAMUEL L. ALLEN.

Haverford, Penna., 7th Mo. 15th, 1903



## Voices of the Night.

## I.

I hear the voices of soft-hearted dames,  
 Who, far less soft in bosom than in brain,  
 Against God's summer weather loud complain,  
 Or dim the lustre of their neighbors' names.

They join with sightless youths in witless games,  
 A while for larger stakes they play, and fain  
 Would win them husbands. There in wait  
 they've lain

With facial bait, devoid of modest shames!

Ye skies above! I'd rather be a frog  
 And swim among the lilies and the spawn,—  
 And sound my guttural note amid the bog,  
 Or hop with modesty upon the lawn,  
 Or perch by night upon some friendly log,  
 And croak, and croak, and croak until the  
 dawn!

## II.

Those voices still profane the evening air,  
 Which wafts a sweet and sickening perfume—  
 To me less noisome were an opened tomb,  
 Or dire hyena's shriek, or growl of bear!

Anon, a soft, infatuated pair  
 Is whisp'ring 'neath the window of my room;  
 Those would-be tender accents fill the gloom,  
 While radiating musk is everywhere!

How sweet to leave these scenes, and seek my  
 rest

Beside some quiet, peaceful stream afar,  
 Whose face by human form is undistressed,  
 Whose music no discordant voices jar.  
 There, leaning back against old Nature's breast,  
 Look up and watch the silent Northern Star.  
 D. L. B., '04.

## FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

[Conducted by President Sharpless.]

As near as can be told at the date of writing the College of 1903 will consist of 3 Graduates, 31 Seniors, 29 Juniors, 33 Sophomores, 34 Freshmen, or a total of 130 students.

Doctors Mustard and Pratt return from their year's sojourn in Europe, but Dr. Barrett leaves us for a similar purpose. His place is taken by Dr. James W. Harry, of Johns Hopkins.

All friends of Haverford were greatly shocked to hear of the drowning of Dr. Edward Rhoads, as a result of a canoeing trip on the Susquehanna River. Dr. Rhoads was growing in the esteem of his associates in the Faculty and the students who were taking his work. While the youngest member of the Faculty it was felt that his solid attainments, singleness of purpose, and personal modesty indicated a future of usefulness and prominence.

His place will be taken by George F. Stradling, Ph. D., of the University of Pennsylvania, and a student in Johns Hopkins and in Germany, who has been for several years past a teacher of Physics in the North East Manual Training School of Philadelphia.

The old Grammar School which will be known as Merion Cottage, will be occupied by 16 students and by the family of Dr. Reid during the coming year. The rooms are large and attractive—the only drawbacks being its distance from the other College Buildings and the fact that three students will occupy one study room, having, however, separate sleeping rooms. The cost to the students will be \$350—inclusive of board and tuition.

During the Summer a concrete conduit was built connecting the Gymnasium with the Library and the Library with Alumni Hall for the conveyance of the steam and water pipes and electric wires. All of our buildings in the main group are now connected with the heating and lighting boilers and engines below the Gymnasium.

More than the ordinary amount of repair was made to Barclay Hall. Much wisdom resides in the remark of an Alumnus recently made that if the students desired it this Hall could look as well at all times as Merion Cottage does now. But some of them apparently do not desire it and the rest are indifferent.



## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

## Henry Cope.

WE quote the following as part of an article appearing in *The American Cricketer* for July 15th, 1903:

"Mr. Henry Cope, of the Class of '69, Haverford College, familiarly known as the 'Father of Cricket' at Haverford, was greatly honored on Alumni Day, June 10th, 1903, at which time the cricket field at Haverford, which he laid out in 1876-77, was christened Cope Field in his honor. The suggestion was made by Dr. F. B. Gummere, Class '72, and was received with the greatest approval and enthusiasm by both graduates and undergraduates. It is difficult to appreciate all that Mr. Cope has done for cricket at Haverford. During the four years of his College career at that institution he played on the team and since then he has been the most active of the graduates, and has done much to place the game on the sound basis which it now occupies. In no other college in the country is cricket the principal sport and no place in the country turns out as many or as good cricketers as the famous old Quaker College. Cricket was played at Haverford in the '30's, when William Carvell, the landscape gardener, who laid out the College Grounds, taught some of the students his old English game, but only for the past fifty years has it been actively played by the students. During this time it has been the principal sport, and the teams turned out have been equal to most of the local teams and superior to many of them.

The man who has thus been honored played as a colt on the old Young America grounds at Turnpike Bridge in the early '60's and was at the time a pupil of the older of the famous Newall brothers. He has for many years been

a member of the Germantown, Merion, Philadelphia, and Baltimore Cricket Clubs, and is one of the organizers and Secretary of the Veteran Cricketers' Association of Philadelphia. He, in conjunction with Mr. Daniel S. Newhall, President of the Germantown Cricket Club, founded *The American Cricketer* in 1877 and was, with Mr. Newhall, editor of that paper for the first three years of its existence. In 1896 and again in 1900, Mr. Cope took Haverford College Cricket Teams on successful tours through England. From this brief record it will be seen that no one could be more deserving of the honor than Mr. Cope, and it may be added that few in Philadelphia have done as much for the game as he."

## '78 Reunion.

THE Class of '78 held a reunion at the Merion Cricket Club on June 22, 1903. This was the 25th anniversary of the class. Among those present were: Jonathan Eldridge, C. P. Frazier, Henry Baily, Henry N. Stokes, John M. W. Thomas, Albert L. Baily, Robert B. Haines, Jr., C. S. Crosman, D. Smiley, L. M. H. Reynolds, Francis K. Carey, George W. White, Edward T. Comfort, and J. M. L. Black.

## Decennial Reunion of '93.

THE tenth annual meeting and reunion of the permanent organization of the Class of '93, Haverford College, was held on the afternoon and evening of Sixth Month, sixth, 1903. After the group had been photographed, and a stroll on the Haverford lawn had revived many pleasant memories, the following sat down to an ample repast in the senior dining room: Walter W. Haviland, Thomas S. Gates, Dr. J. Gurney



Taylor, J. Paul Haughton, Charles J. Rhoads, Edward Woolman, Edward Rhoads, Carrol B. Jacobs, Francis B. Reeves, Francis F. Davis, Clarence G. Hoag, Barton Sensenig, Gifford K. Wright, John M. Okie and William S. Vaux, Jr.

The Secretary reported that he has received replies from 29 of the 32 living members of the Class, and read a number of letters of regret from those unable to be present.

The Class Day poem was read by Clarence G. Hoag, which recalled many almost forgotten incidents, and the evening was pleasantly spent in conversation and story.

The Secretary presented a vital report from which it appeared that 18 members of the Class are married, with 20 children—9 boys and 11 girls—while 16 still remain single or unaccounted for. Twenty live in Pennsylvania, four in New York, one each in Massachusetts, Delaware, Washington, Maryland and Wisconsin, and one in China.

WILLIAM S. VAUX, JR.,  
Secretary.

### 1902 Reunion.

ON Friday evening, June 12, 1903, an informal supper and meeting of the Class of 1902 was held at the Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. After a pleasant supper in one of the private dining rooms, a business meeting was called to order by President A. C. Wood, Jr. The Secretary read the minutes of the Christmas meeting, and also announced the marriage of E. B. Murphy, ex-'02, to Miss Hopkins, of California. The engagement of S. M. Whiteley, ex-'02, to Miss Hopkins, of Baltimore, was also recorded. A committee composed of C. L. Seiler, W. C. Longstreth and W. W. Pusey, 2d, was appointed by the President to look into the matter of a gift to

Alma Mater, and to report at the regular dinner meeting in Christmas week. R. M. Gummere asked for aid from 1902 for the erecting of a cricket pavilion on "Cope Field," and several generous donations were immediately received. After an evening of music, principally by C. L. Seiler, and somewhat moved by "has been" members of the Glee Club, the old crowd dispersed to meet, it is hoped, with good health and good cheer in the good old winter time. The next number of the class paper will probably appear in October.

Those present: Wood, Seiler, Pusey, Longstreth, H. G. Jones, S. P. Jones, Gummere, Wistar, Reeder, Newman, Garrett, Nicholson, and Brown.

W. W. PUSEY, 2d,  
6, 17, '03. Secretary-Treasurer.

### Communication.

At a special meeting of the permanent organization of the Class of '93, Haverford College, held Seventh Month, 13th, 1903, the following minute was adopted:

The members of the Class of '93, of Haverford College, having learned with great sorrow of the death of their fellow member, Dr. Edward Rhoads, who lost his life in the Susquehanna River, on July 4th, wish to spread upon the records of their permanent organization the deep sense of loss which has so suddenly come upon them. His fellow classmates deeply feel that Dr. Rhoads' death is not only an overwhelming loss to his family and friends, but that the scientific world has lost the services of one who had before him a most enviable career. The members of the Class will always remember him as a cheerful companion, an honest friend and an upright man.

ARTHUR V. MORTON,  
WM. S. VAUX, JR., President.  
Secretary.



## Communication.

AT a special meeting of the Class of 1892, of Haverford College, held in Philadelphia, Monday, September 14, 1903, the following minute was adopted with regard to the death of our late classmate, Warren H. Detwiler. The Secretary was instructed to communicate the same to the family of the deceased, to those members of the class not present at the meeting and to THE HAVERFORDIAN.

## In Memoriam—Warren H. Detwiler.

The sudden death of Warren H. Detwiler, on August 31, 1902, was a shock to all who knew him, and perhaps came with special emphasis to his college classmates who were familiar with his cheerful, vigorous personality. Among the many testimonials to his character and worth, there is a place for a few words from his Haverford friends of the Class of '92.

Warren H. Detwiler joined our Class at the beginning of the Sophomore year, and was soon recognized as a man of high Christian character, unusual energy and sterling honor in all the relations of college life. Coming to us as one who had already worked successfully to earn his way through college, his independence, his experience wider than our own, and his definiteness of aim won our respect, and his modest manliness and good-fellowship won our regard and friendship.

During the rest of our college course, Detwiler's personality was a distinct factor in the higher life of the college at a critical time when that life was gradually rising to a higher level.

As a student he was enthusiastic and thorough in his chosen line of research. He entered with energy into athletics, and took an active interest in other vital matters of Haverford College, especially in the work of the Christian Association, living out his faith in a manly Christian

life, honest to the core, and free from all cant and affectation.

We have followed his career since graduation with interest, and feel that his character and attainments would have placed him, before many years, in a foremost place in the secondary educational work of Philadelphia.

The sorrow and sense of loss at his death prompt us to extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy in this affliction, which has come with crushing force upon them, and to assure them of the love we bore him as a friend, and the honor in which we hold his memory.

On behalf of the Class,

BENJAMIN CADBURY,  
Secretary.

## Notes.

'55. John Vickers Painter died at his home in Cleveland, O., on August 13th. He was born in West Chester on July 20th, 1835, the son of Samuel Marshall Painter and Ann Vickers. He was at Haverford from 1850 to 1853, and studied later at Oberlin College. For many years he was engaged in the banking business in Cleveland, retiring in 1873. Later he became identified with various enterprises in manufacturing, mining and railroading. At the time of his death he was a director of the Republic Iron Company and vice-president of the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railway Company. Also he was a director of the Cleveland Trust Company, of the Citizens' Saving and Trust Company, was trustee of the Cleveland Museum of Art, treasurer and trustee of the John Huntington Benevolent Trust, and a member of the Chamber of Commerce.

'58. We learn from the *New York Commercial* that James Wood, of Westchester County, was appointed chairman of the committee having charge of the



campaign against the project of enlarging the Erie barge canal.

'61. J. H. Stuart visited Haverford College before its opening this fall.

'80. Charles E. Gause, Jr., spent the summer travelling in Europe.

'82. George A. Barton successfully completed his year as director of the American School for Oriental Research in Jerusalem last May. During the summer he traveled in Egypt and Italy, delivered some lectures at the Woodbrooke Summer School for Religious Study, Birmingham, England, and returned, via Boston, in August.

'85. Rufus M. Jones delivered a series of lectures on "Present-day Ideas of God and Spiritual Life," at the Woodbrooke School, in England, from July 23d to August 4th.

'85. W. Timothy Hussey visited the College on September 11th.

'89. Lindley M. Stephens is superintendent of Oakwood Seminary, New York.

'91. J. S. Morris won his way to the finals in the State Tennis Tournament held at Haverford in June.

'92. Minturn Post Collins was married to Miss Flora Isham, at her home, in King's Bridge, New York City, on June 25th.

'92. Warren H. Detwiler accidentally shot and killed himself at Hatboro, Pa., on August 31st. He entered the Sophomore Class at Haverford College in 1889, was president of the College and Football Associations and captain of the football team. He graduated with honors in History and Political Science. In 1899 he received an A. M. For nine years he held the chair of History and Civics in Bloomsburg State Normal School, when

he was elected Professor of History and Economics in the Northeast Manual Training School, of Philadelphia. In 1892 he married Ella Van Horn, of Hatboro, who, with two children, survives him.

'93. Edward Rhoads lost his life July 4th, when attempting to run the rapids of the Susquehanna River, near Columbia. He was a son of the late William Gibbons Rhoads, for many years a manager of Haverford College, and Sarah Wistar Rhoads. In 1893 he graduated at Haverford College with honors in physics. From 1893-6 he was in the machine shop of William Sellers & Co. In 1898 he took the degree of Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins University, after two years of residence. He was then instructor in physics at Worcester Polytechnic Institute until he accepted the position of instructor in physics at Haverford in 1898, which position he held until he died. Although but thirty years old, Dr. Rhoads had already distinguished himself in his profession. He was a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and of the American Philosophical Society. He was the author of numerous and important papers published in the journals of learned societies. Among them were: "The Effect of the Fibrous Structure of Sheet Iron on the Changes in Length Accompanying Magnetization;" "Relation Between the Changes in Length and the Changes in Thermo-Electric Power Caused by Magnetization," and "Experiments on the Change in Dimensions Caused by Magnetization in Iron."

'93. George L. Jones is Principal of Oak Grove Seminary, Maine.

'93. Wilbur A. Estes returned from China during the summer for a short visit, until he returns to the mission field this fall.



Ex-'94. Alfred Busselle has announced his engagement with Miss Harriet Murray, of New York City.

'94. Louis J. Palmer, attorney-at-law, has opened an office at 711 Arcade Building, Phila.

'96. Paul D. I. Maier has been elected Superintendent of the Joseph Sturge Mission School, Philadelphia.

'96. L. Hollingsworth Wood has returned from his trip around the world. An account of some of his experiences was published in the *American Friend* for July 2d.

'97. Richard C. Brown sailed for England, per *S. S. Lucania*, on September 5th, to take a position in Bootham School, York, England.

'97. F. N. Maxfield is teaching at Friends' Select School, Philadelphia.

'98. John G. Embree has returned from the Philippines, and has been appointed Principal of Friends' (Hicksite) High School, Moorestown, N. J.

'98. Samuel H. Hodgins has been appointed Principal of the Oakwood Seminary, Union Springs, N. Y.

'99. John D. Carter was married to Rachel G. Alsop, of New York City, on May 7th, in Haverford Meeting House. They are now living in Lansdowne, Pa.

'99. Dr. E. Roberts Richie has announced his engagement to Miss Anna S. Wood, of Boston, Mass.

'99. Rufus H. Jones has announced his engagement to Miss Hersom, of Portland, Me.

'01. A. Lovett Dewees, has returned from England to study medicine in Philadelphia.

'02. Shipley Brown has announced his engagement to Lucy H. Haines, of Haddonfield.

'02. Charles Evans has been appointed Instructor in English in Guilford College, N. C.

'02. W. W. Chambers spent the summer on Long Island, N. Y., with a mosquito-killing colony.

'02. K. E. Hendricks is with the Norfolk and Western Railway Co., at Welsh, W. V.

'02. W. C. Longstreth spent August in British Columbia.

'02. W. P. Phillips was an instructor at a boys' camp in New Hampshire in July and August. He takes charge of the Department of English in the High School, Albany, N. Y.

'02. R. J. Ross has returned to Pittsburgh after a severe illness of over a month.

'02. C. L. Seiler was at Lake Chautauqua with Dr. James A. Babbitt. He will be an instructor at the Haverford Grammar School this winter.

'02. P. L. Woodward is studying law in Jersey City.

Ex-'02. E. B. Murphy was married June 20th to Miss Hopkins, of California, and is now living near San Francisco.

Rufus M. Jones, '85, and J. J. Mills, LL.D., '90, took part in the inauguration exercises of Robert L. Kelley, as President of Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., on June 8th.

Among the alumni who have sons enrolled in the entering Freshman Class are: R. T. Cadbury, '72; F. B. Gummers, '72, and J. W. Nicholson, '76.

The following alumni received degrees at the various June commencements.

'92. W. M. Hart, Ph.D., Haverford.

'97. Elliot Field, M.A., Haverford.

'98. J. G. Embree, M.A., Haverford.

'00. W. B. Bell, LL.B., Columbia.

'00. W. S. Hinchman, M.A., Haverford.



'00. H. H. Jenks, M.D., University of Penna.

'00. S. W. Mifflin, LL. B., Harvard.

'00. F. C. Sharpless, M.D., University of Penna.

'02. E. W. Evans, A.B., Harvard.

'02. W. P. Philips, A.M., Harvard.

'02. C. W. Stork, A.M., Harvard.

'02. E. E. Trout, A.M., Harvard.

LL.D., '00. J. Rendel Harris, a former Haverford professor, has declined the offer of the Queen of Holland to become Professor of New Testament Theology in Leyden University. He will be the chief instructor at the permanent settlement for religious instruction at Woodbrooke, England.

### CRICKET DEPARTMENT.

THE College cricket season of 1903 was highly successful, notwithstanding the loss of our most important game. With a record of nine games won, two drawn, and one lost, and that lost principally through nervousness, we came through with flying colors. We were always handicapped by batting first on a fast wicket in the shed, and then out of doors on the soft wickets of April and early May, yet the College team played rather well in the opening games against Germantown and Belmont. A match with the Next Fifteen followed, and the team showed signs of rapid improvement. A team from the Philadelphia Cricket Club played us a draw. Then came a hard match with Merion First, in which our team was also successful.

The following week we met the University of Pennsylvania. Losing the toss we started well, obtaining some good wickets before lunch. After the interval a long leather chase in the hot sun made our fielding and bowling weaker, and when the innings closed we found a large total of 271 confronting us. Tired out with the heat and work we were not very successful in our endeavors to keep our wickets intact, and when the game was finished at a later date we were 72 runs behind.

After our first day's play with Pennsylvania we took the sleeping car for Boston. Playing on Soldier's Field we managed with the help of a good century by H. H. Morris to win from Harvard.

This we followed up with good victories over Moorestown, and a Philadelphia Summer eleven. Then the season ended by our defeating a strong team from New Jersey C. C., the Next Fifteen, and by obtaining a favorable draw with the Alumni.

The only man we lose is Drinker, so that the team ought to do better in 1904 than during the past year.

Before closing I should not refrain from mentioning the bowling of Pleasants, which all the way through the season was of a high order. I think he is the only Haverford bowler who ever obtained 50 wickets in one season for Haverford on American grounds.

C. C. M., '04.

#### First XI vs. New Jersey C. C.

On Saturday, 30th May, the team of the New Jersey Cricket Club came down from New York to play the College team. The visitors won the toss and elected to bat. The wicket was rather hard and true, in spite of the intermittent showers. The game started at about 11.30. Pleasants and Drinker opened the bowling, and continued without change throughout the game. When play was stopped for lunch the score stood 50 for 5. Poyer, the West Indian, and member of the All-New York team, was still in, and batting steadily. Play was resumed shortly after 2.00 P. M. Wickets fell very quickly. Poyer went out, eighth wicket down, for 42. No one



else reached double figures. Peirce kept wicket very well, allowing only one bye.

C. C. Morris and Hopkins opened for Haverford, putting on 53 for the first wicket. Then came a painful slump, which did not end until Folwell joined Morris. They brought the score from 92 to 153, winning the game. The innings closed for 167. At the request of the visitors twelve men played on each side. The score :

#### NEW JERSEY C. C.

|                                                 |    |
|-------------------------------------------------|----|
| C. Dalton, b. Pleasants.....                    | 4  |
| J. Poyer, b. Drinker.....                       | 42 |
| C. H. Griffiths, c. Evans, b. Drinker.....      | 6  |
| S. B. Standfast, b. Pleasants.....              | 6  |
| A. G. Laurie, b. Drinker.....                   | 6  |
| F. F. Kelly, c. Doughten, b. Drinker.....       | 0  |
| F. W. T. Stiles, c. and b. Pleasants.....       | 9  |
| W. A. Gray, l. b. w. b. Drinker.....            | 8  |
| A. J. G. Cook, c. C. C. Morris, b. Pleasants... | 6  |
| F. B. Hunter, c. Folwell, b. Drinker.....       | 0  |
| F. B. Rogers, not out.....                      | 6  |
| H. A. Gibbs, c. and b. Drinker .....            | 2  |
| Extras.....                                     | 2  |
| Total.....                                      | 97 |

#### BOWLING ANALYSIS.

|                 | B.  | M. | R. | W. |
|-----------------|-----|----|----|----|
| Pleasants ..... | 144 | 5  | 52 | 4  |
| Drinker.....    | 143 | 7  | 43 | 7  |

#### HAVERFORD.

|                                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|
| C. C. Morris, c. and b. Poyer.....        | 79  |
| A. H. Hopkins, b. Kelly.....              | 17  |
| R. L. Pearson, b. Kelly.....              | 2   |
| H. W. Doughten, Jr., c. and b. Kelly..... | 2   |
| A. T. Lowry, l. b. w. b. Kelly.....       | 0   |
| J. B. Drinker, b. Kelly.....              | 5   |
| W. P. Bonbright, b. Laurie.....           | 9   |
| P. D. Folwell, b. Poyer .....             | 35  |
| E. M. Evans, c. Cook, b. Poyer.....       | 2   |
| E. Ritts, b. Kelly.....                   | 0   |
| H. Pleasants, Jr., b. Kelly.....          | 0   |
| E. C. Peirce, not out.....                | 0   |
| Extras.....                               | 16  |
| Total.....                                | 167 |

#### BOWLING ANALYSIS.

|             | B.  | M. | R. | W. |
|-------------|-----|----|----|----|
| Kelly.....  | 126 | 1  | 71 | 7  |
| Poyer.....  | 61  | 1  | 41 | 3  |
| Dalton..... | 30  | 0  | 19 | 0  |
| Laurie..... | 30  | 0  | 20 | 1  |

#### First XI vs. The Next XIV.

Played June 6th, at Haverford. The Next XIV batted first, and succumbed rapidly to the attack of Pleasants and Drinker. Spaeth was the only man to reach double figures. The last wicket fell for 46.

Morris and Drinker opened up for the First XI, and carried the score to 69 before being separated. The feature of the game, if the game had any features, was the wretched fielding of the Next XIV. Lowry and Doughten were both missed once, Morris twice, Drinker three times, and Bonbright three times. The score :

#### NEXT XIV.

|                                                      |    |
|------------------------------------------------------|----|
| C. R. Haig, l. b. w. b. Pleasants.....               | 4  |
| V. W. Wheeler, c. Pleasants, b. Drinker.....         | 8  |
| Dr. F. B. Gummere, c. Doughten,<br>b. Pleasants..... | 3  |
| Dr. W. W. Comfort, b. Drinker.....                   | 0  |
| R. P. Lowry, b. Drinker.....                         | 1  |
| T. S. Downing, Jr., c. Philips, b. Drinker.....      | 2  |
| A. C. Dickson, l. b. w. b. Drinker.....              | 0  |
| H. H. Cookman, run out.....                          | 2  |
| S. G. Spaeth, c. Morris, b. Pleasants.....           | 15 |
| R. J. Shortlidge, c. Philips, b. Drinker.....        | 4  |
| E. Ritts, b. Pleasants.....                          | 0  |
| S. M. Boher, c. Bonbright, b. Pleasants.....         | 0  |
| O. E. Duerr, c. Doughten, b. Drinker.....            | 3  |
| W. M. Wills, not out.....                            | 3  |
| Extras.....                                          | 1  |
| Total.....                                           | 46 |

#### BOWLING ANALYSIS.

|                 | B. | M. | R. | W. |
|-----------------|----|----|----|----|
| Pleasants ..... | 52 | 1  | 20 | 5  |
| Drinker.....    | 48 | 0  | 25 | 7  |

#### FIRST XI.

|                                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|
| H. H. Morris, b. Cookman.....             | 34  |
| J. B. Drinker, c. Boher, b. Comfort. .... | 45  |
| A. H. Hopkins, run out.....               | 2   |
| H. W. Doughten, Jr., b. Haig.....         | 44  |
| A. T. Lowry, st. Lowry, b. Spaeth.....    | 12  |
| W. P. Bonbright, c. Ritts, b. Haig.....   | 10  |
| E. M. Evans, c. sub. b. Haig.....         | 3   |
| H. Pleasants, Jr., b. Spaeth.....         | 1   |
| J. D. Philips, not out.....               | 3   |
| E. C. Peirce, l. b. w. b. Spaeth.....     | 0   |
| P. D. Folwell, did not bat.....           |     |
| Extras.....                               | 3   |
| Total.....                                | 157 |



## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

|               | B. | M. | R. | W. |
|---------------|----|----|----|----|
| Comfort ..... | 66 | 1  | 24 | 1  |
| Dickson.....  | 54 | 2  | 32 | 0  |
| Haig.....     | 66 | 3  | 43 | 3  |
| Spaeth.....   | 36 | 2  | 11 | 3  |
| Cookman.....  | 84 | 4  | 43 | 1  |

|                       |                |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| R. L. Pearson.....    | } did not bat. |
| A. H. Hopkins.....    |                |
| H. W. Doughten, Jr..  |                |
| A. T. Lowry.....      |                |
| W. P. Bonbright.....  |                |
| A. G. Priestman.....  |                |
| E. M. Evans.....      |                |
| H. Pleasants, Jr..... |                |
| E. C. Peirce.....     |                |

Extras..... 4

Total for no wickets.....14

## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

|             | B. | M. | R. | W. |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|
| Patton..... | 18 | 0  | 7  | 0  |
| Baily.....  | 18 | 0  | 3  | 0  |

## Second XI vs. Linden.

Played at Camden, 30th of May. The Second Eleven was rather disgracefully beaten. W. Bailey was very successful both with the bat and ball, whereas Haig, for Haverford, was also the best on his team in both departments. The score :

## LINDEN.

|                                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|
| W. Bailey, b. Spaeth .....                | 88  |
| H. Andrews, c. Spaeth, b. Dickson.....    | 0   |
| A. Shaw, run out.....                     | 12  |
| B. Allen, b. Cookman.....                 | 30  |
| T. Turner, b. Haig.....                   | 2   |
| W. Glover, l. b. w. b. Haig.....          | 7   |
| C. Charlesworth, c. Wheeler, b. Haig..... | 0   |
| D. Bartle, c. and b. Haig.....            | 13  |
| E. Long, not out.....                     | 9   |
| F. Wheldon, b. Spaeth.....                | 0   |
| V. G. Lovell, c. and b. Spaeth.....       | 3   |
| Extras.....                               | 4   |
| Total.....                                | 168 |

## HAVERFORD.

|                                          |    |
|------------------------------------------|----|
| V. W. Wheeler, run out.....              | 1  |
| C. R. Haig, st. Weldon, b. Baily.....    | 6  |
| R. P. Lowry, c. Andrews, b. Allen.....   | 1  |
| T. S. Downing, Jr. b. Baily.....         | 0  |
| H. H. Cookman, c. and b. Allen.....      | 3  |
| A. C. Dickson, l. b. w. b. Baily.....    | 0  |
| F. R. Taylor, run out.....               | 1  |
| S. G. Spaeth, not out.....               | 1  |
| D. L. Burgess, b. Baily.....             | 0  |
| R. J. Shortlidge, c. sub., b. Baily..... | 0  |
| E. F. Bainbridge, c. sub. b. Baily.....  | 0  |
| Extras.....                              | 0  |
| Total.....                               | 13 |

## First XI vs. Old Haverfordians.

On June 10th the cricket team played its concluding match, that against the Old Haverfordians. It was a fairly strong team of opponents. The wicket, however, favored the bowling, as it had been softened by the morning rain. H. P. Baily stayed at the wickets during almost the entire innings, and hit hard for his 36. R. H. Patton was the only other man who made double figures. Pleasants took five wickets, the fifth wicket being the fifty-first wicket which he has obtained this season. Soon after the First XI went into bat the game was stopped by rain.

The score :

## OLD HAVERFORDIANS.

|                                                 |    |
|-------------------------------------------------|----|
| C. J. Allen, '00, b. Drinker.....               | 4  |
| H. P. Baily, ex-'90, b. Pleasants.....          | 36 |
| R. H. Patton, '01, b. Drinker.....              | 14 |
| A. C. Wood, Jr., '02, l. b. w. b. Pleasant..... | 8  |
| F. B. Gummere, '72, b. Drinker.....             | 4  |
| H. H. Lowry, '99, b. Pleasants.....             | 6  |
| A. Haines, ex-'99, b. Pleasants.....            | 0  |
| L. W. De Motte, '01, c. H. H. Morris,           |    |
| b. Pleasants...                                 | 6  |
| W. W. Justice, '00, b. Hopkins.....             | 1  |
| J. S. Stokes, '89, not out.....                 | 0  |
| W. G. Audenried, '90, b. Hopkins.....           | 0  |
| Extras.....                                     | 3  |
| Total.....                                      | 82 |

## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

|                | B. | M. | R. | W. |
|----------------|----|----|----|----|
| Pleasants..... | 72 | 2  | 41 | 5  |
| Drinker.....   | 54 | 1  | 32 | 3  |
| Hopkins.....   | 18 | 1  | 6  | 2  |

## HAVERFORD.

|                             |   |
|-----------------------------|---|
| H. H. Morris, not out.....  | 9 |
| J. B. Drinker, not out..... | 1 |



## Averages of the First XI, 1903.

## BATTING.

|                            | I. | N.O. | R.  | H.S. | AV.   |
|----------------------------|----|------|-----|------|-------|
| C. C. Morris, '04.....     | 9  | 0    | 455 | 104  | 50.56 |
| R. L. Pearson, '05.....    | 8  | 1    | 267 | 131* | 38.14 |
| H. H. Morris, '04.....     | 10 | 2    | 234 | 101* | 29.25 |
| A. H. Hopkins, '05.....    | 9  | 1    | 196 | 79*  | 24.50 |
| A. G. Priestman, '05.....  | 7  | 2    | 114 | 48*  | 22.80 |
| A. T. Lowry, '06.....      | 7  | 2    | 85  | 28*  | 17.00 |
| W. P. Bonbright, '04.....  | 11 | 2    | 142 | 33   | 15.77 |
| H. W. Doughten, Jr., '06.  | 9  | 1    | 116 | 48   | 14.50 |
| J. B. Drinker, '03.....    | 9  | 1    | 95  | 45   | 11.88 |
| E. C. Peirce, '05.....     | 7  | 1    | 11  | 6    | 1.83  |
| H. Pleasants, Jr., '06.... | 7  | 0    | 12  | 5    | 1.71  |

The following also batted:

|                         |   |   |    |     |        |
|-------------------------|---|---|----|-----|--------|
| C. R. Haig, '04.....    | 1 | 1 | 18 | 18* | *18.00 |
| P. D. Folwell, '04..... | 4 | 0 | 54 | 35  | 13.50  |
| E. M. Evans, '05.....   | 1 | 0 | 3  | 3   | 3.00   |
| J. D. Philips, '06..... | 1 | 0 | 3  | 3   | 3.00   |
| R. P. Lowry, '04.....   | 1 | 0 | 2  | 2   | 2.00   |
| E. Ritts, '05.....      | 1 | 0 | 0  | 0   | 0.00   |

## BOWLING.

|                             | B.   | M. | R.  | W. | AV.   |
|-----------------------------|------|----|-----|----|-------|
| H. Pleasants, Jr., '06..... | 1029 | 37 | 376 | 51 | 7.49  |
| J. B. Drinker, '03.....     | 476  | 13 | 257 | 23 | 11.18 |
| A. G. Priestman, '05.....   | 682  | 27 | 333 | 27 | 12.33 |
| W. P. Bonbright, '04.....   | 186  | 5  | 130 | 7  | 18.57 |
| A. H. Hopkins, '05....      | 102  | 2  | 42  | 2  | 21.00 |

The following also bowled:

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| P. D. Folwell, '04. | C. C. Morris, '04. |
| R. L. Pearson, '05. | A. T. Lowry, '06.  |

## Prizes.

The cricket prizes for 1903 were awarded on Commencement Day as follows:

## FIRST XI.

Colors to J. B. Drinker, '03, A. H. Hopkins, '05, R. L. Pearson, '05, E. C. Peirce, '05, A. G. Priestman, '05, H. Pleasants, Jr., '06.

Cope prize bat for the best average, to C. C. Morris, '04; average, 50.56.

Congdon prize ball, for the best bowling average, to H. Pleasants, Jr., '06; average, 7.49.

Haines prize fielding belt, J. B. Drinker, '03.

## SECOND XI.

Class of '85 prize bat, S. G. Spaeth, '05; average, 14.33.

Class of '83 prize ball, F. R. Taylor, '06; average, 8.67.

Class of '85 prize fielding belt, E. M. Evans, '05, with honorable mention of J. D. Phillips, '06.

## THIRD XI.

Best batting, tie between D. L. Burgess, '04, and S. M. Boher, '05; average, 13.

Best bowling, W. M. C. Kimber, '04; average, 4.4.

Best fielding, E. F. Bainbridge, '06.

## OTHER PRIZES.

Dorian prize bat, R. L. Pearson, '05, for his score of 131, not out, against Philadelphia C. C. Improvement bat, R. L. Pearson, '05.

Shakespeare bat, to the Freshman with highest average in inter-class games, H. W. Doughten, Jr., '06; average, 45.5.

C. R. Hinchman prize bat, H. H. Morris, '04; highest average, 102, in intercollegiate matches.

Christian Febiger prize ball, H. Pleasants, Jr., '06; best average of 8.4, in intercollegiate matches.

Prize bat awarded to best Freshman batsman, H. W. Doughten, Jr., '06.

Prize ball awarded to best Freshman bowler, H. Pleasants, Jr., '06.

Class of '85, prize ball for interclass championship, Class of 1905.

The Cricket Team re-elected C. C. Morris, '04, as captain for 1904.

## Haverfordians in Summer Cricket.

On the team of Philadelphians playing in England this summer were these representatives of the College: J. A. Lester, '96, captain; J. H. Scattergood, '96; F. C. Sharpless, '00; C. C. Morris, '04. In the batting averages they stood thus:

|                                 | I. | N.O. | R.  | H. S. | A.    |
|---------------------------------|----|------|-----|-------|-------|
| 1. J. A. Lester, '96...         | 25 | 3    | 794 | 126*  | 36.09 |
| 5. C. C. Morris, '04..          | 22 | 1    | 411 | 164   | 19.57 |
| 6. F. C. Sharpless, '00.        | 20 | 1    | 349 | 54    | 18.36 |
| 15. J. H. Scattergood, '96..... | 7  | 2    | 12  | 5     | 2.40  |

In the bowling averages:

|                          | B.   | M. | R.  | W. | A.    |
|--------------------------|------|----|-----|----|-------|
| 2. J. A. Lester, '96.... | 1271 | 54 | 514 | 32 | 16.06 |
| 6. F. C. Sharpless, '00. | 509  | 17 | 198 | 5  | 39.60 |

J. H. Scattergood, '96, although he was unable, on account of the injury to his hand, to play in more than four matches, nevertheless stumped six men and caught nine, a remarkable performance.

A list of Haverfordians' scores of 50 or over follows:



|                                                 |        |
|-------------------------------------------------|--------|
| J. A. Lester, '96, vs. Cambridge University.... | 96     |
| " " Nottinghamshire.....                        | 67     |
| " " Kent.....                                   | 70     |
| " " Hampshire .....                             | 67     |
| " " Leicestershire.....                         | { *126 |
| " " Surrey.....                                 | 52     |
| F. C. Sharpless, '00, vs. Kent.....             | 54     |
| C. C. Morris, '04, vs. Nottinghamshire.....     | 164    |

On Mr. A. W. Jones' XI, which played three games in Halifax, H. Pleasants, Jr., '06, was third in the bowling averages with this analysis :

| B.  | R.  | M. | W. | A.    |
|-----|-----|----|----|-------|
| 434 | 202 | 16 | 16 | 12.63 |

Pleasants has taken about a hundred wickets during the year.

C. C. Morris, '04, was the first American batsman to complete his thousand runs this season.

The following Haverfordians played on the Colts team against the Kent County XI at Manheim on the 18th, 19th and 21st of September: D. A. Roberts, '02; H. H. Morris, '04; R. L. Pearson, '05; H. Pleasants, Jr., '06. E. C. Peirce, '05, was chosen substitute wicket keeper. J. A. Lester, '96, captains the Gentlemen of Philadelphia in

their two matches against the English cricketers. C. C. Morris, '04, also represents Haverford on the team.

These scores of 50 or over were made during the summer by Haverfordians in local cricket :

#### HALIFAX CUP.

|                                                                    |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| May 23—A. P. Morris, ex-'95, Merion vs. Frankford.....             | *59 |
| H. P. Baily, ex-'90 .....                                          | 83  |
| June 13—A. G. Scattergood, '98, Philadelphia vs. Germantown B..... | 61  |
| June 27—F. A. Evans, '99, Philadelphia vs. Frankford .....         | 68  |

#### PHILADELPHIA CUP.

|                                                                       |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| May 30—F. A. Evans, '99, Philadelphia vs. Merion A.....               | *100 |
| C. H. Howson, '97, Radnor vs. Merion B.....                           | 60   |
| July 11—E. J. Bevan, ex-'04, Merion B vs. Philadelphia.....           | 52   |
| Aug. 1—A. B. Mifflin, ex-'99, Radnor vs. Belmont .....                | 75   |
| Aug. 4—W. P. Bonbright, '04, Merion B vs. Delaware County C. C.....   | 62   |
| Sept. 12—H. Pleasants, Jr., '06, Radnor vs. Delaware County C. C..... | *67  |

#### SUMMER GAMES.

|                                                        |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------|------|
| May 23—A. B. Mifflin, ex-'99, Radnor vs. Trenton ..... | *177 |
|--------------------------------------------------------|------|

### COLLEGE NOTES.

**H**AVERFORD COLLEGE commenced its sixty-seventh academical year on September 23d, with 130 students—3 graduates, 31 Seniors, 29 Juniors, 33 Sophomores, and 34 Freshmen. This is 13 more than at the beginning of last year.

Alumni day was held very successfully on June 10th. The collation in the evening was followed by a meeting in Roberts Hall. Dr. W. W. Comfort gave an address on the subject, "A Book We Think We Have Read." The action taken in regard to naming

the cricket field and erecting a pavilion is explained in other columns of this paper.

The Senior reception occurred on the evening of June 11th, in Roberts Hall. A class poem was read by H. J. Cadbury, and H. A. Dominovich delivered an ivy oration. Very amusing presentations followed, over which J. B. Drinker presided. Several members of the class entertained the guests by very characteristic performances, and, at the end of the exercises, President Duerr presented the spoon to J. B. Drinker, as



the most popular man in the class. The exercises were concluded with refreshments in the gymnasium.

Track colors were awarded last June to T. K. Brown, '06, and J. D. Philips, '06.

A new rule was adopted by the College Association regarding the track jersey. Instead of the old striped jersey, the new one is to be white, with a black block H.

Cups for records broken on the track were awarded to A. H. Hopkins, '05, H. W. Jones, '05, T. K. Brown, Jr., '06, and J. D. Philips, '06.

H. H. Morris, '04, T. K. Brown, Jr., '06, and J. D. Phillips, '06, represented Haverford at the Intercollegiate contest at New York.

H. H. Morris has been re-elected captain of the Track team for 1904.

We find the new meeting house bridge completed, and the old one removed; Also the addition to the meeting house is finished.

A very acceptable issue of the Y. M. C. A. Year Book was edited during the summer and distributed early in the fall.

Football practice was commenced on the Monday before college opened, with J. Henry Scattergood, '96, once more at the head of the coaching. About 14 men reported the first day, and since then the number has much increased.

Henry Edwin McGrew, president of Pacific College, Newberg, Oregon, is spending a year of absence as a graduate student at Haverford. W. C. Longstreth, 1902, and Takeo Arishma, of Sapporo Imperial Agricultural College, Japan, are also graduate students.

The Class of 1903 made the following record in their academic grades during their Senior year just passed.

|                 | 1st<br>Qr. | 2d<br>Qr. | 3d<br>Qr. | 4th<br>Qr. | Average.         |
|-----------------|------------|-----------|-----------|------------|------------------|
| A students..... | 2          | 8         | 6         | 8          | 6                |
| B " .....       | 13         | 8         | 12        | 10         | 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| C " .....       | 9          | 8         | 5         | 5          | 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  |
| D " .....       | 0          | 0         | 0         | 0          | 0                |
| E " .....       | 0          | 0         | 0         | 0          | 0                |

The following delegation of Haverford men spent a very enjoyable ten-days at the Students' Conference at Northfield, Mass., June 26th to July 5th: '01, W. E. Cadbury; '02, C. Wistar; '03, H. A. Dominovich, J. B. Drinker, D. B. Miller, G. Peirce; '04, H. H. Brinton, D. L. Burgess, C. R. Haig, W. T. Hilles, W. M. C. Kimber, A. W. Kratz, B. Lester, H. H. Morris; '05, A. H. Hopkins, H. W. Jones, J. L. Scull, L. Smyth, Jr.; '06, R. L. Cary.

The Tennis Association expects to make several entries in the Inter-Collegiate Tournament, held at Merion Cricket Club in October.

More enterprise than discretion has been shown in the liberal display of paint recently made in the neighborhood.

The cane rush took place, according to custom, on the first day of college, September 23d, on Walton Field. The cane men were Brown, Lowry and Smiley, of 1906, and Birdsall, Tatnall and Thomas, of 1907. When Referee Thorn blew the whistle the Sophomores reached the cane first, but at the expiration of five minutes Dr. Babbitt counted the hands and found that the victory went to the Freshmen by the score of 12-9. Those who secured two hands on the cane were Brown, Lowry and Smiley, of 1906, and Birdsall, Busby, Claassen and Tatnall, of 1907. Also Edsall, Morris and Pleasants, of 1906, and Brown, Evans, Haines and Thomas, of 1907, had each one hand credited to their class.



## EXCHANGES.

It is certainly encouraging to the hungry Ex-man, returning after a long vacation, to find such a goodly pile of June numbers ready to satisfy his appetite. The editors of College publications seem always to save the best material for the last issue, and in consequence there is usually more to praise and less to condemn than at any other time in the year. It is quite natural that the editor should wish to end his career in a blaze of glory, and yet it is too often the case that his previous issues suffer by comparison with the last. His readers are naturally led to think that the high standard attained in the final issue might have been preserved throughout the year with the aid of a little additional effort. Still, whether advisable or not, the big June issue is always welcomed by us with joy. We like to see the gorgeous cover (usually bearing the words "Commencement Number" in letters of impressive size), the photographs of prize-winners and orators, the soul-stirring effusions of Class Poets, and the carefully worded little valedictories of the editor and the Ex-man. If it is only by "commencement" that such efforts are inspired, would that every month were June!

The *Monthly Maroon* has again changed its cover design and now appears in a brilliant garb of four colors. On the whole it is very striking. Between the covers we find a wealth of literary matter, three essays, four stories, three poems, and a short play. The quality hardly equals the quantity. The play, which is entitled "She Would a-Wooing Go," is almost puerile in plot and style. In fact it is rather difficult to tell whether it is intended to be comic or serious. If the former is the case it misses its purpose entirely and is wearisome in its

forced humor; if the latter, the play is ridiculous in the extreme, and should never have been allowed to appear in a journal of such a high standard as the *Monthly Maroon*. There are, however, two very readable articles in the June number. The first of these is entitled 'A Rhymester of Rural Folk,' and treats of the work of James Whitcomb Riley. It is accompanied by three excellent photographs and a fac-simile. The essay on Ibsen, which follows, does not equal the first in thought but is superior in style and finish. The other contributions are of little worth other than that of filling up space.

Again do we feel it our duty to praise the work of our friend, the Ex-man of the *Georgetown College Journal*. In fact, we feel proud to call him "friend" and would certainly never have had the effrontery to be so exceedingly familiar had he not first alluded to us as *his* "very highly esteemed friend." Since he has thus started amicable relations we consider it our duty to reciprocate. However, we shall confine ourselves to a single word, instead of the four which Southern custom seems to demand. We are compelled to believe that the Northern atmosphere is not conducive to excessive politeness, for we could never bring ourselves to use those flowery expressions which run rampant in the columns of our Georgetown friend. We are sincerely pained that he should take exception to our "unjustifiable castigation," but are consoled when we reflect on the beautiful name which he has given to our unpretentious little roast. Seriously, though, the Georgetown Ex-man knows his business and may well be used as a model by his lesser contemporaries.



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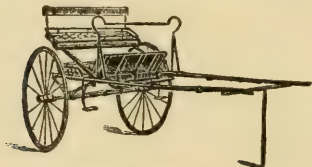
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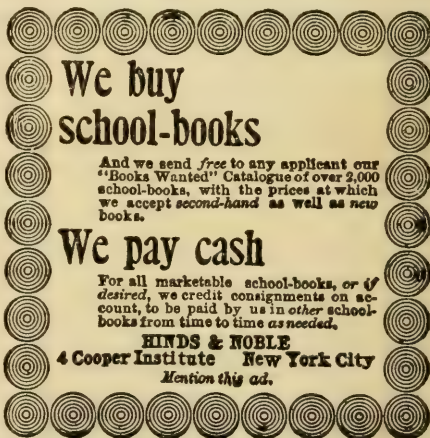
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## HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXV, No. 6

NOVEMBER, 1903

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## DIRECTORY

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|                     |                    |
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| Vice President..... | A. H. Hopkins, '05 |
| Secretary.....      | J. D. Philips, '06 |
| Treasurer.....      | C. J. Rhoads, '93  |

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| Manager.....           | C. N. Sheldon, '04 |
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##### Track:

|                        |                     |
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| Vice Chairman.....     | R. P. Lowry, '04    |
| Manager.....           | A. H. Hopkins, '05  |
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| Vice Chairman.....     | R. L. Pearson, '05   |
| Manager.....           | A. G. Priestman, '05 |
| Assistant Manager..... | E. Ritts, '05        |
| Captain.....           | C. C. Morris, '04    |

#### ASSOCIATIONS.

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|---------------------|--------------------|
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| Secretary.....      | J. D. Philips, '06 |
| Treasurer.....      | E. M. Evans, '05   |

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|                     |                        |
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| Secretary.....      | H. Pleasants, Jr., '06 |
| Treasurer.....      | R. L. Cary, '06        |

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|---------------------|--------------------|
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| Vice President..... | H. W. Jones, '05   |
| Rec. Secretary..... | L. B. Seely, '05   |
| Cor. Secretary..... | E. Ritts, '05      |
| Treasurer.....      | E. M. Evans, '05   |

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|                |                                                                                                                                    |
|----------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
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| Secretary..... | H. W. Jones, '05                                                                                                                   |
| Other Members— | C. R. Haig, '04; C. C. Morris, '04; B. Lester, '04; C. N. Sheldon, '04; C. S. Bushnell, '05; E. M. Evans, '05; A. H. Hopkins, '05. |

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|                          |                    |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
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##### Classical:

|                |                     |
|----------------|---------------------|
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| Secretary..... | H. J. Cadbury, '03  |

##### Golf:

|                          |                  |
|--------------------------|------------------|
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| Vice President.....      | A. T. Lowry, '06 |
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##### Scientific:

|                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
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| Secretary.....      | H. W. Jones, '05 |

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##### 1904:

|                     |               |
|---------------------|---------------|
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| Vice President..... | H. H. Morris  |
| Secretary.....      | G. K. Helbert |
| Treasurer.....      | T. J. Megear  |

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|                     |                |
|---------------------|----------------|
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| Vice President..... | E. M. Evans    |
| Secretary.....      | M. W. Fleming  |
| Treasurer.....      | L. Smyth, Jr.  |

##### 1906:

|                     |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
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| Vice President..... | R. J. Shortlidge  |
| Secretary.....      | J. Monroe         |
| Treasurer.....      | E. F. Bainbridge  |

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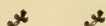
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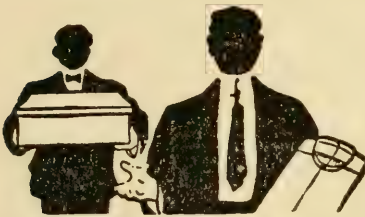
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# THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXV.

HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 6.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

## EDITORS

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*Editor in Chief.*

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interests of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-third of the month preceding the date of issue.

*Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*

UP to the present time the foot ball team seems to be rather an uncertain quantity. First of all, it is the lightest team we have had in some years ; and again, several of the positions have been filled by different men in most of the games that have been played. Although many weaknesses are evident in the team, they are for the most part such as can be remedied by time and practice. The most pleasing feature of this year's work is the excellent spirit of the men composing the squad ; it has never been better. But the glaring weakness in the

whole foot ball structure is yet to be mentioned. No matter how excellent a spirit is to be found in the squad they are absolutely useless unless they have good hard work every day. And such work is impossible unless a strong scrub team comes out each afternoon. Up to the present there has been no scrub worth speaking of. For this we see but one possible cure ; let every man in College, who is physically able, put on a suit, come out, and do his best.

WE have heard much in recent years about the "true spirit of sport," and we have seen a good deal of it shown on our athletic fields, and on the fields of our rivals. We find it a real joy to receive visiting teams in a friendly fashion, beat them thoroughly, but honorably, give them the best entertainment we can, and send them away with good feeling on both sides. When, as is often true, our opponents are too strong for us to defeat, or when, as is rarely the case, they are unsportsmanlike, we get what joy we can in playing our strongest game, and treating them like sportsmen. All violations of good spirit may not injure us directly, but, whenever they occur, they are an attack upon the honor and safety of good sport everywhere, and therefore deserve rebuke from all quarters.

In the *Ursinus Weekly*, for October 9th, we read of the lamentable experience of the foot-ball team of one of our respected rivals. We have every reason to believe that this account is true, and if it were only half true, we should feel indignant at the treatment which they received. It seems that their team met the Lebanon Valley College eleven at



Annville. First, the home team insisted on playing a paid coach; second, the rooters overran the field, using profanity and threatening the referee; third, a Lebanon man, by an unsportsmanlike act, brought himself into collision with the rules, and his team-mates supported his act by objecting to the penalty ruling him out of the game; fourth, a Lebanon man seized the ball after a punt by his own team, before an Ursinus man had touched it, crossed the line and claimed a touchdown; fifth, Lebanon Valley forfeited the game to Ursinus by refusing to continue the game when the official attempted to enforce the penalty of illegal play. Without numbering the offensive proceedings any further we will say that according to the account, the visitors were hospitably escorted from the field with missiles and curses. They were refused the guarantee promised by Lebanon's management. They found it necessary to go to a neighboring town to find decent opportunity for washing and changing their clothing.

In a civilized community, the mere narrative of facts like these is sufficient; comment is hardly necessary. We feel justified however, in emphasizing our attitude toward such proceedings by saying that if the above account is fair, the action of the foot ball representatives of Lebanon Valley College is absolutely condemnable. If the account is unfair, we feel that it remains with them to vindicate their honor by a prompt and valid refutation.

THE tendency among the Colleges to adopt the elective system might in a certain sense be called a "return to nature." It is on the elective system that all life, whether in or out of College, is really run. Life is too rich and full to be grasped in its entirety; we must choose. In the field of knowledge, we must select a certain particular line of

work, and devote ourselves especially to that, if we would attain eminence. One choice precludes other choices, but at the beginning the whole range is open to a man, and he may become what he will. The same truth holds in regard to our attitude toward life in general. We may look for faults in our fellows, and we will find them; we may seek virtues, and their virtues will "shine forth as the sun." Here in College we may look for a "good time," sliding thro' our set tasks with a minimum of labor, seeking pleasure first, and its unrighteousness. If this is what we are looking for, this is what we will find, and getting our own way will be its own punishment. But if we see in life some higher goal than slothful ease and animal enjoyment, if we look for the satisfaction of duty done, and of faithful work and study, we will find that, and we will need no other reward.

WE are soon to have an opportunity of giving distant friends and relatives an idea of the external beauties of Haverford College, through the medium of a handsome portfolio of over thirty views, which is now being prepared under the direction of Mr. Oscar M. Chase. The volume will be bound in gray, deckle-edge, heavy paper covers, with the College emblem embossed in the upper left-hand corner, the College seal in the lower right-hand corner, and the title printed above in scarlet and black. It will consist of twenty leaves,  $12\frac{1}{4}$  inches by  $9\frac{1}{4}$  inches, which will be bound together with heavy scarlet and black silk cord. The plates will be printed in dark, duochrome ink, and promise to be extremely artistic in appearance. The excellence of Mr. Chase's photography is so well known that nothing further need be said about the views themselves. All the buildings will, of course, be represented, besides indoor views of the Auditorium, the Library and Gymnasium. There will



also be four views of various parts of the lawn, and pictures of Cope Field and Walton Field. We hope that the book will receive the attention it deserves.

THE Board does not desire credit for the gain or loss, whichever it may be, resulting from the change in the cover last month. The change was made necessary by the inability of the printers to secure the old cover in time for an early issue. We shall not, however, go back to the old cover during the present administration.

THE following article was written by Arthur S. Cookman, '02, President of the Y. M. C. A. in 1901-1902, and was published in the *Class of 1902, Haverford*, for October. Perhaps these words of an Alumnus to his classmates will help us to appreciate our Y. M. C. A. better while we are still in College.

Our Y. M. C. A. at Haverford bears a unique relation to the students and the college, and is indissolubly bound with all that is best in the life and spirit of that "dear old" place.

Perhaps our first knowledge of this organization was during the summer before we entered college, when we received a kind letter from the Y. M. C. A. asking us to join, and giving us to understand that the members of this Association would be glad to help us in any way possible at the opening of college in the fall. Then, on Friday evening of our first busy week at college, amid the strangeness of our surroundings, like a flock of sheep without a shepherd, we strayed into the first meeting in the little basement room in Old Founders' Hall, some of us with a knowledge of what this organization meant, but by far the larger number simply out of curiosity. How well we remember that first meeting and the impressions which it left upon us! How inspiring to sing with a crowd of college men some of the grand old songs and hymns which we had learned to sing at home. What good resolutions were formed then, as we listened to the president of the Association (Maule, '99) urging us at the beginning of our college life to take a definite stand for the right, the true and the noble, and to strive to do the manly thing in each and every circumstance of our college career.

But in the whirl of the opening days at college so many new organizations were being brought to our notice that perchance we failed to catch the importance of this Association until we were invited to the Y. M. C. A. reception on the next Monday evening. Here we realized how high this organization stands in the life of the College and in the minds of the Faculty. Here we learned for the first time what a jolly good place Haverford is, and we heard those college songs which we learned to love so well. Dr. Babbitt appeared on the scene, and, as we had not heard his jokes before, of course they were very amusing.

So our college career opened with its round of duties, and we began to appreciate the Y. M. C. A. more and more as the days fled by.

As we look back upon these days of jollity we can very well see the influences which this organization cast upon "dear old 1902," and for which all of us will ever be thankful. The Bible Class, with one of our own members as leader, where we gathered once a week to talk over and study the deeper things of life, was a time not of mere sentiment and emotion, but a half hour of study and search after those truths which lie at the foundation of character and manhood. Our class for the study of missions was not only of educational value, as we passed from one land to another, as we studied nature and compared their customs and religions, but in its world-wide picture of mankind and the opportunities and needs for educated men, far-reaching in broadening and expanding our views of life and in increasing our feeling of personal responsibility to do our share to lift humanity to a higher level of life. Then there were our regular meetings on Wednesday and Sunday evenings, in which we often heard the voice of some outsider explain to us the need for Christian men in different walks of life, or perhaps one of our own professors would address us on "Character" or "Influence," or some kindred subject. But these meetings were more often led by one of our own number, and then it was that we grew close together, as we told each other of the things which had helped us. Here we learned the lesson of "judge not, that ye be not judged," and we strove to make our lives consistent with our speech. Here we learned that we must not entirely estimate our fellows by their outward acts, but by the purposes and intents of their hearts, and side by side we tried to see the undercurrent which was ruling each life.

Besides these meetings, quite a number of us took an active part in mission work, both in the



neighborhood of Haverford and in Philadelphia; and it was through trying to help others, less fortunate than ourselves, that we learned more fully than ever before to appreciate our surroundings and to try to make the most of our lives, which have been given us as a trust. The true meaning of the verse "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me" came home to us with new force and power.

None of us, perhaps, realized the moulding, shaping influences which were going on silently, yet surely, in our lives during our college days, and yet nothing was casting a greater imprint upon us than this organization. With no denominational line or creed but love for God and mankind and a desire to help in the seeking of the best things of life, our Y. M. C. A. brought us from the careless, indifferent, purposeless Freshman to the earnest, enthusiastic, "purposefull" Senior, ready to take up our share of the world's work and make the world better for our having lived.

Far beyond any influence which the Y. M. C. A. as an association cast upon us as a class was the personal influence of one man over another. Who can tell of the silent influences of personal contact? What can the pen write of those talks as we walked arm in arm over that beautiful campus, or as we stood together on the football field and watched the sun sinking behind those hills and vales which have become so dear to us? How often a word from one of our fellows, as we strolled along in the moonlight, has thrown an entirely new meaning

upon life to us, and we have gone to our beds with changed desires and ideals.

These are only a few of the influences which during those four bright years helped to make us men upon the athletic field, gentlemen in our social life, and changed us from the uncertain, vacillating schoolboy into the strong, true-hearted Haverfordian—into the noble, unselfish, sympathetic Christian gentleman!

### A French Lecture.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by the French Department for a public lecture to be given in Roberts Hall, on December 8th, by M. André Michel, staff lecturer of the *Alliance Française* for this year. M. Michel is one of the best qualified men in France to speak upon the history of French art in its various expressions. His subject at Haverford will be: *La Renaissance, Les Chateaux de la Loire, Le Louvre*, and will be illustrated with his own stereopticon views. It is hoped that a large number of persons will avail themselves of this opportunity to hear the first scholar who has addressed a Haverford audience in a foreign tongue.

### Unwise.

Hast gazed in the bewitching depths  
Of two brown eyes?  
Hast sworn that there for thee to gaze  
Was paradise?  
Oh, turn away and gaze no more,  
If thou be wise!  
Short-sighted fool! Thou thinkest now  
Thy bliss complete!  
Thou lavest in those eyes to-day—  
And life is sweet!  
To-morrow thou wilt curse all eyes  
And their deceit!  
To-morrow thou wilt curse, but why?  
Thou hadst thy prize;  
Why wilt thou swear that all pure orbs  
Are full of lies?  
It is because thou dwellest now  
In soulless eyes.

D. L. B., '04.



## MUSIC AT HAVERFORD.

THE subject of the rise and development of music, in a College founded and managed by Friends, is interesting, mainly for the fact of its comparatively recent birth into the Institution. It was not far back, in the memory of man, that music was a forbidden thing, either within the walls or on the grounds of Haverford College, and the fact that it is now a recognized form of amusement and pleasure, to both Undergraduates and Alumni, seems strongly to indicate that its presence and uses are not only harmless but edifying.

In trying to find a cause for the growth of musical enthusiasm at Haverford, one's mind naturally turns to the process of emulation of the ways of other Colleges,—the desire to possess the good things that others enjoy. But the policy of Haverford has always been to have everything and everybody intensely Haverfordian and not to copy the virtues of other places, *simply* because they look good. This desire for musical activity in College life, seems to arrive from the love, innate in each one of us, for some sort or other of musical expression. In some, it is merely for the simple singing of the untrained voice,—the concerted Class and College songs, sung in room and on campus. In others, it is the fascination of being able to pick out melodies on one of the portable "College instruments," mandolin, guitar, etc. But analyze as we will, we must all admit the ultimate truth of "the union of soul with the union in song." And maybe, this is the real secret of it all,—the making and the increasing of congeniality and good fellowship, by the harmonious, spontaneous singing of a company of kindred spirits.

The history of musical endeavor at Haverford has been one of ups and downs. We have, in our possession, legends of by-gone years, when the spirit of Orpheus

waxed strong, and there were many who loved to lift their voices in song. And yet the search for the manuscripts of songs is almost fruitless, and we cannot discover, even approximately, the date and number of the first glee club. Later on, in the early 90's, we find records of the rise of instrumental music,—pictures of far-famed Banjo Clubs, and we have heard that a few copies of the first pieces played are still extant, and consequently are highly valued by the owners. But the later years of the last decade of the past century marks the turning point, where music left the rugged, neglected, pioneer road that it had pulled over so long and came onto the smoother, wider and pleasanter thoroughfare of progress and enlightenment. An association was formed to aid progress by co-operation and finance. The increase in ratio of other religious sects to the Friends meant an increase in the number of men who came to College loaded down with banjo, mandolin and guitar. And as the membership of the association, and consequently the clubs grew, just so did its value, as a College organization, rise in the minds of not only the Under-graduates but also of the outside world. And though Athletics has rightly maintained (and always should maintain) the first place in the way of amusement at Haverford, we cannot but feel that the Musical Association offers a wide field to the energies of many Haverford men who are not athletically inclined.

There now seem to be three distinct phases, or kinds of musical ability, in the College;—the Instrumental Clubs, (Mandolin and Banjo Clubs)—the Glee Club, for the regular harmonious singing of College songs; and the College opera, which is an effort to produce dramatic music, (or rightly speaking) to combine musical and dramatic ability. The Mandolin Club, starting with a mere handful



of average players, now prides itself on numbers,—considerably over a score,—and aims to give to the public a higher class of instrumental music than was deemed possible for so derided an instrument. No College function, be it debate or gymnasium contest, is complete without the beneficence of its influence. The practices held in the old "collection room" are bi-weekly sources of keen pleasure and delight to the "hoi polloi" crowding in to envy and admire. The leader is, each year, chosen with great care, for the office of Conductor is no mean one, entailing much hard work and earnest thought, and is one of no inconsiderable honor at this day. Aside from the mere pleasure of playing, too, the dazzle of the footlights and the murmur of the approving populace, are sweet savors in the nostrils of all the players of instruments.

To the Banjo Club we leave only a limited class of instrumental music—the regular "song-and-dance" type,—comprising the march and all kinds of rag-time. But let us not undervalue the pleasure given by this club or its power in the Association. True, it has shrunk from the largest to the smallest club, and where once it was winning laurels and good-times for its members now it is living rather a struggling existence. It seems most opportune to put forth a plea for interest in the Banjo Club and to try and keep it with us, that jolly music that set us all to shuffling and scraping and "made the laugh go 'round."

It has only been in the last three years that the Glee Club has attained prominence. But once fairly started along the "broad highway of enlightenment" it has passed its rivals and bids fair to maintain the lead for many years, if not always. It now numbers from twenty to thirty men, whose chief pleasure is to burst forth into song on every public and private occasion, and they do it well. The

leader must not only be a man of ability in regard to singing, but must also have a knowledge of harmony and musical effect in glee work,—(the latter a point to be emphasized). And, of course, the members stand out, as it were, in the light of College events, for they are looked to when the concerted College singing comes; in foot-ball season and in the Spring time, when the campus, of an early evening, rings with the blended voices of the lovers of music. Glee singing is a form of music that never fails to give pleasure to the fellows themselves and to those that hear them.

It is but a step from the chorus of the Glee Club, to the gestured, living music of the operettas. A big step, you say, but surely an interesting and a pleasant one. Who does not feel a thrill of satisfaction and delight in "treading the boards?" Of course, this step from the sublime of good singing to the ridiculous of the funny song does not lift one to the plane of Shakesperian drama. One step at a time, please! It is simply a step in the direction of giving play to the ordinary emotions of life put into a form understandable and fascinating and coupled with the pleasure of melody and harmony. In its essence it is harmless and educative. Its abuse may come, as all abuses do, from running the thing into the ground. The past two years have witnessed two exhibitions of dramatic, vocal and orchestral ability, that have attracted attention, even outside of the immediate friends of the College. They have been the sources of the very greatest enjoyment to those participating, and the continuance of this kind of entertainment is asked for. The novelty of the absence of all feminine parts in these productions has struck the under-graduates and public favorably—first, because it constituted a novelty, and secondly, because it allowed none of the risqué element to creep in,—the element of rowdyism and



looseness of moral tone. The fact that the orchestra was composed entirely of collegians, added greatly to the enjoyment of the performances,—it showed what can be done in that line with enthusiasm and hard work. And then, of course, it brought into prominence many a man whose talents were fitted for neither the Mandolin or Glee Club. It looks as if the "Haverford College operetta," a thing, unique and interesting, is destined to an increase of popularity with the under-graduates. If so, the aim should be to make it up of Haverford standards, in every way,—clean, honest, jolly, good and something worth while. It should be fostered by those really interested in good music, and then when brought before Alumni and outsiders, it cannot fail to give the pleasure it is created to give.

It would be wrong to stop without a word for the Haverford Song Book. Brought out last year, at Commencement time, this book of Haverford and other songs, is the result of several years of compiling the scattered lyrics of many

seasons, in the history of our Alma Mater. One cannot imagine, on turning over its pages, how much work was expended in gathering together and selecting the songs, old and new, which represent in a large measure the congenial spirit of the Colleges. Great care was used to obtain a suitable cover, and the questions of good print and the size of the book were considered of the greatest importance. An innovation was made in giving a place to Class songs in chronological order, and also to selections from the operettas given by the under-graduates. In fact, the editors hope, not only to keep intact the musical works of Haverford, but also to inspire a more lively interest in hearty College singing, believing that its influence is good and wise.

The prophecy of our College in regard to music has not yet been written, and far be it from me to attempt such a task. But can we not, one and all, hope that good, clean music will thrive and survive at Haverford?

C. LINN SEILER, '02.

### BEHIND THE VEIL.

THE afternoon following the funeral they were seated as usual in the library. The air was heavy with the scent of roses, and the memory of the dead man thrust itself upon them in a thousand unguessed at ways. The rows of his books had become somehow bloodless and cold; they shrank from touching them as one would shrink from the embrace of a ghost. The pictures, too, which he had collected in Paris and Rome, and of which he was so fond of talking, had also undergone a change. They no longer possessed the magic of the master's art; their virtue was gone from them. On the other side of the low tea-table was the chair of dark oak in which he always sat, and on his desk

were half-a-dozen letters which he was never to open.

They sat in silence, the brother and sister, trying to realize what it all meant. They groped around in their minds like children who have lost their way in the darkness. Whence! Why! Whither! These words repeated themselves over and over until they came to have no meaning.

It was strange that he, who so loved the mere fact of living, should be the first to go; and they, who cared nought for life without him, should be left to tread the long hard way alone. They recalled fondly his joy in the material things of life, in good bread and good wine. They recalled how they always



referred a new dish or a new book to his exquisite taste and how they were never disappointed in his judgment. They felt that although others had loved him, honored him, "lived in his mild and magnificent eye" they alone had known him and grasped his true greatness—a greatness that is illusive yet none the less real. It is a sort of greatness that lies in the attitude of the mind. It is hinted at in Omar Khayyám and Julius Cæsar, and fully realized in Matthew Arnold. Its chief attribute is a kind of calmness and fatality in looking upon life.

There was a knock at the door and the maid entered with the tea. They noted with a feeling of tremulous pleasure that she had placed three cups upon the tray. The habit of fifteen years was hard to be overcome.

They drank their tea in silence, for to them speech had almost lost its use. All their lives they had been together, and the union of their souls was deeper and stronger than any wedded state could confer. Each knew exactly what the other was thinking without so much as the exchange of a glance.

But there was a break in their circle. That other face, which had always

brought joy and gladness with its coming, was gone; and that other mind, whose recesses they had so loved to explore, had passed beyond their knowing. They had often thought of death, and they had often wondered which of them would be the first to die. But they had anticipated nothing like this. The hardness and the bitterness, the sting of it all, lay not in the fact that he was dead, but that he had gone so completely out of them, that their souls were so lastingly severed. They had thought of a veil which they might pierce, but the part of them that they sent out to find their other self came back to them baffled and ineffectual.

Still without spoken word they passed out of the great silent house into the deepening twilight. But the maid, when she saw the third cup on the tea-tray, bright and clean, was suddenly overwhelmed with the memory of the gentleness and kindness of her dead master and the pain she must have caused the others, and, sinking down on the floor with her head on the arm of his chair, she wept bitterly.

Robert Pharo Lowry, '04.

### TITO MELEMA.

(Sophomore Prize Theme.)

IN "Romola" George Eliot has drawn for the whole world a series of characters which show to what a wonderful extent she was endowed with that power which is able to create truth in fiction—the power of keen psychological analysis. We can trace in each person the successive moral stages as he develops under the influence of his particular environment into a higher or a lower self. Romola, learning through her bitter disappointments to seek contentment, not in her own personal happiness, but in un-

selfish devotion to others; Bardo, striving to carry out the one object of his life, and dying without obtaining it; Baldassarre, whose paternal love is transformed into revengeful hatred toward his disloyal foster-son—what studies in human nature do we not find in these!

But among all the characters in this great novel the most interesting is Tito Melema. There is something strangely fascinating in counting the different steps which lead him down the path of moral degeneration, till at length he reaches its



end, destruction. When we first meet him, glowing with youthful beauty and brilliant intellectuality, we, like Bardo and Romola, cannot but be attracted to him. With sympathetic pleasure and lively approbation we follow his fast rising fortunes, till we come to the point where he sells the jewels, and is induced to put to usury the money which he has received for them. Then we feel that a crisis in his life has been passed, and gradually our attitude toward him changes to one of repugnance. We see him dismissing with easy indifference those disquieting thoughts about the possibility of his foster-father's being still alive; and soon we find him calmly deciding not to leave his pleasant prospects, and go in search of Baldassarre, though he has discovered that he is alive and in slavery. As yet there is no hardened cruelty in his mind; he has simply persuaded himself that it is not the duty of a youth with a broad outlook on so fair a horizon to sacrifice everything for the sake of an old man, who will probably not live much longer. Then we watch him as he grows more and more prosperous, and his star seems always to be in the ascendant; but presently we come to another point in his downward progress. Baldassarre suddenly appears in Florence, and recognizes the son who has forsaken him. Tito takes another step in the wrong direction. Instead of trying to make good the past he stirs up the vengeful passions of Baldassarre by repulsing him and calling him mad; and when he finds that the presence of this man is likely to be highly inconvenient to him, his heart hardens all the more, and begins to harbor unholy thoughts. The precautions which he uses to avert the consequences suggested by his cowardly fear (for men like him are the most abject physical cowards) arouse sus-

picious in the mind of Romola. And this is the beginning of Romola's alienation from him. He follows deception with deception, till at last, by secretly selling her father's library, he drives her from him. After that we see how he becomes involved in all sorts of political intrigue, and how he subordinates every principle of morality to his own personal comfort, even to the extent of betraying his wife's beloved god-father, in order to save his own neck. Meanwhile we have learned that he is supporting a paramour, who—innocent girl—has been made to believe that she is his lawful wife. And thus, at the very time when his worldly interests seem most promising, he is entangled in his own devices, and, in spite of his clever plans for escape, he meets a sudden death. Justice has overtaken him—avenging justice at the hands of Baldassarre.

Such was the character of Tito Melema. He had a soft nature, and one which at the beginning of the story was untainted by evil. He had, however, no religion; the beliefs of the Greeks and Romans did not appeal to his reason, as they did to some ardent classical scholars of that day; and Christianity was but an idle superstition. If in his early life he had been brought under the influence of some strong and noble personality, he might have become a conspicuous example of moral purity. But as it was, he had no guide except his inclination to make his own life as comfortable and pleasant as possible. What a contrast between Tito and Romola!—Romola, gentle, pure, unselfish; Tito, the very incarnation of selfishness. In the exaltation of Romola's character, in the degradation of Tito's, George Eliot, the moralist and interpreter of human nature, has embodied a deep lesson, which all who will may learn.

F. W. O., '05.



## Why?

## I.

I often wonder why a cat will chase,  
 And patiently pursue from place to place,  
 As tho' it ran a twenty-four day race,  
     The end of its own tail.  
     Yet without fail,  
 It has its reasons that we cannot see,  
     Whatever they may be,  
 Tho' it will not confide in you or me.

## II.

I often wonder why a dog will bark,  
 Arising early as the early lark,  
 Or while as yet the morning sky is dark,  
     At every passing dray.  
     And yet I would not say  
 That this is utterly without a cause.  
     "And here shall we not pause,  
 Confessing ignorance of canine laws?"

## III.

I often wonder why the sportive goat,  
 With mouth wide open and wide open throat,  
 Hunts eagerly, like some poor half-starved  
     shoat,  
     A juicy, rich tin can.  
     But I am not the man  
 To say that he has not a purpose here,  
     Altho' I really fear  
 He will not condescend to make it clear.  
                                 W. P. B., '04.

## SKETCHES.

## A Stream.

THERE is no thing called by men in-  
 animate which is so full of life as a  
 stream. Little wonder is it that the hu-  
 man race in its childhood saw so much  
 when gazing down into the still pools  
 and whirling currents, or on seeing the  
 mists, which often rose like spirits from  
 the waters. Now, alas! the cold hand of  
 science has beckoned to the childish  
 dreamer, and he dares to wander, won-  
 derless, amid the great mysteries of  
 nature; but, as if a recollection of the  
 far-off past, the streams and rivers are  
 still to him things of life. There is a  
 stream which has been a friend and com-  
 panion to me, and which constantly  
 occupies my thoughts. Always I seem  
 to be by it. When happy I am walking  
 along it, feeling its happiness as it  
 whirls by rocks and tiny islands, or rests  
 between the meadows. When I have a  
 noble thought I whisper it across its  
 waters; when an ignoble one, I turn my

face away from its beauties. In dreams  
 I glide amongst its shadows in a canoe  
 and watch the ripples from my paddle  
 break up the round orb of the reflected  
 mood. O stream! leave me not. Such  
 friends as thou art are too few. Glide  
 on always through my thoughts. The  
 boyish ambitions formed on thy banks  
 are carried out of the past on thy waters.  
 When hot and weary, may I bathe in  
 thy cooling flood or seek shelter from the  
 sun on thy shady banks. And then,  
 when I have spent this bright day at thy  
 side and go home in the gathering dark-  
 ness, may the recollection of thy com-  
 panionship be one of my dearest mem-  
 ories!  
                                 H. H. B., '04.

## Idealism.

THE difference between a human  
 being, with all his human  
 strength of character, and the devil,  
 is that the former is always con-  
 scious of some lurking virtue, while the



devil is conscious of none. Sometimes I am strongly tempted to a noble act of generosity. I see a poor woman enter the street car with a babe on each arm, and a basket in each hand. Then am I torn within by conflicting passions, until my noble impulse conquers and I rise and offer the poor woman my seat. But immediately a full realization of the consequences of my act comes over me; then I go out on the platform and weep bitterly,—for I have risen! I think first of my ideal, and then of that inevitable virtue with which I seem hopelessly endowed. Alas! I am only human, and virtue is my heritage! So I sink but slowly toward my ideal. But when I do plunge toward it, I find that it ever sinks away from me, until, baffled, and in agony of spirit, I cry aloud, "Oh, devil! foul, hideous devil! When shall I become utterly destitute of virtue and grow into thine image?"

D. L. B., '04.

#### Chatter.

**D**ID we have a good time? Why, my dear, I never enjoyed myself so much in my life. We arrived in Boston Saturday morning, and that night had a splendid banquet tendered us. Oh! most magnificent, and at every place a little cup of embossed silver. Cost! I should think it did cost. Why, they raised ten thousand dollars by private subscription. And the hall was simply beautiful. Oh! it was grand. Did we see much of the town? Why, we spent three days sight-seeing. We had ten special cars put at our disposal, and a guide on each car to point out the sights. I wish I could remember all the things he told us. Yes, I suppose it will come back to me in the quiet of my room. We went out to Cambridge, and, my dear, when I stood under the tree where George Washington assumed command

of the Continental Army, I simply thrilled with emotion. I guess we did see the library! No, indeed! Andrew Carnegie didn't have to give them a library. It was simply magnificent, and all onyx trimmings. Intellectual? I should say so! Even the children look intellectual and they all have such classic foreheads. Oh, yes; I gave my children dessert three times a day while we were there. But Bunker Hill was the greatest place. To see that towering shaft and think of Putnam and his brave men, I thrilled with patriotism. I never tasted such pie. Now, what is your receipt? I use two cups of flour and three eggs, but I can't get the delicious crust they gave us there. I wish I could tell you more, but this is my station. Good-bye, dear; come call on me soon, and I'll tell you all about the trip.

J. M. S., JR., '04.

#### A Dream.

**I** DREAMED a dream one night. Twilight covered the land, and the sky was hung with long black clouds that faded to a ghastly red as they drew near to the horizon. A shadowy line whirled itself out from me and buried itself in the gloomy hills—a long black line of human beings marching slowly, sadly onward. I fixed my eyes on a wretched hag, as, with strained features, she looked out into a world of pain and fondled on her withered bosom the corpse of a murdered child. She bit her thin lips and murmured "Cursed be I." Near the head of the line stood a tall, white-robed man. His beard, like drooping moss upon a decaying oak, flowed down from a sallow countenance and hid a bony breast. His entire figure was wreathed about with mist that clung closely to his person, yet through it all there shone a naked sword. Blood dripped from its point—it was the blood of



ages that are past. Beneath his fierce glance there stood a little barefoot boy, who, with limbs strained with terror, looked up at him. The old man thrust the dagger through the boy's heart, and with a feeble cry the child fell motionless. . . . I awoke. Quickly all faded from my mind, but there before me stood the gleaming dagger. Drip—drip—drip! I could count the drops. And then I heard a voice—it must have been the voice of the old man,—and it said to me in hollow tones that kept time to the death-beat of the blood:

“Wait—wait—wait! To-morrow thy turn will come!”

B. L., '04.

#### Smiling.

**M**OST of the things with which we have experience have evolved to meet an evolving need,—and such a thing is smiling. But how it has changed in

the course of the process! From a very simple and natural matter it has become a science, and is highly diversified, and minutely classified to meet the complex demands of modern life. Sometimes it is very sweet and graceful, appearing as naturally as the morning dew. More often it is a forced humbug, used for advertising or other business purposes. Again, it becomes a cover for barrenness of mind and emptiness of soul. At last, with the inebriate of fashion it is a disease. She is sixteen, and smiles, and smiles until she is twenty. The habit is strong, but still pleasing. She smiles on, and is thirty. The habit is fixed, but the pleasure is fading. She smiles to forty, when a breakdown comes, and she smiles no more; but in the last stages of the disease, in the delirium tremens of indulged vanity, she screams, and tears her unnatural hair, for she sees—not snakes, but smiles!

D. L. B., '04.

### FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

**T**HIS number of THE HAVERFORDIAN, I suppose, will reach its readers in the strenuous activity of foot ball times. It may be strategically an unfortunate season for analyzing the question of foot ball evils, but that the game needs reformation is becoming increasingly evident with each succeeding year.

One has to go back to the original intention of College games, which was to supply health, recreation and physical development, to show how little the game of foot ball, as now played in most Colleges—especially the large ones, tends toward that end. It is still true, nevertheless, that the game is a fine one and that its advantages outnumber its evils. It is also true, as our experience very largely shows, that these evils can be reduced to a minimum, and it only requires

a little legislation on the part of the national foot ball authorities and considerable wakeful attention on the part of the College officials to bring it into its proper position. The new rules, intended to provide a more open game, may have had some small influence in that direction. It is not very appreciable, however, and evidently something more is needed.

The game in many instances is still a question of smashing down the opposing line by sheer brute force, organized to produce the most effective results. The qualities of activity, skill, quickness of decision and general brain power do not have their legitimate place. A few simple regulations could probably change this, and in view of unanimous protests of the Head Masters a year ago and the



equally unanimous sentiment of the Presidents of the large Universities, privately expressed, it would seem to be obligatory upon some one to yield the contention which is being made in favor of retaining the old system. The game is losing friends and making enemies in quarters where it cannot afford them.

But apart from the game itself, the practice of many institutions is equally damaging. From many testimonies that have come to us, it seems impossible to doubt that players are purchased for their playing qualities. This is probably not done by the College authorities themselves. The gate receipts afford a fund for abundance of work of this sort, and the zeal of Alumni will equally well supply another. Who does the negotiating on the part of the Colleges may not be easily determined, but the effects of it are readily seen. Instead of the game being one where amateur meets amateur in perfectly friendly contest, where the only disgrace is failure to do one's best, it becomes in some instances a contest between men whose value on the market is going to depend on their victories. In so far as this evil extends, the game is taken out of the round of amateur sports.

The coaches also have their market value. They, too, must prove this, not by maintaining a healthy athletic feeling in College, but by their capacity to defeat the other College.

It is not surprising under these conditions that victory counts for more with them than honorable observance of the rules; that instructions are given to take advantage of the rules when the officials of the game are not in a position to detect the violation, and to disable an opponent by means which, in a court, would be construed as assault and battery. The sentiment extends to the other members of the institution and to the spectators. The satisfaction expressed by them, under some circumstances, over the disabling of an opposing player, seems to indicate a debasing of the finer sensibilities of humanity, which, in itself, would condemn the game.

In view of these heavy counts against foot ball one might expect that the decision would be entirely adverse to its continuance. Such will probably be the case if the wrongs are shown to be permanent and essential features of the game. My own vote would be cast against playing Rugby foot ball at Haverford if the Haverford popular sentiment endorsed them. I am sure that this is not the case either among the Alumni or under-graduates, and the many excellencies of the game, which impress themselves more and more upon me, make me feel that we should not put a stop to it before making a strong and united effort to reform it in so far as our influence may extend.

I. S.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

Ex-'54. Alexander A. Richmond, of New York City, visited the college on September 24th. He had not been at Haverford for over forty years.

'67. B. Frank Eshleman visited the college on the 13th inst.

'84. George Vaux, Jr., has been very prominent as Inspector of the Eastern

Penitentiary in the recent investigation of that institution.

'87 Jesse Evans Philips, teacher of mathematics, Worcester Academy, Mass., visited the college October 25th.

Ex-'88. John Percy Nields has been appointed U. S. District Attorney for Delaware by President Roosevelt.



Ex-'88. The engagement of Miss Eleanor Willing to George Stuart Patterson is announced.

'91. George Thomas was married on October 3rd to Miss Ethel Gause at Trinity P. E. Church, Wilmington, Del.

'92. Stanley R. Yarnall spent the summer travelling in Greece and Italy. He is still vice-principal of the Germantown Friends' School.

'92. W. M. Hart received the degree of Ph. D. last June at Harvard and not at Haverford as misprinted in the last issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN.

'97. F. N. Maxfield is teacher of science at the Germantown Friends' School.

'97. Dr. William Jordan Taylor was married on Sept. 16th to Miss Katheryn Warren Weston at The Cascade in the Adirondacks.

Ex-'98. The engagement is announced of Rowland Morgan to Miss Alice Mitchell, of Germantown.

'98 and '02. A. G. Scattergood, D. A. Roberts and A. C. Wood, Jr., were members of the United States Cricket Eleven which defeated All-Canada in the international match played in Toronto on August 24th and 25th.

'98. Fred A. Swan has left Las Palomas, N. M., selling out for the most part his copper mines, and is now located in Prescott, Arizona, where he is on the lookout for a good mining proposition.

'99. Edward H. Lycett, Jr., has announced his engagement to Miss Esther Hacker Hopkins, of Haddonfield, N. J.

'00. A. G. Tatnall was married to Miss Margaret Butcher, of Philadelphia, October 15th.

'00. F. R. Cope was married to Miss Evelyn F. Morris at Villa Nova on October 10th. They will spend a year in Europe, where Mr. Cope will study Economics.

'02. E. E. Trout has obtained a position with Wendell & Treat, real estate agents, having offices in Wayne, Overbrook, Devon and Essex Falls, N. J.

Ex-'02. S. M. Whitley is with the Carnegie Steel Company at the Edgar Thompson Works. He has announced his engagement to Miss Hopkins, of Baltimore.

'02. J. J. Barclay is studying law at Bedford, Pa.

'02. A. C. Wood, Jr., is in the exchange department of the Camden Safe Deposit and Trust Company.

'02. J. S. Fox is studying history and government in the University of Chicago.

'02. H. G. Jones is receiving teller at the Commercial Trust Company, Philadelphia.

'02. Silas Lane is in charge of the advertising department of Lane Brothers Company, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'02. W. W. Pusey, 2d, is in the banking business in the employ of Maxwell Stevenson, Jr., and Company, Philadelphia.

'02. C. H. Smith is an instructor at the Friends' School, Washington, D. C.

'02. P. L. Woodward, after spending half a year in a lawyer's office, entered the Columbia Law School this fall.

'02. G. H. Thomas is working with the Millville (N. J.) Manufacturing Company. In the summer he was elected secretary of the Millville Traction Company.

Ex-'02. F. B. Boyer is studying at the Philadelphia Divinity School.

'02 Caspar Wistar has thoroughly recovered from his serious illness of last spring. In the summer he visited Indian Territory with his father.

'02. R. J. Ross is with the Westinghouse Electric Company in Pittsburg.



'02. R. M. Gummere and A. G. H. Spiers are studying at Harvard University. The latter has returned from France; he visited the college early in the fall.

'02. D. A. Roberts is in the machine department of the Nazel Engineering and Machine Works, Philadelphia.

'02. J. E. Brown has returned to Drake University.

'02. C. R. Cary is now in the employ of the American Water Softener Company, Philadelphia.

'02. W. C. Longstreth is taking a post-graduate course at Haverford.

Ex-'02. Andrew B. Caswell is still with the Northern Trust Company, Chicago.

'03. F. E. Barr is studying law at the University of Pennsylvania.

'03. E. B. Bateman is with the Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities, Philadelphia.

'03. H. J. Cadbury is studying classics at Harvard University. His address is 12 Kirkland Place, Cambridge, Mass.

'03. C. W. Davis is the head of the Department of Science in the Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Me.

Ex-'03. A. G. Dean is with the Trees Mfg. Company, Greenfield, Ohio.

'03. J. B. Drinker is working in the Girard Trust Company, Philadelphia.

Ex-'03. H. H. Garrigues has been promoted from the assistant engineer's office of the Philadelphia Division at Harrisburg to the principal assistant engineer's office, Pennsylvania Railroad Division.

'03. H. M. Trueblood is an aid in the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. He obtained his position by civil service examination.

'03. O. E. Duerr is working with the Jones-Loughlin Co., at Pittsburg.

'03. I. S. Tilney is taking a special course at Harvard.

'03. F. R. Winslow is studying medicine at the University of Maryland.

'03. J. K. Worthington travelled last summer in Europe.

'03. H. A. Dominovich is in the graduate department at Harvard. He tutored a good deal at Central High School in Philadelphia during the summer. Also he represented Haverford at a collegiate oratorical contest at Chautauqua, N. Y., and won second prize. His address is 7 Sumner St., Cambridge, Mass.

'03. W. E. Swift spent a part of his summer in Maine. His present address is 12 Channing St., Worcester, Mass.

'03. S. N. Wilson is principal of Wallingford High School, Wallingford, Pa.

'03. Irving White is at his home in Lewisville, Indiana.

Ex-'03. J. W. Greb is still a Notary Public at 407 Hale Bldg., Pa.

'03. C. V. Hodgson is teaching science at Oakwood Seminary, Union Springs, N. Y.

'03. J. E. Hollingsworth is spending the fall at New Sharon, Iowa.

'03. H. M. Hoskins, McMinnville, Oregon, is Deputy Recorder of Conveyances in his county.

'03. E. N. Rabinowitz worked during the summer for the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States.

'03. D. B. Miller has already received several promotions in the employ of the P. R. R.

'03. A. J. Phillips is with the Haines, Jones & Cadbury Co. His address is 460 N. 7th St., Philadelphia.



'03. R. L. Simkin is in Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

'03. C. R. Cornman is still at home. His address is Gladwyne, Pa.

'03. George Peirce is in the Medical School at Johns Hopkins.

The following alumni have assisted J. Henry Scattergood, '96, in coaching the foot ball team: Johnson, '95; Hay, '96; Maxfield, '97; Scattergood, '98; Lowry, '99; Drinker, '00; Sharpless, '00; Wood, '01; Chambers, '02; Worthington, '03, and Drinker, '03.

## FOOT BALL.

### Haverford vs. Pennsylvania.

(Played on Franklin Field, October 7th, 1903.)

WITH but two weeks of training, and a team containing a number of new men and substitutes, Haverford opened her season by a game with the University of Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania won the toss, and Haverford took the west goal. Smith, for Penn, kicked to Haverford's 45-yard line, and Corson fell on the ball. By steady gains through the line and around the end, Pennsylvania sent Drake over for a touchdown in a little over a minute of play. Bennett kicked the goal.

Pennsylvania continued her scoring at short intervals throughout the half, rolling up a score of 36 to 0 in twenty minutes of play.

In the second half, Pennsylvania continued her scoring, though not as speedily as in the first half, and losing one touchdown by a fumble on Haverford's goal line. The final score was 58 to 0.

One satisfactory result of this, our heaviest game, was that no one was seriously injured. Twenty-one players represented Haverford, giving opportunity to judge the merits of the candidates. A 76-yard run by Corson was the feature of the game. Thorn and Eshleman tackled brilliantly.

The line-up follows:

PENNSYLVANIA. POSITIONS. HAVERFORD.  
Torrey (Weede).....Left end...Pearson (Tatnall)  
Butkiewicz.....Left tackle.....Jones  
(Evans, Bonbright)  
Zilligan (Kase).....Left guard.....Lindley  
McCabe (Taylor).....Centre....Fleming (Brown)

Piekarski.....Right guard...Birdsall (Wood)  
Ziegler.....Right tackle.....Evans  
(Alexander)  
Metzger.....Right end.....Reid (Haines)  
(Whetstone) (Stratton)  
Corson (Mulford)..Quarter-back.....Thomas  
(Eshleman)  
Drake (Metzger)..Left half-back.....Haines  
(Smiley)  
Bennett (Davis)..Right half-back.....Thorn  
Smith .....Full-back.....Hilles  
Touchdowns—Drake (2), Mulford, Zilligan,  
Bennett, Smith (4), Ziegler. Goals—Bennett  
(2), Smith (6.) Umpire—Minds, U. of P.  
Referee—Boyle, U. of P. Time of halves—20  
minutes.

### Haverford vs. Philadelphia Dental.

(Played at Haverford, October 10th, 1903.)

Haverford losing the toss, Lowry kicked off toward the south goal. The ball went out of bounds back of the goal line, and the second time it went over the side line, 25 yards from the end of the field. Several fumbles on both sides left the ball in Haverford's possession, and Smiley circled right end for a touchdown in the extreme corner of the field. Lowry made a poor kick out, which was missed.

Haverford again kicked off, but held their opponents and secured another touchdown in short order.

One more touchdown was made for Haverford in the first half by Jones, after a magnificent 30-yard run through tackle. The goal was kicked by Thorn and the first half ended a short time after the kick off. Score—Haverford, 17; Philadelphia Dental, 0.



In the second half, Haverford kicked off, secured the ball on downs and pushed Lowry over the line for a fourth touch-down, which, with the goal kicked by Thorn, netted a total of 23 points in Haverford's favor. After another kick off, Haverford regained the ball on a fumble and pushed it down to their opponents' 15-yard line, where Lowry dropped back and kicked a very pretty goal from the field, Brown making a fine pass from centre. There was no more scoring and the ball remained near the middle of the field for the rest of the time. Score—Haverford, 28; Philadelphia Dental, 0. Lindley, Alexander, and Birdsall, of Haverford, and Fitzgerald and Phillips, of the Philadelphia Dentals, played a hard, consistent game.

The line-up:

| HAVERFORD. POSITIONS. PHILA. DENTAL.                 |                                            |
|------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Tatnall, E. C.....                                   | Left end.....Evans<br>(Haines, '06)        |
| Jones.....                                           | Left tackle.....Haas                       |
| Lindley.....                                         | Left guard.....Goode                       |
| Brown (Fleming).....                                 | Centre.....Pike                            |
| Birdsall.....                                        | Right guard.....Wolcott                    |
| Evans.....                                           | Right tackle.....Phillips<br>(Alexander)   |
| Stratton (Pearson).....                              | Right end.....Fitzgerald                   |
| Thomas, '04.....                                     | Quarter-back.....McManus<br>(Eshleman)     |
| Smiley.....                                          | Left half-back.....Wilson<br>(Haines, '07) |
| Thorn.....                                           | Right half-back.....Catelle                |
| Lowry, '06.....                                      | Full-back.....Chestnut                     |
| Touchdowns—Lowry (2), Jones, Smiley.                 |                                            |
| Goals—Thorn (3). Goal from field—Lowry.              |                                            |
| Referee—Gillinder, U. of P. Umpire—Teas, of U. of P. |                                            |
| Time of halves—20 and 15 minutes.                    |                                            |

## Haverford vs. Franklin and Marshall.

(Played at Haverford October 17th.)

For the first time this year, Haverford met a team of her own class, and the contest on Walton Field was anticipated enthusiastically, in spite of a steady rain all the preceding night and morning. Haverford put up a high quality of foot ball, and the defeat is due entirely

to the superiority of the Franklin and Marshall team.

Horn kicked off to Haverford, which pushed the ball to the centre of the field, by hard plunges of Jones and Lowry. Here the defense held, and Lowry punted magnificently into the F. and M. territory. F. and M. then began a series of short advances and brought the ball within a few yards of Haverford's goal, when they were twice penalized for off-side play. They finally succeeded in pushing Marburger over for a touch-down. Brubaker kicked the goal. The rest of the half passed without score, F. and M. being penalized twice, and Haverford once, for off-side playing. The score stood 6 to 0 in favor of F. and M.

In the second half, Horn again kicked to Haverford, which was soon held for downs and forced to punt. F. and M. securing the ball, advanced it into Haverford's territory, where she was once more penalized for off-side playing. F. and M. continued to gain the required distance, and finally Helman scored another touchdown in a guardsback play through tackle. Lutz caught the kick out for a goal, but carelessly placed it on the ground in the heel mark and the goal was not scored. Most of the second half was now gone, and time was called, with the ball near Haverford's 25-yard line. Score—F. and M., 11; Haverford, 0.

In spite of the defeat, the game was a satisfactory one, because Haverford played very nearly her best, putting up a strong defense. Captain Horn, of F. and M. played hard and consistently and showed great ability in hurdling the line. For Haverford, Thorn tackled well in the back field, and Pearson defended his end with ability; also Jones, Eshleman, Lowry, Stratton and Birdsall were excellent in their respective positions.



## The line-up follows:

| HAVERFORD.                                                                                                                                                                                                    | POSITIONS.           | F. AND M.                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------------------------------|
| Lowry.....                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Right end.....       | Cameron<br>(Haines, Tatnall). |
| Hopkins.....                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Right tackle.....    | Mown                          |
| Wood (Evans).....                                                                                                                                                                                             | Right guard.....     | Helman                        |
| Brown.....                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Centre.....          | Strohm                        |
| Birdsall.....                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Left guard.....      | Marburger                     |
| Jones.....                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Left tackle.....     | Sipple                        |
| Stratton (Pearson).....                                                                                                                                                                                       | Left end.....        | Frantz                        |
| Eshleman (Thorn).....                                                                                                                                                                                         | Quarter-back.....    | Lutz                          |
| Smiley (Haines).....                                                                                                                                                                                          | Left half-back.....  | Brubaker                      |
| Thorn (Brown).....                                                                                                                                                                                            | Right half-back..... | Springer (Gilt)               |
| Lowry.....                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Full-back.....       | Horn                          |
| Touchdowns—Marburger, Helman. Goal—<br>Brubaker. Umpire—W. N. Morice, U. of P.<br>Referee—J. McClosky, U. of P. Timekeepers—<br>Morris and Garwood. Linesmen—Moyer and<br>Winslow. Time of halves—20 minutes. |                      |                               |

## The line-up follows:

| RUTGERS.                                                                                                                                                    | POSITIONS.           | HAVERFORD.               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|--------------------------|
| Green.....                                                                                                                                                  | Left end.....        | Pearson<br>(Haines, Jr.) |
| Brogger.....                                                                                                                                                | Left tackle.....     | Jones                    |
| Morris.....                                                                                                                                                 | Left guard.....      | Wood                     |
| Stewart.....                                                                                                                                                | Centre.....          | Brown                    |
| Angus.....                                                                                                                                                  | Right guard.....     | Birdsall                 |
| Hitchner (Capt.).....                                                                                                                                       | Right tackle.....    | Hopkins                  |
| Murray.....                                                                                                                                                 | Right end.....       | Reid                     |
| Weaver.....                                                                                                                                                 | Quarter-back.....    | Eshleman                 |
| Cobb.....                                                                                                                                                   | Left half-back.....  | Smiley                   |
| Schoonmaker.....                                                                                                                                            | Right half-back..... | Thorn (Capt.)            |
| Moon.....                                                                                                                                                   | Full-back.....       | Lowry                    |
| Touchdowns—Thorn (2), Lowry, Moon.<br>Goals—Thorn (3), Hitchner. Umpire—Dr.<br>Teas, U. of P. Referee—Conger, Rutgers.<br>Time of halves—20 and 25 minutes. |                      |                          |

## Haverford vs. Rutgers.

(Played at New Brunswick, October 24th, 1903.)

Haverford kicked off and in three minutes was close to Rutgers' goal line. Rutgers braced and held Haverford for downs. Again Haverford rushed the ball, but Rutgers again held them for downs on their 5-yard line. The third time Thorn was sent over for a touchdown. Score—Haverford, 6; Rutgers, 0.

Haverford kicked off the second time. Then Rutgers got together and played fast foot ball, and, by good end runs, pushed the ball down the field and in a few minutes Moon made a touchdown. Score—Haverford, 6; Rutgers, 6.

The rest of the half was an exhibition of loose play, with no more scoring on either side.

In the second half Haverford played well. Every fellow got in the scrimmage and helped the runner, and two touchdowns and two goals were tallied. Rutgers had no chance to score, and the game ended with the ball in Haverford's possession, well up toward Rutgers' goal. Final score—Haverford, 18; Rutgers, 6.

## Sophomores vs. Freshmen.

(Played on Walton Field, October 3rd, 1903.)

An unusually close and well-played game between the two lower classes marked the opening of the foot ball season. Lowry kicked off for 1906, and Birdsall was tackled almost in his tracks by Reid. The Freshmen began the offensive, but were unable to break through their opponents' heavier line. Haines punted well to Lowry, who returned the ball for a good gain. During the remainder of the short half, 1906 advanced for gain after gain through the Freshmen, who failed to check the hard plunges of Lowry. A place kick by the Sophomores was unsuccessful, but they soon regained the ball, and Stratton and Smiley, under good interference, pushed the ball to 1907's 5-yard line, when the half ended.

Early in the second half, P. Brown, the Freshman quarter-back, took advantage of a fumble, and sprinted 25 yards around the squad of players for a touchdown. Captain Haines kicked the goal. The Sophomores made desperate efforts to score on their opponents before time was called, and their backs made short



gains with ease; but the Freshman defense braced strongly, and hard low tackles by Buzby, A. Brown and Birdsall saved the game for 1907. Lowry carried the ball again within a few feet of the touchdown line, when the official's whistle ended the play.

| SOPHOMORES.      | POSITIONS.       | FRESHMEN.     |
|------------------|------------------|---------------|
| Reid.....        | Left end.....    | E. R. Tatnall |
| Edsall.....      | Left tackle..... | Magill        |
| Shortlidge.....  | Left guard.....  | E. C. Tatnall |
| T. K. Brown..... | Centre.....      | Wood          |

|                |                      |             |
|----------------|----------------------|-------------|
| Pleasants..... | Right guard.....     | Marsh       |
| Miller.....    | Right tackle.....    | Thomas      |
| Haines.....    | Right end.....       | Buzby       |
| Doughten.....  | Quarter-back.....    | P. W. Brown |
| Smiley.....    | Left half-back.....  | A. E. Brown |
| Stratton.....  | Right half-back..... | Haines      |
| Lowry.....     | Full-back ..         | Birdsall    |

Touchdown—P. Brown. Goal—Haines, '07.  
Referee—D. H. Adams, Haverford Grammar School. Umpire—H. N. Thorn, '04. Time-keepers—B. Lester, '04, and C. N. Sheldon, '04. Linesmen—W. C. Longstreth, '02, and E. M. Evans, '05. Time of halves—10 minutes each.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

THE annual Sophomore-Freshman sports were held on Wednesday, October 21st, on Walton Field. The weather was ideal, and a crowd of spectators assembled to see the two lower classes fight for the championship. The Sophomores were easily victorious, with a score of 53 points to 19 scored by the Freshmen. T. K. Brown, Jr., did the best work for the Sophomores, and E. C. Tatnall for the Freshmen. The following is a summary of events:

100 Yard Dash—1st, Brown '06; 2nd, P. W. Brown, '07; 3rd, Cary, '06. Time, 11 sec.

1-2 Mile Run—1st, E. C. Tatnall, '07; 2nd, Miller, '06; 3rd, E. R. Tatnall, '07. Time, 2 min. 14 sec.

220 Yard Dash—1st, Brown, '06; 2nd, E. C. Tatnall, '07; 3rd, P. W. Brown, '07. Time, 25 sec.

440 Yard Dash—1st, E. C. Tatnall '07; second, Cary, '06; 3rd, Philips, '06. Time, 56 1-5 sec.

Shot Put—1st, Lowry, '06; 2nd, Philips, '06; 3rd, Pleasants, '06. Distance, 34 ft. 4 in.

120 Yard Hurdles—1st, Brown, '06; 2nd, Pleasants, '06; 3rd, Rossmässler, '07. Time, 18 sec.

Running High Jump—1st, Cary, '06; 2nd, tie between Philips, '06, and Pleasants, '06. Height, 5 ft. 1 in.

Running Broad Jump—1st, Brown, '06; 2nd, Philips, '06; 3rd, Pleasants, '06. Distance, 19 ft. 4 in.

The annual soap slide, held in Barclay Hall, September 28th, was very entertaining.

The Y. M. C. A. reception was given in the gymnasium on Tuesday evening, September 29th. President Sharpless and Professors Jones, Gummere, Bolles and Babbitt made addresses. Refreshments were served late in the evening.

Friends' meeting was held in Roberts Hall several times in October, pending the completion of repairs to the meeting house.

Two Freshman Bible classes have been started this year instead of one. S. C. Withers, '04, leads one, and H. W. Jones, '05, the other. Also two mission study classes meet every Thursday night, one for Seniors and Juniors, the other for Sophomores and Freshmen.

The work of the musical association has started well. A short practice is held after dinner on Tuesday and Friday evenings. The glee club has been selected and preparation for a Christmas concert and an opera next spring has begun.

A tennis team composed of Lee, '05; Spaeth, '05; Doughten, '06, and Godley, '07, entered the Inter-Collegiate Tennis Tournament, held on the Merion C. C. grounds, during the first week in October. No one was successful in defeating his opponent.



A part of the foot ball squad lined up against the Grammar School team for a short time on October 5th. The college scored several times.

The evening of the same day the first

foot ball meeting was held in the old collection room in Barclay. President Sharpless, Dr. Babbitt, several alumni, Henry Scattergood, Manager Sheldon and Captain Thorn spoke. Other meetings are held frequently.

## EXCHANGES.

MOST of our old friends have by this time returned to our table to begin another year of periodical visits. Many of them have changed their garb since we last saw them, and we cannot truthfully say that the change has in every case been effective.

One of the most brilliant of the new covers adorns the *Rocky Mountain Collegian*. The color reminds us quite forcibly of "Daggett's Orangeade," but is by no means as refreshing as that luscious beverage. In fact, the expanse of dark yellow is very wearisome to the eye, and has almost a nauseating effect. Inside we find the usual good literary matter and the usual bad jokes. The *Rocky Mountain Collegian* seems to have a faculty for picking out old, wornout witticisms, which have appeared again and again in the school magazines all over the country, and reprinting them in its columns as if they had just been discovered. The following two examples are found on one of the pages of the latest number :

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" he said,  
And she nodded her sweet permission ;  
So he went to press, and I rather guess;  
They printed a full edition.—Ex.

Teacher—What part of speech is, "I love my teacher?"

Pupil—"Sarcasm."—Ex.

The fact that they are printed together doubles the crime. In our opinion it is about time that those two jokes had a rest from the strenuous duties of working in exchange columns. Speaking of

the latter reminds us that the *Rocky Mountain Collegian* professes to support one. At least, we find a column headed by the word "Exchanges." This is all the proof we have of its existence, for below we can see nothing but affecting little ditties about "Mary" who "had a little lamb," and short stories of "Noah and the ark" and the proverbially "trembling" Freshman. If the editor does not intend to say anything about his contemporaries it would be better to omit the column altogether.

We are in receipt of the *Class of 1902, Haverford*, a journal published by that class. The paper is attractive in every way and shows the effects of great care and constant work on the part of the editor. It contains interesting reviews of the foot ball, cricket and track teams while the class was in College. Other well-written articles, class notes, and a column of news entitled "About College" are of interest to us as well as to members of 1902.

O, to know Economics I yearn,  
And one clear little truth there I learn;  
For whenever I think  
Of the subject, I shrink—  
I diminish each time I return!

—*Vassar Miscellany*.

I will dig me a treasuram soon, last year,  
By a pasture of porpoises pink,  
Where the bally-rag blimes in an asterisk light  
That makes the oysterl blink,  
And off where the woolley-wag wearily waits  
For the pipe dreams that never come true  
We'll find a cushionia, you and I,  
In a hammock-ache built for two.

—*Yale Record*.



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## HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXV, No. 7

DECEMBER, 1903

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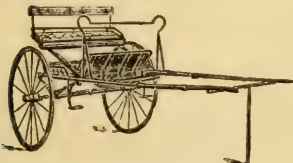
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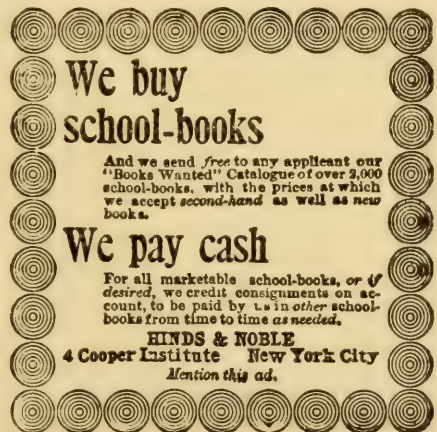
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# THE HAVERFORDIAN

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## THE HAVERFORDIAN

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IN looking back on the football season, we can find many causes for satisfaction. The management very wisely reduced the size of the schedule, and omitted some of the harder games. This, together with careful training, saved the players from injuries and enabled the team to go into the final contest of the season in excellent condition. We succeeded in winning half of the games we played, and in making a hard fight in two of the games we lost. Altogether the results of the season justify the choice made of trainer, management, coach and

captain. The Swarthmore game was disappointing, but not discouraging in its outcome. The undergraduates and alumni who witnessed that memorable struggle are exceedingly proud of the team for the pluck it showed. In the face of a superior eleven and a large score, our fellows entered the second half and made a splendid fight, completely wiping out any reproach of former years for weakening at the end. The game showed that a team possessed by an indomitable spirit can outplay superior opponents. If our football season could train eleven men every year to make a like display of moral quality, it would fully deserve the importance which we give to it.

DURING the last two years the interest taken in association football has been growing rapidly. The game was first played at Haverford two years ago by a group of twenty students that formed the "Scarlet and Black Football Club." Although few games were played that year, the Haverford team made an immediate reputation for itself by defeating both Belmont and Merion, two of the strongest clubs in Philadelphia. Last year a regular Association Football Association was organized and a team was entered in the second division of the Cricket Club League. The team was composed for the most part of new men, but under the able captaincy of H. H. Morris, an eleven was developed which, toward the end of the season, could hold its own with any team in the league. This year there are indications of an even more successful season. Almost



half the college has joined the association, while a team has been entered in the first division of the Cricket Club League. All the members of last year's team are still in college, while many new men are taking up the game. It would reflect no little credit upon the College to make a good record in this first class league, but to accomplish this Haverford must have the hearty support of her students. No half-way measures will win games. If we want to see the "Manheim Cup" resting in our trophy room, we must go out in full force, so that the team may have a good scrub to practice against, and so that new material may be developed for future years.

IT now seems probable that the Inter-collegiate Cricket Association, which for years has been composed of three colleges, Harvard, Pennsylvania and Haverford, will soon have an addition to its ranks, and that next spring Cornell will compete in the league. Cricket enthusiasts at Ithaca have organized an association, elected officers, and have decided to ask for admission to the Inter-collegiate Cricket Association. Whether the Ithacans will play next year will depend upon the decision of the I. C. C. A. meeting in January. We sincerely hope that the delegates at this meeting will see fit to admit Cornell, for should the game thrive at that college, a great stimulus would be given to intercollegiate cricket.

THE present method of awarding emblems to members of the athletic teams seems to vary somewhat, between the football and gymnasium teams on the one hand, and the track and cricket teams on the other. In all cases, the emblems are given to those who have done the most satisfactory work during the season; but on the latter two teams mentioned, the colors are never awarded

a second time to the same man. We feel that the differences in the two cases do not justify two different methods. Either football and gymnasium should conform to the method of the track and cricket, or *vice-versa*. An entirely new award of H's each season seems the fairest way, because it shows better when a man who has been very satisfactory one year has been equally so again.

IT is to be regretted that Haverfordians of the present generation do not know more about some of the splendid men who prepared the way for the high attainment of our College. It is proposed to publish occasionally a short sketch of some former president or teacher, as we find opportunity. A brief sketch by Dr. Jones, of Pliny Earle Chase, appears in this issue. If the project meets with approval, we hope similar sketches may be published.

SMOKING is considered much the same to-day as drinking was a century or more ago. In reading historical fiction we are not a bit shocked at Harry Warrington, or Richard Carvel because they often indulged in wine or profanity. But from all ages, from that of the writer who said that "wine is a mocker," to the present time, all kinds of *excessive* indulgence, even in tobacco, are rightly considered moral offenses. Smoking in itself may be universally condemned, and may become a habit of the vicious, a century from now. At present it is not so, unless carried to excess, when it is especially detrimental to a young student or athlete. Our friends outside the College often speak of tobacco as the bane of Haverford. The rule forbidding its use was not removed with the idea of increasing the consumption thereof,—but to put abstinence more on an honor basis. Many Freshmen, rejoicing in the



novel experience of loosened bonds of care, feel that a pipe is the first article to buy on entering college. If they were right, they would be able to order pipes through the office. They read that scholars and poets were very often hard smokers. Raleigh, Carlyle, Lowell, even Tennyson, are said to have "smoked infinite tobacco." "Go to," says the Freshman, "I will smoke, and be a

poet." But genius is sometimes developed in spite of, rather than by the aid of smoking. Literary aspirants who would smoke as a means of inspiration, or as a symbol of scholarly attainment, had better wait until they are a little older, or else imitate characteristic men of letters, such as Dr. Johnson, who ate three meals at a sitting, and poured coffee down his shirt front.

### AT THE CALL OF THE RED GODS.

"Do you know the blackened timber, do you know the racing stream,  
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;  
With a bar of sun-warmed shingle, where a man may bask and dream,  
To the click of shod canoe-poles 'round the bend?  
It is there that we are going, with our rods and reels and traces,  
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know;  
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the star-light on our faces,  
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go."

THERE comes a time with every turn of the seasons when the heart of man grows restive within him. The early spring brings a mild day with haze in the air and sunshine full of a promise of the summer. Such a day sets the lover of the great out-of-doors musing and communing mightily with himself. He gazes critically at the fly-rods which adorn the wall above his study mantle-piece, and he gives his guns a fond examination while his eye brightens with recollections and his pulse throbs to a livelier measure. Then, of a sudden, after the warm days have established their rule, there comes from a region far removed from the haunts of men, a call, clear and distinct to his ear, ringing again and still again above the roar of city traffic; a strange call, and one unintelligible to those who are not of the brotherhood; a wild, imperious call which in the end must be obeyed; and oh! what joyful obedience is that! For, know ye that this summons is the call of the Red Gods, the deities of the wilderness.

It befell that this far cry came to us in the sweltering days of mid-summer when

the city groaned in a torment of torrid weather. It was with great joy in our hearts that we gathered together our angling tools, shook from our feet the dust of the merciless town, and turned our faces to the north-land, following the Call which led us on and on beyond the borders of our own country, until upon a day, we stood by the side of a Great Water more than one hundred miles north of the River St. Lawrence, and knew that the gateway to our land of promise had been reached. At this portal, awaiting our coming, were Joe and Peter Duchesne, two stalwart representatives of the fast disappearing Abenaki Tribe, once the scourge of the North. Joe was very good to look upon. His height was a fraction over six feet, his development proportional, and he carried himself like a king. Moreover, he had been endowed with a great love for the wilderness, and freedom and the large life were in every motion of his graceful frame. Peter, though smaller than his brother, had the same keen eye, the same ceaseless energy and unfailing skill, and the same great strength.



Therefore we were happy in the prospect of the days to be spent in the company of these two sons of the forest, and the visions that came from the fields of sleep to the camp we made that night, twelve miles down the lake, were very fair to behold. Huge trout rose from the depths of amber-tinted dreamland lakes and obligingly took any fly we offered them, we, of course, casting with unerring skill from purple headlands or from feathery birch canoes, while the birds in the forest sang choruses of wondrous harmony. Never was a strike missed, never a fish lost, never a fly tangled in branches of the trees behind us, and never a startlingly forceful bit of English used—in dreamland. And when the day dawned and we were out whipping the water amid the silence of that great solitude, our lady Fortune was good to us and brought us good fish and few mishaps. Yet she afflicted the soul and temper of one who had been trolling without the swivels so necessary for taking up the twist of the lure, and wrought in his line such a mass of direful tangles that he was known to call all things about him, the lake, the forest, the sky, and particularly his comrades, to witness that he had from his youth considered and would from that moment protest, that trolling was the lowest form of all sport, that to catch a fish by trolling—he had caught none—was a distinct offence against the art of angling and, lastly, that he was seriously minded to throw line, lure and reel far out upon the bosom of the lake, and thereby end his woes. In due time his ruffled spirits were soothed, and all was once more serene. Days of good sport on the Great Water followed. Then, upon a breathless morning, we set out for the Lake of the Wilderness. Joe Duchesne had informed us that very little was known of its whereabouts, as very few men had ever visited it, and he

himself, who had first found it while trailing big game one winter, only guided chosen spirits to its waters, whereupon we endeavored vainly to guess why we were "chosen spirits," but hailed the prospect of the journey with delight.

*Voyageurs* were we that day; gliding up one long arm of the Great Water in the early dawn, the solemn forest echoing to the songs of the brothers Duchesne; over a carry and out upon another lake where the loneliness was almost oppressive and the blackened tree trunks on the shores, relics of a great forest fire, pointed like sinister fingers skyward; forward, over another carry and across another lake, and thence into a charming little river, just wide enough to permit the passage of the canoes, flowing swiftly under arching trees and thickets, winding hither and yon in perplexing curves, but always shut in by solid ramparts of greenery, through which the sun now and again thrust a bright shaft. At times it dropped with a swirl over some shelving ledges, and we all shouted in concert as the canoes swept through the miniature rapids, the two brothers guiding so nicely that neither keel touched a rock at any time.

"Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran"—until it bore us to another great lake and we bade it an affectionate farewell. Forward still, under the steady strokes of the paddles to the farther end; over carry and lake again, until suddenly Joe swung his canoe sharply shoreward, ran its prow into an apparently impassable thicket and when, after Peter had edged up beside him, my comrade and I stood on shore—we were aware that this was the beginning of the trail that would bring us to the lake we sought.

Oh, my brothers! have you ever followed a fleet Indian over a rough forest trail at a time when you were inexperienced in forest travel and soft of muscle?



If you have done so, you will know what we felt during the next forty-five minutes. Joe Duchesne fitted his tump-line across his forehead, whereby he supported a box weighing twenty-five pounds and then swung his eighty-pound canvas canoe over his head like a plaything, and stepped forward into the forest. We, carrying nothing but fly-rods in their cases, followed him, and Peter, with his canoe, brought up the rear. And such a trail! Over abrupt rises made doubly difficult by interwoven underbrush, down into the beds of water-courses at a tremendous pitch, through brawling streams, up again and across stretches where all the footing was decayed, mossy timber, and where great fallen tree-trunks, slippery and dripping with moisture, blocked the way at every turn; through marshes where the ground shook and muttered under us, ever in the solemn forest aisles in which, but for the noise of our progress, there was scarce a sound. We, the inexperienced, plunged and struggled forward, blundering over a root here, slipping back from a treacherous tree-trunk there, straining and jerking ourselves along, and laboring sorely and drenched with perspiration. But Joe Duchesne, despite his load, slipped through that forest like a spirit. Never did he stumble, never did he take a false step, never was there an instant of hesitation, but he glided along the blazed trail with an easy, springing stride that, time and again despite our best efforts, nearly carried him out of our sight.

One last rise, a sudden descent and, before us, shining in its solitude, lay the Lake of the Wilderness. Joe dropped his canoe into the water and we sat panting on the shore until Peter arrived. Then we put our rods together, tipped our leaders with the Parmachenee Belle and the Brown Hachle, just to give the trout a nice range of choice, and em-

barked. It is a lovely body of water, this Lake of the Wilderness. Its shores, curving and bending into many seductive little bays, are covered even to the water's edge by splendid forests which clothe the hills encircling it, their masses of green being reflected in the quiet water as in a mirror.

But the trout, my brothers; oh, the trout that live in this nook, remote from the haunts of men! Fierce, striking like a ray of light and, when missed, gone as swiftly; leaping clear of the surface and falling back with a plunge that well-nigh wrecks the nervous system of the angler who casts and casts again at the great swirl, sometimes with success, more often with none; wary and most easily alarmed and, having once perceived the deceptiveness of the bright feather which falls so lightly on the water, not to be enticed again from their "submarine asylums"; good fish to work for and when once hooked, full of fight to the net.

Now, I knew little of such fish as these. The result was that Peter, who was paddling me and who spoke no English, mourned aloud in Indian and French as trout after trout rose to the fly and passed unharmed, I striking with great vigor and power a full second too late. Finally Fortune turned her wheel, my reaction time was gradually reduced after a judicious bit of coaching from my comrade and Joe, both most skilled fishermen, and after that the fish began to come in. Only such as were of goodly size we kept; the smaller—and there were many of them taken—were returned to their native element, to fatten and grow strong for another year.

Noontime crept upon us, and we journeyed shoreward, there to refresh the inner man and to rest. Then out again to lure still greater gentlemen trout from their hiding places. It was the dreamy season of the day. Not a breath of air found its way to this hillgirt spot and the



lake spread before us, a perfect mirror. There was a bit of haze in the atmosphere; the sun shone with a slightly dimmed and languorous light; shadows were soft and diffused; the silence was absolute but for the occasional harsh chatter of a squirrel up in the forest. It was the very sanctuary of the Red Gods. I mused and cast lazily. Peter's thoughts were evidently over the hills and far away. Exertion seemed wrong; the thing to do was to dream and— Angels and ministers of grace, what a rise! A swirl, a mist, a great churning eddy well out to the left. "By Jove!" said Peter, starting up on his knees. The gravity of the situation demanded the use of his entire English vocabulary. I tore out more line and cast for all I knew. The Red Gods were with me and the little five-ounce rod sent the flies a clean forty-five feet, almost to the edge of the swirl. A moment of fearful suspense as the flies were trailed hesitatingly forward, and then, oh, my brothers! he came again— came with a dash and a whirl of white water, and the next instant my reel screeched aloud as the fish tore away. I had him! by the power of the Red Gods, I had him! But how to keep him, that was the question. Almost before I knew what was happening, he had run out nearly all my line,— which was much too short,— and showed no sign of stopping. It was essential to bring him to a standstill with a little line in hand, and I vowed a vow to the Red Gods that if they would grant me the stopping, playing and netting of this fish, I would sacrifice him that night as a burnt offering upon their altars. The forest deities heard. I jammed my thumb against the reel and stopped it; the little rod bowed over, curved till its tip slashed from side to side in the water as the trout fought, but it held and stopped him. "Slackez, slackez!" shouted Peter. "I can't slackez, I tell you," I yelled, and he understood.

Then came the slow, weary theft of line from master trout, while the full spring of that good five-ounce rod was kept constantly upon him. From side to side he rushed. Then up to the surface with a spring and a dash of spray, while I prayed the Red Gods that they might give me six hands wherewith to fight him. Down again for a sulk, but over closer and closer, till I could see him in the clear water. Peter made ready to net him. A last dash of despair took him twenty feet away, but he came in more easily this time, closer and closer to the pitiless net which Peter slipped cautiously out to meet him. A foot more; I stopped breathing, and, oh! thanks be to the Red Gods, we had him. Record size? By no means. A good fish though, three and three-quarter pounds. But hooked! My brothers, point not the finger of unbelieving scorn at me, for what I tell you is true in entirety. He was hooked in the side under the right fin! Evidently he had missed the fly in his rush for it and I, striking as the swirl came, had of pure luck nipped the hook into his body. No wonder, good sir, you fought so long and hard.

The afternoon wore apace, and in due time we left the Lake of the Wilderness in its beauteous seclusion and struck back over carry and lake, lake and carry, up our Sacred River, and on again, until at last we came to the Great Water and our camp lay before us in the evening shadows. Later I offered my burnt offering with many solemn rites and a thankful spirit. Other good days we spent in the open, but all too soon we were caught up by the humming wheel of life and flung back into the rush and roar of cities, hideous by contrast with what had gone before.

Verily, it is good to follow the call of the Red Gods! Good to lead the large life, good to hear the voices of the wind in the trees, good to sleep under the stars!



Therefore, my brothers, light your council fires when the winter winds are wailing and make ready in good season, that you may spring to the trail when the far cry reaches your ears. Come it will in its appointed season. Let the

camp-kit be in readiness with the opening of the year, when—

" \* \* \* \* your road is clear before you,  
When the old Spring Fret comes o'er you  
And the Red Gods call for you."

A. C. Wood, Jr., '02.

### PLINY EARLE CHASE.

PLATO used to end his brief prayer of thanksgiving with the words: "Most of all I give thanks that I was allowed to be born in the time of Socrates." There are many Haverfordians of an earlier period who give thanks in a similar strain, that they were fortunate enough to be at Haverford in the days of Pliny Chase. I am asked to tell a younger generation about him. It is a well nigh hopeless task, because his power over us did not lie in anything which is describable. We knew that he could read more than a hundred languages. We had seen him add three columns of figures as fast as we could write them on the black-board, and multiply with startling rapidity with a multiplier of five figures without setting down partial products. We believed that his meteorological calculations were infallible, and we planned our great events for the days which he predicted would be fair. We listened with open mouths while he explained his "phytotactic formula" and showed that the law of arrangement of leaves on the tree had an exact parallel in the law of the arrangement of planets about the sun. We followed *non passibus aequis* his demonstration of a new method of calculating the exact distance to the sun by the aberration of light, and whether we could think his thoughts after him or not, we always knew that he knew.

But it was none of these attainments which gave him the unique power over the men who came under him. His one instrument of discipline was his smile, and the "disorderly spirit" who could stand that, without being ashamed of

himself, was far gone on the downhill path. He probably did not possess in large measure the gift of instruction. His method of conducting his classes would surely not be approved by any master of pedagogy.

But here is the unquestionable fact. There was a power and influence from his life which affected the most thoughtless of us, and which in the case of some fellows almost worked miracles. It was his personality. Few men ever so completely manifested the strength of purity, the wisdom of sincerity, the greatness of humility, the power of goodness, the force of simplicity as he did. You saw great learning united with a most delicious modesty. His whole face was radiant with the enthusiasm for truth and a passion for goodness. It was never long before the student found himself loving the teacher and so becoming ready to receive all that could go from such a life and spirit. He generally preached on Fifth days. Often his sermons were difficult to follow. But we always came home feeling that something had come to us. The great moments were when he tipped back on one leg of his chair in the class room, put his right thumb and four fingers together, and occupied the recitation hour telling the significance of modern movements in thought and religion. "Pliny was great to-day, wasn't he?" was a common remark as we flocked out of the room. We loved him, believed in him, wanted to be like him, and some of us would rather see his smile than hear floods of wisdom from other lips. Rufus M. Jones, '85.



### The Master Poet.

Oft have I sat before my rows of books,  
 My Shakspere, Milton, Wordsworth, Browning, Keats,  
 Those mighty names, that on the front of heaven  
 Shine forth like morning stars, and dreamed high dreams  
 Of one who was to come, a bard supreme  
 Who in his single person would unite  
 All graces that have crowned the sons of song,  
 Through the melodious years. All poets past  
 Have had their limitations, their defects  
 Of passion, or of architectural skill  
 To "build the lofty rime;" or they have lacked  
 The seership and the vision which could give  
 New "hope and fervor" to the throngs who toil,  
 Weaving with patient hands the web of life.  
 We long for him who shall in turn reveal  
 The secrets of the starry skies and all  
 The noble thoughts of upright, stainless men;  
 Who shall with gracious power unfold the will  
 And message of the Lords of Life and Death,  
 The Most High Gods. Yet shall he sing us songs  
 Tender and sweet, wherewith to heal the wounds  
 Old Time has dealt us, with unsparing hand.  
 So shall he reign among us all his days,  
 With deathless laurel crowned, the Sovereign Lord  
 And Matchless Wielder of the Sword of Song.

*W. P. Bonbright, '04.*

### SKETCHES.

#### Lunch-time.

THE minute-hand of the old clock is slowly moving forward. Between the door and the stairway the hall is crowded with a struggling, excited mass of humanity. The time for the mid-day meal has arrived. The intense strain of expectation is in the air. As the hands of the clock show that it is time to open the doors, the tumult increases. Those fortunate individuals who have secured places near the entrance make known their presence by frequent kicks directed at the unoffending portal. Suddenly the rasp of a bolt is heard, and the door swings open. In an instant the passage is blocked by the rush of the frantic multitude. Some try to climb over the heads of the crowd, others pull them to the floor, to be trampled under foot. Backward and forward surges the mob,

fighting desperately, pantingly, with no thought but of the food within its reach. Smothered groans and gasps mingle with the reverberations of trampling feet. Suddenly the line breaks, a tumultuous warlike rush follows, and the crowd plunges into the dining hall. Amid shouts of victory, the men slide into their seats, and reach out for the nearest delicacies. Last of all comes the champion eater, puffing vigorously from his exertions, but determined to do or die in defense of his reputation. As he takes his seat, his clear, strong voice rings out above the tumult: "Soup, please, lots of oysters, —coming up on the cow—next on the potatoes—send out the cracker plate—hey! John, get some more butter—who's got two bananas?—after you on the gunk,—thanks."

*S. G. Spaeth, '05.*



## A Clipping.

*Haverford, Pa., Jan. 28, 1944.**Special to the Press :*

THE annual interclass gastronomic meet was held here to-day in the large marble dining room in Undergraduate Hall. The meet, which was remarkable for the record-breaking performances of several of the contestants, aroused great interest among the student body, many of whom had conscientiously abstained from all food for several days previous in order to whet winning appetites. The championship was won by the Class of '44, the final outcome remaining in doubt until the last event, which was the pie relay. The scene at the finish was one long to be remembered in the annals of the sport at Haverford, as the victor, Joseph Hungry, '44, staggered up from the table amid prolonged cheering, having consumed 21 pies, 3 slices; while grouped about were the defeated gastretes, surrounded by a fringe of rooters frantically shouting, "Hold 'em! hold 'em! hold 'em!" The following events were eaten off:—

Breakfast Run—Won by Stuffem, '46; handicap, 2 bad eggs. Time, 2 minutes flat.

16-Pound Lunch—Won by Fuller, '45; distance, 43 feet.

Biscuit-Throw—Won by Dodgem, '44; distance, 169 feet 4 inches.

Dinner Dash—Won by Neverthrough, '47; time, 49 2-5 seconds (record).

Pie Relay—Won by Hungry, '44.

Unusual interest was added by the fact that, inasmuch as they have won it for the past three years, the Class of '44 by this fourth victory become the permanent possessors of the Indigestion Cup. It is earnestly hoped, by faculty and students alike, that interest in this noble sport of gastronomics, which has gradually become the supreme feature of Haverford life, may not lessen in years to come.

*Sidney M. Boher, '05.*

## Maggie in Life.

IN my youth I was notorious for my persistent hostility to women. I would have none of them unless they were married, or had passed into that "country from whose bourne no traveler returns"—I mean their old maidenhood. But my misogyny "softly and suddenly vanished away" when first I saw Maggie! She stood behind my chair on that fatal morn with the triumphant look of a martyr on her sublime countenance, and said without moving her lips or her teeth: "Staak or eggs?" I hastily replied, "Canteloupe," and as she hurried away, my heart thumped sympathetically to the thump of her elephantine tread. Ah, Maggie! I can see thee no more, for thou hast passed beyond. But never, Maggie, nay, never in life or death, shall I forget the noble, patient fortitude with which thou didst bide thy time,—or the calm, settled determination with which thou wert wont to fix one eye, riveted to yon distant infinite value!

## Maggie in Death.

Poor Maggie died! Heroically her soul had striven with pots and kettles until the thin veil of mortality which supported her grew thinner and thinner—until it softly ripped in the middle, and poor Maggie dropped through! We sent for the coroner, and he came and looked at her, said it was "all right," and went away. Then we buried her out in one corner of the garden. "Alexander the Great," a fierce old tomcat whose three legs and one ear had survived many battles, silently expired with grief. They had always been good friends, so we put him in her arms. We had no coffin, so we had to use a Larkin's Soap box. We buried her there, and for three years she lay peacefully, her only monument a large tomato vine. But alas, hard as she had striven in life to earn her peace in death, she was disturbed! It is shocking



to relate, but they were putting a sewer through, and dug old Maggie up! Poor Maggie! they never left thee alone in life! In death, even, they dug thee up to lay a sewer down! But, Maggie, I remember thine eye—how it was fixed on that infinite value. Keep it there, Maggie, and through all time, or eternity, neither pots, or kettles, or sewers shall avail to disturb thy rest!

*D. L. Burgess, '04.*

### The Loved and Lost.

WE strolled in dreamy mood, my pipe and I, through a woodland district. As we reflected on the joys of life the breezes kindly fanned my blissful companion, and my heart thumped out its song of gladness for all my blessings.

### Two Sunsets.

#### I.

I WAS walking up to Barclay Hall from the tennis courts one beautiful autumn afternoon. The sun was creeping down toward the western horizon and cast a blaze of golden glory on the gray stones of the building. The windows reflected the light in a blinding glare, their panes transformed into gleaming brass. Two large trees, presenting one mass of yellow foliage, partly intercepted the rays of the sun, and added their brilliant color to the scene. The very atmosphere was golden. A yellow mist seemed to float before my eyes. Even the dead leaves on the ground were brightened into a yellow color by the dying sunlight. Everything swam before me in a yellow haze. Involuntarily I closed my eyes to shut out the glaring light, but immediately opened them again and gazed in silent admiration until the blaze of glory died away and the gathering twilight melted all

Suddenly my reverie was arrested by a sharp pain, and, glancing quickly down, I found my pantaloons a sheet of flame. In a fit of writhing agony, I, cursing, tore the garment off and cast it from me. At my feet lay the smouldering mass. After I regained control of myself, and soothed my smarting limbs, I seated myself upon the bank and watched the flames rise higher and higher as they devoured my trousers. I thought of my good old jack knife, and then—good heavens!—the greenbacks in my wallet:—all were vanishing before my gaze. Through the trees the setting sun peeped down upon me, and saw me, like some half-naked savage offering an evening sacrifice to a foreign god, as, in painful silence, I watched the dying embers.

*Bernard Lester, '04.*

objects into one confused and indistinct mass.

*S. G. Spaeth, '05.*

#### II.

THE bon-fire of the heavens is out of wood. Like an empty tobacco pipe, it is flickering out. Oh, that I might fly upward to the burning heaven and roll my weary head upon its golden pillow cases! But I must restrain myself and only stare. It is as if some giant hand had thrown an ancient egg of great size against the western sky and broken it; and then had thrown a glowing coal to cook it. The yellow, being the heavier, sinks to the bottom, and the white, now gray and dark with age, rises to the top. The varying densities of the yellow and gray lend a pleasing variety to the scene. Dark blotches appear here and there as if in the egg, before it was thrown, a chicken had been partly formed, and these were its remains. O, mighty omelet of the sky! may I always feast my eyes upon thee!

*H. H. Brinton, '04.*



### Hope is Dead.

Before I knew thee, Lady, life was bright  
 With promise, and the fragrant summer air  
 Breathed hope and courage, and such visions

rare

Of joyful upward striving toward the light  
 And faithful, patient struggle in the fight  
 That I endured the labor and the care  
 And counted it but little pain to bear  
 Whate'er it cost to witness for the right.

But now life's chalice fair is full of gall.  
 I've known thy sweetness, yet I cannot think  
 That thou wilt stoop to give thy love to me.  
 And so in agony of soul I call  
 On that dread "Angel of the Darker Drink,"  
 Who from my sorrow soon shall set me free.

*W. P. Bonbright, '04.*

### FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

THE first volume of the *Haverford Bulletin* is completed. A number of copies will be bound and held for sale at the College office. They contain all the official publications of the past year, and constitute a history of the annual proceedings. The different numbers are as follows:

- Number 1. The Reports of the Board of Managers, President of the College and Treasurer of the Corporation.
- Number 2. The College Catalogue.
- Number 3. An illustrated Pamphlet descriptive of the Aims and Resources of the College.
- Number 4. The Athletic Record for the Year.
- Number 5. The Proceedings of the Alumni Meeting, the Alumni Address of Dr. Comfort, and a List of all the Alumni of the College.

The first number of Volume II is also published. This contains the Reports of the officers of the College made at the annual meeting of the Corporation. The principal matters touched upon are the

conversion of the old Grammar School building into Merion Cottage, the completion of Roberts Hall, the improvement of the library, and the Clementine Cope donations.

The Board of Managers calls attention to the fact that the cash donations of last year amounted to \$73,267, and for the past five years to \$257,158, mostly for specified purposes.

The president in his report goes over the same ground and also discusses the need of additional teaching in certain directions, and the athletic and religious problems which now confront the College.

The Treasurer's Report indicated a financial loss in the ordinary operations of the College of \$19,000. Nearly all of this resulted from the improvement of Merion Cottage and the extension of the heating system to the remaining buildings in the main group.



## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

## '92 Class Supper.

THE annual class supper for 1903 was held at the University Club on the evening of November 21st, at 7 o'clock. The dinner was entirely informal, as usual, and was much enjoyed by the ten members of the class who were present. Those who attended were Cadbury, Cary, Davis, McAllister, Muir, Nicholson, Palen, Shipley, West, and Yarnall.

## '96 Class Dinner.

THE annual dinner and reunion of the Class of '96 was held at Merion Cricket Club the night of the Haverford-Swarthmore game. The following men were present: Douglas H. Adams, William K. Alsop, Dr. Arthur F. Coca, C. Russell Hinchman, Paul D. I. Maier, J. Henry Scattergood, M. Warren Way and L. Hollingsworth Wood. Letters were read from very nearly all the other members of the class who were unable to be there.

## '98 Class Reunion.

THE sixth annual reunion and dinner of the Class of '98, on the evening of November 21st, in the Senior Dining Room, at Haverford, was the largest and most enjoyable the class has ever held. After the customary exercises and swim in the gymnasium the following 17 members sat down to the dinner, which was all the more appreciated on account of its unfortunate lateness: Bell, Bishop, Cadbury, Embree, Gilpin, Haines, Harding, Jones, Lee, Rhoads, Scattergood, Stadelman, Sterner, Strawbridge, A. G. Varney, Wistar and Wood.

During the dinner the customary reports and letters from absent members were discussed, as well as the doings of those present. No one was surprised when

it was found that Sterner seemed to have outstripped all the others in the amount of work done.

The committee having charge of the furnishing of an Alumni Sleeping Room in the Gymnasium reported that \$256.02 had been subscribed by members of the Class and expended in furnishings, and that it was about ready to turn the room over to the College authorities.

The Treasurer's report showed a small deficit.

It was decided that early next year each member should be requested to send a letter descriptive of his doings for the past five years to the Secretary, who will send them around to each member in turn.

Scattergood and Haines were unanimously re-elected for the next five years as President and Vice-President respectively.

It should be stated that there was a general feeling of satisfaction expressed by all about the work of the football team against Swarthmore.

Eight fellows spent the night at the College, the rest not leaving until a late hour.

## Notes.

'54. John B. Garrett has been recommended as a Minister of the Society of Friends.

'60. Francis Richardson visited college last month. He had not been here for over thirty years, and he was very much interested in the recent improvements. He is still living in Norfolk, Virginia.

'67. This college had no more devoted friend, and the Alumni Association has known no more faithful officer, than Nathaniel Bacon Crenshaw, who died on the 16th of November, at Baltimore, whither he had recently removed his resi-



dence. A slight stroke of paralysis about a year ago caused him to give up his position as Real Estate Officer of the Girard Trust Co., of Philadelphia, and retire from active business. Son of John B. Crenshaw, of the Class of '39, he was born in Virginia, December 18, 1845. He entered the Class of '67 in its sophomore year, after an exciting experience in avoiding service as conscript in the Confederate army. As Secretary of the Alumni Association for many years, he was of great service to the college, and was prominent in the establishment of what is now an annual feature, the dinner of the Alumni and invited guests. No sacrifice of time or strength was too great for him when the interests of the College called upon his aid; and it is with an unusual sense of loss that THE HAVERFORDIAN is compelled to record the death of such an efficient, useful and amiable man.

'85. Rufus M. Jones, and Irving C. Johnson, A. M., '93, were speakers at the celebration of William Penn's birthday at Penn College, Iowa, on October 13th.

'87. William H. Futrell, President of the Society of North Carolina people resident in Philadelphia, took part in the exercises of the Reunion of the State of North Carolina held in Greensboro, N. C., in October last.

'89. Lindley M. Stevens visited College and spoke in meeting on November 15th.

'94. The engagement is announced of C. B. Farr to Miss Katharine Elliott, of Philadelphia.

'95. Walter Coates Webster was married to Miss Eva Foster Firth on the 10th of November, at Lancaster, Pa. Their address is 103 Waverly Place, New York city.

'96. The engagement of Dr. Arthur F. Coca to Marietta A. Clews is announced.

'96. William C. Sharpless is a member of the firm of Hayes & Sharpless, Engineers and Surveyors, Youngstown, Ohio.

Ex-'96. R. Brognard Okie was married to Christine L. Thomas, on October 15th, at Devon, Pa.

'97. M. B. Dean has given up his connection with the Samuel C. Tatum Co., hardware, and is now the head of the Dean-Waterman Co., founders and manufacturers of gas engines.

Ex-'97. William G. Rhoads was married to Miss Norah Ward, at Manheim, on November 11th. Among the ushers were A. M. Collins, Ex-'97; F. B. Jacobs, '97; F. R. Strawbridge, '98; and H. H. Lowry, '99. Mr. and Mrs. Rhoads will live at 226 West Manheim St., Germantown.

'98. On the death of his father a year ago D. G. Jones became the head of the confectionery and catering business left by him and is now running it at 841 Market street, Wilmington, Del., under the old name, D. B. Jones. He has given up his interest in the coal and wood business.

Ex-'98. P. C. Sisler spent the summer traveling in Europe with his wife.

Ex-'98. Albert Syze has just moved with his wife and little son to Bolton, Mass., where he has purchased a house.

'00. W. W. Allen is working for the Haverford M. A. in philosophy.

'00. W. B. Bell was married on November 7th at Twelfth Street Meeting House, Philadelphia, to Miss Esther Kite Alsop, daughter of the late Samuel Alsop, Jr., M. A., '75.

'00. R. J. Burdette, Jr., who is enjoying very much his work on the *Burlington Hawkeye*, of Burlington, Illinois, visited his father, in Pasadena, California, during the summer.



'00. C. H. Carter is still at Harvard, working for his Ph. D.

'00. J. P. Carter has become a partner in the firm of Carter and Scattergood.

'00. H. S. Drinker is in his last year at the University of Pennsylvania Law School.

'00. W. W. Justice, Jr., took an interesting canoe trip through the wilds of Canada during September.

'00. F. E. Lutz, after teaching during the summer in the Biological Laboratory, at Cold Spring, L. I., is directing the laboratory part of an elementary zoölogical course in the University of Chicago.

'00. S. W. Mifflin is taking his last year in the University of Pennsylvania Law School. To take third year standing he had to take fourteen five-hour examinations.

'00. J. K. Moorhouse was ordained in June, and was appointed by Bishop Whitaker to take charge of St. Paul's Mission, Bristol, Pa.

'00. J. I. Peele, who is still with the Los Angeles Heating Company, spent his two weeks vacation on Catalina Island, superintending the installation of a heating plant at one of the large hotels in that place.

'00. The engagement is announced of E. B. Taylor and Miss Mary Barker, of East End, Pittsburg.

'00. J. M. Taylor, who is studying mining engineering at State College, had charge of several coal mines at Spangler, Pa., this summer. He intends to go to China when he is graduated.

Ex-'00. W. G. Freedley, Jr., has been travelling through China, Japan and the East Indies.

Ex-'00. S. F. Seager has returned from

a trip through India and Europe, and is now with the Olds Gasoline Engine Works, at Lansing, Michigan.

Ex-'00. G. M. P. Murphy was graduated from West Point in June. During the summer he was stationed in Venezuela.

Ex-'00. C. C. Yocum is with Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia. His home is in Narberth, Pa.

'01. A. L. Dewees is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

'02. Herman Newman is doing work for an M. A. under the direction of Dr. Rufus M. Jones.

'02. C. W. Stork, who took an M. A. at Harvard last year, is working for a Ph. D. at the University of Pennsylvania, where he is an assistant in English.

'03. H. J. Cadbury was awarded First Prize (\$50) in the competitive examination in New Testament Greek for college students, held by the American Institute of Sacred Literature, last May. He also played on the Harvard checker team that defeated Yale on November 20th.

Ph. D., '96. W. W. Hastings was one of the speakers at the Massachusetts State Y. M. C. A. Convention held at Gloucester, November 6th.

The Class of 1902 has issued, through ex-Captain R. M. Gummere, a challenge to the College association football team for a game to be played on the afternoon of Saturday, December 26, when the Class will be meeting for its class supper. The following members of the champion team of 1902 will play for the 1902 class team: Cary, Cookman, Gummere, Longstreth, Pusey, Scattergood, Spiers, Thomas, Trout and Woodward. A good game is to be expected. About 25 men have agreed to attend the class dinner in the evening.



## FOOT BALL.

**Haverford vs. Ursinus.**

(Played at Collegeville, October 31st.)

BY superior team work the Ursinus team defeated Haverford by the score of 12-0. Lowry sent the ball over the goal line on the kick-off. Price punted to Haverford's 30-yard line. After an exchange of kicks, Haverford fumbled and Ursinus obtained the ball 40 yards from the goal line. By a series of short gains, the home team steadily advanced the ball until Shaub was pushed over the line for a touchdown. Faringer kicked an easy goal. For the remainder of the half the ball surged back and forth in the middle of the field. Ursinus gained the most ground, but Haverford made up for this by her superior kicking and by a long run by Lowry on a fake kick.

In the second half Ursinus kicked to Haverford's 5-yard line; Brown ran back 15 yards, but on the next play Jones fumbled. Ursinus again rushed the ball over the goal line, after short gains. The goal was kicked. Score: Ursinus, 12; Haverford, 0.

During the rest of the game the Haverford men played much better football. Three times they succeeded in bringing the ball within 15 yards of their opponents' goal, but each time they were held for downs. The last few minutes of play were extremely exciting. Haverford obtained the ball in the middle of the field, and, by short gains, rushed it to the 5-yard line, where it rested on first down. On the second down there were 4 yards to gain, and on the third  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . Hopkins was again given the ball, but the Ursinus team held like a wall and the line was not crossed. Time was immediately called.

The line-up follows:

| HAVERFORD.            | POSITIONS.           | URSINUS. |
|-----------------------|----------------------|----------|
| Tatnall (Haines)..... | Left end.....        | Price    |
| Jones.....            | Left tackle.....     | Place    |
| Lindley (Wood).....   | Left guard.....      | Heller   |
| T. K. Brown.....      | Centre.....          | Foltz    |
| Birdsall.....         | Right guard.....     | Butz     |
| Hopkins.....          | Right tackle.....    | Trexler  |
| Pearson.....          | Right end.....       | Snyder   |
| Thorn.....            | Quarter-back.....    | Gettel   |
| A. E. Brown.....      | Left half-back... .. | Faringer |
| Smiley.....           | Right half-back..... | Miller   |
| Lowry.....            | Full-back.....       | Shaub    |

Touchdowns—Shaub, 2. Goals—2. Referee—Dickinson, U. of P. Umpire—Teas, U. of P. Linesmen—Lester, Haverford; Hobson, U. of P.; Smeck, Ursinus; Fleming, Haverford. Time of halves—25 and  $22\frac{1}{2}$  minutes.

**Haverford vs. New York University.**

(Played at Haverford, November 7th.)

With a feeling not of confidence, but of determination, the Haverford team went on the gridiron to face New York University. The visiting eleven had the advantage both in the record of previous games and in weight.

Lowry kicked off for Haverford, and, by the aid of a strong wind, sent the ball over the goal line. N. Y. U. punted from the 25-yard line, and Haverford ran the ball back by short gains to the 35-yard line, where Lowry made an unsuccessful attempt at a goal from the field. New York again punted from the 25-yard line, but this time Haverford pushed the ball steadily down the field, Jones, Lowry and Hopkins making most of the gains. On a delayed pass, Jones broke through tackle for the only touchdown of the game. Lowry kicked the goal. Score: Haverford, 6; N. Y. U., 0.

During the remainder of the half Haverford was playing against a strong wind. For a time New York gained freely, and, upon a right end run, one of their men sprinted 60 yards, with a clear



field ahead, until he was caught on the 5-yard line by T. K. Brown. This magnificent tackle saved the game. Here the Haverford team held strongly and secured the ball on downs.

In the second half, Haverford received the ball on the kick-off and rushed it to within striking distance of New York's goal, but lost it on a fumble. The ball remained near the centre of the field the rest of the game, and when time was called the score had not changed.

Haverford showed a great improvement in its playing. The offensive work was especially good, and the way the men helped the runner after he was tackled was encouraging. The victory was a very creditable one for Haverford.

Early in the second half Eshleman had his collar-bone fractured, but pluckily remained in the game until time was called.

The line-up follows :

| HAVERFORD.       | POSITIONS.           | N. Y. U.   |
|------------------|----------------------|------------|
| Haines.....      | Left end.....        | Connell    |
| Lindley.....     | Left tackle.....     | Riley      |
| Priestman.....   | Left guard.....      | Coe        |
| Brown.....       | Centre.....          | Friedburg  |
| Birdsall.....    | Right guard.....     | McMara     |
| Hopkins.....     | Right tackle.....    | Chamberlin |
| R. P. Lowry..... | Right end.....       | T. Lowry   |
| Eshleman.....    | Quarterback.....     | Hulsart    |
| Thorn.....       | Left half-back.....  | Tuthill    |
| Jones.....       | Right half-back..... | MacDonald  |
| A. T. Lowry..... | Full-back.....       | Roberts    |

Touchdown—Jones. Goal—Lowry. Referee—Gillender, U. of P. Umpire—Teas, U. of P. Time of halves—25 minutes each.

### Haverford vs. Delaware.

(Played at Haverford, November 14th.)

Haverford met Delaware in football one week before the Swarthmore game, and succeeded in winning by the score of 37 to 0. Delaware was outclassed and only gained four first downs in the whole game.

Lowry kicked off over the goal line. Bevan punted to Lindley, who ran the

ball back 5 yards. Morris made 15 yards on a quarter back run round right end. After short gains by Thorn and Hopkins a goal from the field was tried, but it was unsuccessful. Scull ran back 10 yards on the punt-out, and, after a series of short gains by Lowry, Hopkins, Thorn and Priestman, Jones scored a touchdown and Lowry kicked the goal.

Haverford kicked off and Lawton ran the ball back 5 yards. Delaware was forced to punt, and Haverford, after advancing the ball for short gains, was in turn forced to punt. Delaware soon kicked, and Morris ran the ball back 15 yards, but fumbled. On a double pass, Powell ran 35 yards, when Delaware attempted a goal from the field. Their kick was blocked and Thorn fell on the ball. Haverford then rapidly carried the ball to the other end of the field, and Hopkins scored a touchdown. Bevan ran the ball back, on the kick-off, 3 yards, but Delaware was soon forced to kick. Haverford advanced the ball to Delaware's 5-yard line and carried it over the goal line; but the touchdown was not allowed, on account of off-side play.

In the second half Delaware weakened considerably. Haverford received the ball, and, after long gains by Haines and Thorn, another touchdown was scored. Two more touchdowns were made soon afterwards, while later Morris drop-kicked a difficult goal from the 35-yard line.

Just before time was called a safety was scored on a punt by Haines. Lawson touched the ball and carried it back of the goal line, where he was tackled by R. P. Lowry.

The line-up :

| HAVERFORD.          | POSITIONS.       | DELAWARE.        |
|---------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Scull (Haines)..... | Left end.....    | Hauber (Carrick) |
| Lindley.....        | Left tackle..... | Ferguson         |
| Priestman.....      | Left guard.....  | Messick          |
| Brown.....          | Centre.....      | Bell             |



Wood (Birdsall)...Right guard.....Jones  
Hopkins.....Right tackle.....Shabinger  
(Fleming)

Pearson (R. Lowry) Right end.....Wyatt  
Morris (Thorn)...Quarter-back.....Powell  
Thorn (Winslow). Left half-back.....Lawton  
Jones (Haines)...Right half-back.....Lawson  
A. Lowry (Hilles).....Full-back.....Bevan

Touchdowns—Hopkins, 2; Priestman, 2;  
Jones, 1. Goals—Lowry, 5. Goal from field—  
Morris. Referee—Gillender, U. of P. Um-  
pire—Teas, U. of P. Time of halves—30 min-  
utes.

### Swarthmore vs. Haverford.

(Played at Haverford, November 21st.)

Haverford lost the final game of the season to Swarthmore by the score of 16 to 6. The victory was well earned by our rivals, yet much credit is due to our team for the strong game which they put up, especially in the second half. The teams were more evenly matched than the score would indicate. Swarthmore profited by the possession of Crowell, who alone scored eleven points, and thus individually won the game for them. Too much praise cannot be given to the brilliant quarter-back for his wonderful work. He ran his team with perfect judgment, and made several long runs in person. His punting was consistently good, and his drop-kicking unerring. Captain Smith also played a fine game for Swarthmore, while Sinclair hurdled magnificently.

For Haverford, Thorn did some good tackling and also ran well with the ball. Haines showed up very well, both on offense and defense, while Jones and Hopkins did some great line-bucking.

Lowry kicked off for Haverford. Smith caught the ball on his own 10-yard line and ran through the entire Haverford team. By fast sprinting, Haines caught him after he had gone 70 yards, and threw him out of bounds, also causing him to drop the ball. R. Smith recovered it. Bower smashed through right tackle for 6 yards. Bell made 10

on the other side of the line. Lamb then skirted left end for 15 yards and a touch-down. Crowell kicked the goal. Score: Swarthmore, 6; Haverford, 0.

Swarthmore kicked off to Thorn, who ran the ball back 10 yards. Priestman hit the line for a 4 yards' gain. Jones then broke through between guard and tackle and ran 40 yards before being beautifully tackled by Crowell. Hopkins made 4 yards, Jones 3, and Lowry 2. The ball was then lost on downs. Swarthmore was unable to gain, and punted, Thorn being downed in his tracks. Jones failed to gain, but Hopkins made 5 yards outside of tackle. The ball was then lost on a fumble. Sinclair hurdled the centre for 6 yards. Crowell then dropped back to the 40-yard line and kicked the ball squarely between the posts. Score: Swarthmore, 11; Haverford, 0.

Haverford kicked off, and Crowell ran it back 35 yards, through the whole team. Bell made 20 yards outside of tackle. Sinclair hurdled for 5. After several more gains, Crowell again kicked a goal from the field, this time from the 35-yard line. Score: Swarthmore, 16; Haverford, 0.

Swarthmore seemed in danger of scoring again after the next kick-off. Two trick plays gained 35 yards, and Smith circled the end for 20 more. Haverford then braced and secured the ball for downs on her own 10-yard line. For the rest of the half the ball see-sawed back and forth. Crowell missed three tries for goals from the field, one being cleverly blocked by Jones.

In the second half Haines ran the kick-off back 20 yards. Haverford then started in to batter down the Swarthmore defense. Jones made 4, Haines 4, Hopkins 10, Priestman 3, Hopkins 5, Jones 8, and Haines 4. A delayed pass failed to work. Hopkins then made a 20-yard run outside of left tackle. Soon



afterward Jones made 10 yards in the same place. On the next four downs Haverford barely gained the required distance. Swarthmore again held for three downs, but on the fourth try Haines carried the ball over for a touch-down. Lowry kicked the goal. Score: Swarthmore, 16; Haverford, 6.

Haverford kept up the good work, and soon secured the ball on a fumble. Jones got away for 25 yards, Lowry made 10, Haines 5, and Hopkins 5. Swarthmore then got the ball on downs, on their own 5-yard line. Crowell immediately punted. Thorn made 20 yards on a well-executed trick play. After a few short gains, Haverford again lost the ball on downs, when within striking distance of the goal line. Smith made 15 yards on a fake kick. An exchange of punts fol-

lowed. Crowell missed two more tries for goals from the field, and the game ended with the ball in Swarthmore's possession, on Haverford's 40-yard line. The line-up follows:

| HAVERFORD.              | POSITIONS.           | SWARTHMORE.         |
|-------------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| Scull.....              | Left end.....        | R. Smith            |
| Lindley.....            | Left tackle.....     | Bell                |
| Priestman.....          | Left guard.....      | Jackson             |
| Brown.....              | Centre.....          | Markle              |
| Wood.....               | Right guard.....     | Lippincott          |
| Hopkins.....            | Right tackle.....    | Bower               |
| Pearson (R. Lowry)..... | Right end.....       | Carr (Perkins)      |
| Thorn (Capt.).....      | Quarter-back.....    | Crowell             |
| Haines.....             | Left half-back.....  | Lamb                |
| Jones.....              | Right half back..... | W. Smith<br>(Capt.) |

A. T. Lowry.....Full-back.....Sinclair

Touchdowns—Lamb, Haines. Goals—Crowell, Lowry. Goals from field—Crowell, 2. Referee—Gardiner, U. of P. Umpire—Minds, U. of P. Time of halves—35 minutes.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

THE new iron bridge over the road on the way to the Meeting House was given its initial test on October 29th, when a rush between the Sophomore and Freshman classes occurred.

On October 30th a tea meeting was held in the new part of the Meeting House.

On October 31st and November 1st several meetings and lectures were held in Houston Hall at the University of Pennsylvania under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of that institution. Haverford was one among a number of colleges invited to participate.

Ellis Yarnall delivered a lecture on "Balfour, Gladstone and the Present Political Crisis in England" before a large and interested audience in Roberts Hall on the evening of November 10th. Those who are taking the English History course found it of value in connection with their subject.

The Haverford First Eleven played a practice game with the Philadelphia Dental College on November 11th. During the latter half the scrub replaced the 'Varsity and did some creditable work. The final score was 17-0 in favor of Haverford.

The cricket shed has been open for Freshmen during the last three weeks and the schedule for regular weekly periods is now in effect.

Mrs. Angeleni, the wife of Mayor Angeleni, of a town in Italy, gave a lecture in the faculty room on the evening of November 24th. Her subject related to municipal government as illustrated by her home city.

J. T. Fales, '06, succeeded in winning the tennis tournament. He deserves especial credit for defeating C. S. Lee, '05, who has held the championship for two years.



## The Tennis Tournament.

| Preliminary.              | First Round.            | Second Round.        | Third Round.         | Semi-Finals.         | Finals.              | Winner. |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|---------|
|                           | Hilles, '04. . . .      | Hilles . . . .       | Hilles . . . .       |                      |                      |         |
|                           | Fisher, '05 . . . .     | Fisher, 6-4. . . .   | 6-1, 6-4. . . .      |                      |                      |         |
|                           | Brinton, '04. . . .     | Priestman . . . .    | 6-4, 8-6. . . .      |                      |                      |         |
|                           | Priestman, '05. . . .   | Priestman . . . .    | 6-4, 4-6, 6-4. . . . |                      |                      |         |
|                           | Doughten, '06 . . . .   | Doughten . . . .     |                      | Doughten . . . .     |                      |         |
|                           | Cookman, '05 . . . .    | Doughten . . . .     | 6-4, 6-2. . . .      | 6-1, 8-6. . . .      |                      |         |
|                           | Mouroe, '06. . . .      | Bainbridge . . . .   | 6-0, 6-3. . . .      |                      |                      |         |
|                           | Bainbridge, '06 . . . . | Bainbridge . . . .   | 6-3, 7-5. . . .      |                      |                      |         |
|                           | Smiley, '06 . . . .     | Megear . . . .       |                      |                      |                      |         |
| Megear, '04 . . . .       | Megear . . . .          | Default. . . .       |                      |                      | Spaeth . . . .       |         |
| Dickson, '06 . . . .      | 6-3, 6-2. . . .         |                      |                      |                      | 10-8, 6-3. . . .     |         |
| Cox, '05 . . . .          | Evans . . . .           |                      | Evans . . . .        |                      |                      |         |
| Evans, '07 . . . .        | 6-0, 6-0. . . .         | Evans . . . .        | Default. . . .       |                      |                      |         |
| Shoemaker, '07. . . .     | Shoemaker . . . .       | 6-2, 6-3. . . .      |                      |                      |                      |         |
| J. C. March, '07 . . . .  | 6-3, 7-5. . . .         |                      |                      | Spaeth . . . .       |                      |         |
| Kimber, '04. . . .        | Burgess . . . .         |                      |                      | 6-4, 6-1. . . .      |                      |         |
| Burgess, '04. . . .       | 6-0, 6-3. . . .         | Burgess . . . .      |                      |                      |                      |         |
| Windle, '07. . . .        | Windle . . . .          | 4-6, 6-0, 6-3. . . . |                      |                      |                      |         |
| Dr. Reid . . . .          | Default. . . .          |                      | Spaeth . . . .       |                      |                      |         |
| Spaeth, '05 . . . .       | Spaeth . . . .          |                      | 6-0, 6-0. . . .      |                      |                      |         |
| Longstreth, '02. . . .    | 4-6 6-0, 6-2. . . .     | Spaeth . . . .       |                      |                      |                      |         |
| Taylor, '06 . . . .       | Shortlidge . . . .      | 6-4, 7-5. . . .      |                      |                      |                      |         |
| Shortlidge, '06 . . . .   | 6-3 6-0. . . .          |                      |                      |                      |                      |         |
| Gummere, '07 . . . .      | Gummere . . . .         |                      |                      |                      |                      |         |
| Ritts, '05 . . . .        | 6-4, 0-6, 6-2. . . .    | Gummere . . . .      |                      |                      |                      |         |
| Wills, '04 . . . .        | Wills . . . .           | 8-6, 6-4. . . .      |                      |                      |                      |         |
| F. Thomas, '07. . . .     | 6-1, 6-4. . . .         |                      | Godley . . . .       |                      |                      |         |
| Godley, '07 . . . .       | Godley . . . .          |                      | 6-0, 8-6. . . .      |                      |                      |         |
| J. C. Thomas, '07 . . . . | 6-0, 6-2. . . .         | Godley . . . .       |                      |                      |                      |         |
| Fritz, '07 . . . .        | 6-2, 6-1. . . .         |                      |                      |                      |                      |         |
| Maloney, '06 . . . .      | 6-4, 6-1. . . .         |                      |                      | Fales . . . .        |                      |         |
| Peirce, '05 . . . .       | Fales . . . .           |                      |                      | 6-3, 1-6, 6-4. . . . |                      |         |
| Fales, '05 . . . .        | 6-0, 6-3. . . .         | Fales . . . .        |                      |                      |                      |         |
| Smyth, '05 . . . .        | Smyth . . . .           | 6-1, 6-2. . . .      |                      |                      |                      |         |
| Dr. Hancock . . . .       | Default. . . .          |                      | Fales . . . .        |                      |                      |         |
| Cary, '06 . . . .         | Hopper . . . .          |                      | 6-4, 6-3. . . .      |                      |                      |         |
| Hopper, '06 . . . .       | 6-1, 6-2. . . .         | Brown . . . .        |                      |                      |                      |         |
| Pristman, '06 . . . .     | Brown . . . .           | 6-4, 6-3. . . .      |                      |                      | Fales . . . .        |         |
| Brown, F., '07 . . . .    | 6-2, 6-2. . . .         |                      |                      |                      | 3-6, 7-5, 8-6. . . . |         |
|                           | Lee, '05 . . . .        | Lee . . . .          |                      |                      |                      |         |
|                           | Sheldon, '04 . . . .    | Default. . . .       | Lee . . . .          |                      |                      |         |
|                           | Scott, '06 . . . .      | Scott . . . .        | 6-0, 6-2. . . .      |                      |                      |         |
|                           | Stokes, '04 . . . .     | Default. . . .       |                      | Lee . . . .          |                      |         |
|                           | Kratz, '04 . . . .      | Kratz . . . .        |                      | 6-0, 6-1. . . .      |                      |         |
|                           | Claassen, '07 . . . .   | 6-3, 7-9, 6-0. . . . | Andrew . . . .       |                      |                      |         |
|                           | Tunney, '06 . . . .     | Andrew . . . .       | 6-2, 3-6, 6-2. . . . |                      |                      |         |
|                           | Andrew, '04 . . . .     | 6-2, 6-1. . . .      |                      |                      |                      |         |

## EXCHANGES.

FOR the last month, foot-ball has been the main thing, and, as usual, several of the large college papers have issued "Foot-ball Numbers." By far the best of these is that of the *Yale Record*. The foot-ball number fairly teems with witticisms which are really funny, while the illustrations are far above the average. There are several good pieces of comic verse, among which we would pick the "Automobile Song" and "Winning a Y" as the best. The *Yale Record* has certainly made a good beginning this year, and promises to surpass all previous performances.

We are unable to say the same of the

*Columbia Jester.* From being formerly almost the best of the college funny papers, it has now fallen off so perceptibly that it can no longer be classed with the rest. Very little effort seems to have been expended on the first number. The quality of the material is rather poor, and the quantity is exceedingly small. Many of the jokes are so local as to be quite pointless to outsiders. The illustrations are fairly well done, but limited in number. We are unable to account for this sudden decrease in the size of the paper, unless we attribute it to financial difficulties, a solution which seems probable owing to the scarcity of advertisements.



While we are on the subject of college funny papers, we cannot fail to say a few words about the *Harvard Lampoon*. The "Foot-ball Number" is quite up to the standard, and gives promise of great things to come. We were particularly pleased with the cover, which is an extremely artistic piece of poster-work. The illustrations are uniformly good. The column entitled "By the Way," which used to be the funniest part of the whole paper, does not seem to be quite as amusing as formerly. In other respects, however, the *Lampoon* is better than ever.

We have received the November number of the *Dartmouth Magazine*. The editor laments the lack of material contributed by the students, but evidently has enough on hand to make up a very creditable issue, at least in regard to size. Still it would seem advisable to cut down the size of the number rather than fill up space with stories of little or no merit. The *Magazine* claims to "represent the best undergraduate literary effort." We hope that Dartmouth is able to produce better literary work than the stories in the current issue. If not, the *Magazine* would do well to start some other departments, instead of confining itself to short stories. We would suggest an Exchange column and, if possible, at least a small amount of athletic and local news. Of course, if a college magazine is able to maintain a high standard of literary work, it is best that it should devote most of its contents to this sort of material, but it is very seldom that we find a magazine able to maintain such a standard.

The *Bucknell Mirror* has made its first appearance upon our table. It is not a very pretentious magazine, but accomplishes its purpose as a local newspaper. The editorials are well written and interesting. We agree with the editor, that

the practice of playing against professional teams is detrimental to the interests of college sport. We are also interested in the experiment of giving the students an opportunity of discussing the advisability of continuing the publication of the *Mirror*. It is very gratifying to see so much interest shown by the undergraduates in their college paper. We would suggest the insertion of longer articles, an increase in the size of the paper, and also a smaller "Alumni" column, to prevent too local a tone. This last fault can be applied to almost all the contents of the current number. The short articles invariably relate to some phase of Bucknell life, and introduce a variety of local hits which are utterly incomprehensible to outsiders.

Like the proverbial worm, the exchange editor of the *Earlhamite* has at last turned. Goaded on to demoniacal fury by our incessant and pitiless satire, he (or she) stands at bay, flashing eternal defiance from the depths of his (or her) gleaming eyes. All the pent-up rage accumulated through years of silent suffering is poured forth in two concise sentences: "The exchange editor of the *Haverfordian* knows how to praise and how to condemn. Evidently, polite reserve does not enter into his make-up." We do not intend to deny this bitter assertion. In fact we never claimed to be polite, and, as for "reserve," what would become of our exchange column if we kept all our opinions safely stored away, without ever giving them the benefit of publicity? We hope the *Earlhamite* exchange editor will give us some more criticism. We like it.

We are very glad to have received the following new exchanges: *The Amherst Literary Monthly*, *The Bowdoin Orient*, *The Bucknell Mirror*, *The Princeton Tiger*, *The Dartmouth Magazine*, *The Tufstonian*.

S. G. Spaeth, '05.



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## HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXV, No. 8

JANUARY, 1904

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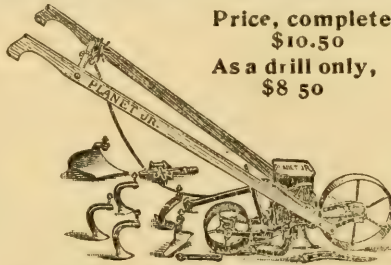
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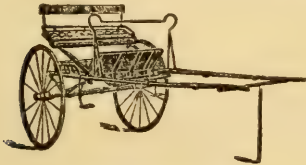
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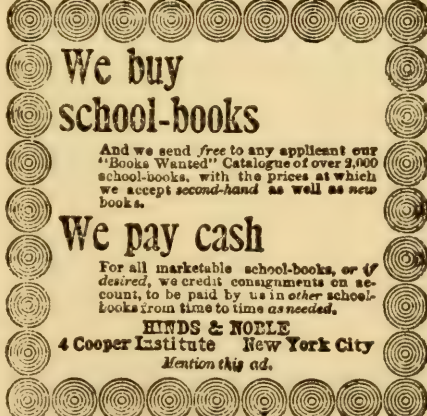
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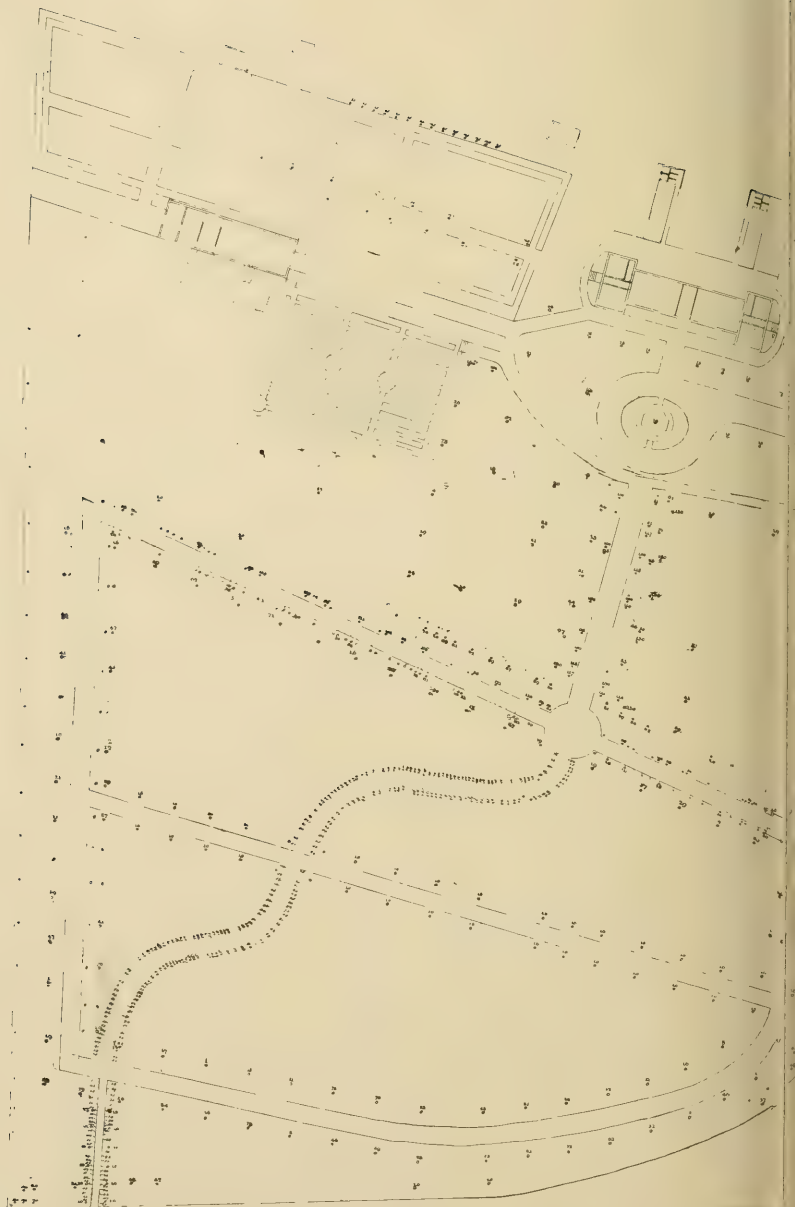
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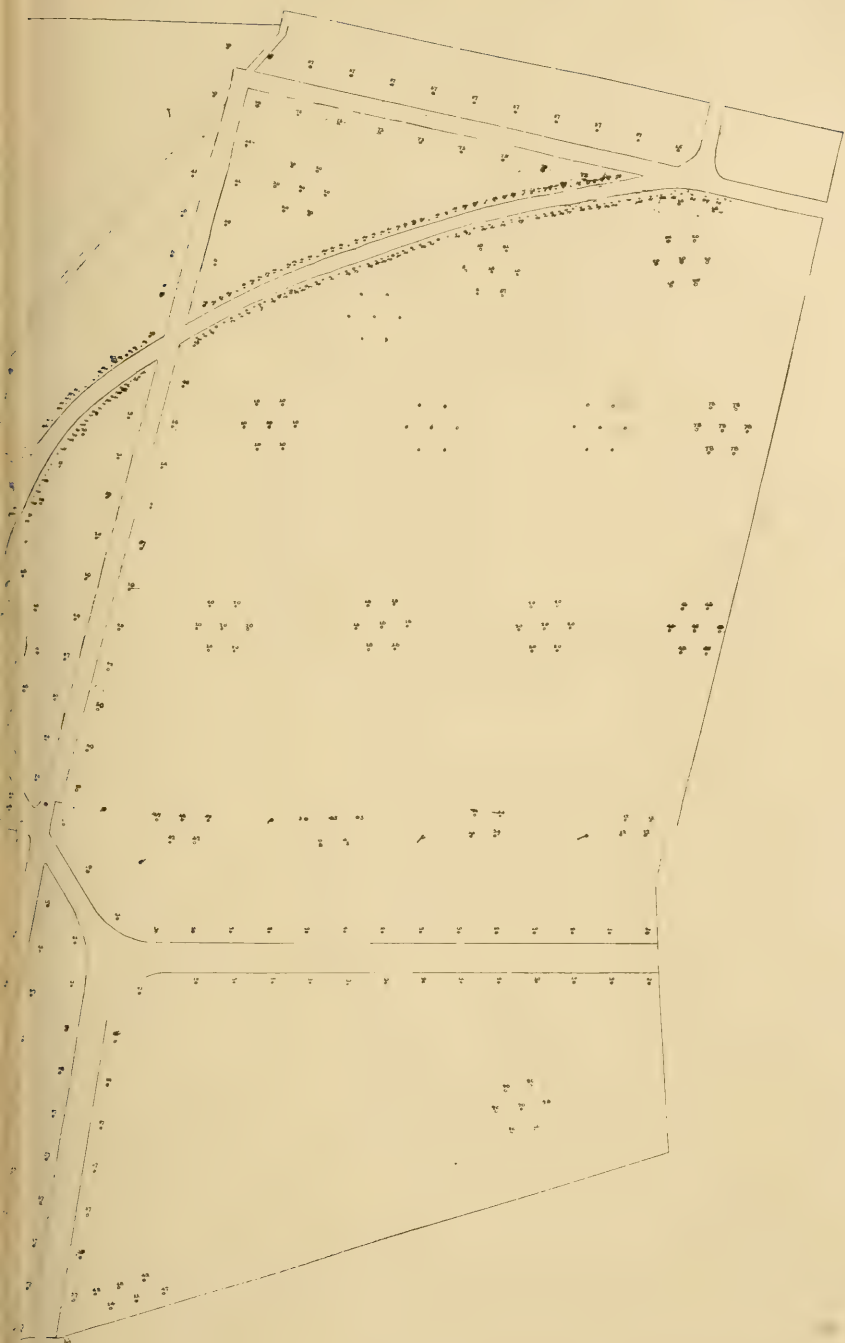






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VOL. XXV.

HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1904.

No. 8.

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*Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*

FROM the present time until spring holidays all members of the three lower classes in College are invited to compete for positions on the Editorial Board of THE HAVERFORDIAN. Although competition is formally open to all three classes, preference will probably be given to Freshmen. Candidates should hand in, from time to time, as they may desire, material of every kind which is usually published in the paper. Accounts of important events such as athletic contests, monthly collections of college notes, editorials, information about alumni, essays, stories, sketches,

poems, are all acceptable. Especial weight and consideration will be given to material which we are able to publish. When any candidate makes it evident that he is capable of doing a variety of work well, he may be elected by the Board. Probably the first election will not take place until near the time of spring holidays, but competition is not necessarily closed at that time. Contributions should be written plainly, in ink, on one side of paper, and handed to any of the editors.

IT has been announced that the cricket team is to go abroad this year. The teams that went over in 1896 and in 1900 both gave a good account of themselves; and, at present writing, there seems to be no reason why the team of 1904 should not do quite as well as its predecessors. With a veteran team and a captain of known ability, the outlook is most favorable. The schedule, which is being arranged, will include about fourteen games. All of these are with schools except one with the M. C. C., at Lord's. No games are to be played with Oxford and Cambridge. Henry Cope, '69, will have charge of the team, as in 1896 and 1900, and it is entirely through his efforts that the trip has been made possible.

IF the football coaching system is changed again, it should be because the prospects for a better one are very clear and sure—not because the present system has proved a failure. And in the way of this new system there stand many difficulties. Professional coach-



ing might be desirable if we were sure of our coach. But we are not sure of him, and experimenting at the heavy expense of the Alumni is a costly practice. The graduate system has been given a brief trial, and the result this year has been most satisfactory. The existing imperfection in it ought to admit improvement in the future, and no doubt will, if tried. If our great object next year is to win victory, it remains an open question which system promises more; but if our object be one more worthy of Hav-

erfordians, it would seem that old Haverfordians are better qualified to have direction of our efforts.

THE unfortunate circumstances which led to the resignation of Dr. J. W. Harry are very much to be regretted. His place as temporary instructor of economics will be taken by Dr. Kelsey, of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Harry leaves us with the best wishes of the College for his recovery in health and for his future success.

### "Spirit of Old-fashioned Roses."

"Spirit of Old-fashioned Roses,"  
Breathing the air of the spring,  
Spirit of far-away roses,  
Sweet as a song you sing.  
Now in the dusk of the twilight,  
As evening softly falls,  
Kiss the farewell of forever,  
Ere the thought of forever appalls;  
Touch his lips gently and sweetly  
As leaves touch a castle's walls.

*W. H. Haines, Jr., '06.*

### PREDECESSORS OF THE HAVERFORDIAN.

YOUNG Haverfordians of the present time who wonder what the college was like when their grandfathers recited Horace or plotted curves, will find the Library rich in memorials of that time. The college catalogue of 1852 shows a course of study which might bring some of us to sober meditation, if the same tasks were to confront us. The curriculum was divided into four almost even groups of studies. Of these, two were given to Latin and Greek, one to mathematics and one to all other branches put together. Euclid, Thucydides, Paley and Butler are representative of the afflictions under which our forefathers groaned. The day of cuts, of free electives, of spring and Christmas holidays was still

in the great golden age of the future. Founder's Hall did not yet bear that name, as it was the only large building on the grounds and required no more specific designation than "Haverford School." Students slept in rooms whose size and equipment were suggestive of solitary confinement. They rose early and, regardless of season or temperature, performed daily ablutions in the open air around Founder's Hall. Several bath tubs occupied the room where Y. M. C. A. meetings now are held, and warm water was furnished there once a week. The dormitories were not used as study rooms, but the lessons were prepared in a large collection room, where now is the dining hall. The superintendent and his wife,



the matron, exercised a loving and watchful care over their charges, in order that they might not wear too worldly clothing or read any periodical save *The Friend*. At times a special officer was engaged to make these matters his sole concern. His official title was "caretaker."

The History of Haverford College tells the story of the founding and struggle for existence of Haverford School, and of its incorporation into a college. When we read up through the '50s and '60s we realize that the institution of which we are now so proud is, much like other live things, a product of slow growth. Not that the old scholars were not proud of it in their day! Well, they might have been, for the men who gave them learning and life equipment indeed deserved appreciation and respect. Haverford of to-day owes much to former teachers and presidents like Joseph G. Harlan, Samuel Gummere and Thomas Chase.

A relic of those early days now reposes on the shelves of the Library in a dignified silence which is seldom disturbed. The bound volumes of *The Collegian*, *The Bud*, and *The Gem* contain within their covers a wealth of information for the curious or the interested. Before speaking of them, a word about the societies which produced them is necessary.

Haverford School was opened October 28, 1833. Fifteen months afterward the students formed "an association for mutual improvement in literature and science." This was the beginning of the Loganian Society, named after Logan, the intimate friend of William Penn. "Its objects were stated to be improvement in composition and elocution, the investigation of various scientific and literary subjects, and the formation of a museum and cabinet of natural history, and of a library." In lieu of an extensive course in composition and forensics this society gave much of the instruction which we

now receive elsewhere. Instead of football seasons, gymnastic contests or operas (!) the work in this and the other societies helped to develop qualities and facilitate fraternal relations, which we now covet and seek in the various associations.

From 1838 to 1882 *The Collegian* represented the Loganian. Editors were appointed to write or obtain articles to be read at a monthly meeting. After each meeting the manuscript, always uniform in size, was bound with perhaps a few steel engravings. During the years 1845-9 the school suspended, and this paper was not issued, but forty volumes give evidence now of the faithful work of the editors during the forty years of its existence.

The Loganian was always an open society, but in 1857-8 two secret literary societies were formed, the Athenaeum and the Everett. *The Gem*, representing the former, and *The Bud*, representing the latter, were edited in about the same manner as *The Collegian*.

Thirteen headings are mentioned by the History of Haverford College as classes under which the contents of *The Collegian* belong, and these will very well suffice for *The Bud* and *The Gem*. Travels, history, politics, poetry are mentioned, but fiction is not. And one can find hardly a single short story in the eighty-five volumes! One pirate story was related in *The Bud*, but this, we trust, was a satire on pirate stories. The youth of the '50s evidently did not have free access to a library alcove of Dickens, Fielding and Scott. We cannot say, however, that this dearth of fiction is due to lack of imagination, for we find imagination even in the mathematical treatises.

Biographical sketches of Sir William Wallace, Voltaire, Tecumseh, Archimedes; abstractions on Superstition, Immortality, Imagination; literary essays on



Scott, Burns or In Memoriam; even a "Sermon on Jacob Kissed Rachel" form a part of the contents. Editorials and criticisms have the quality of clearness, but are not always terse, nor phrased with distinction. In several numbers "The Meteorological Register of the Loganian Society," and articles on astronomy and chemistry show interest in science. The political, linguistic or didactic essays are rather discouraging to any except the persistent reader, but the poetry reveals a good deal of fun, and even real treasures.

The classical influence is naturally very strong, both in prose and poetry. When a student spends a third or a half of his study hours on Latin and Greek his style of writing is very sure to be affected by it. Lines like

"At morn, when Sol's glances  
Have kissed my pale brow."

Or "The last flash of Phoebus' beam," very often occur. But the Romantic influence is more predominant. Imagination, emotion and real lyric quality are in much of the serious poetry. The mock heroics do not people the woods around the school with "hinds" or "nymphs" or "dryads," as often as with mad dogs, truant boys, or "caretakers."

The verses are worthy of a close study. Some give evidence of "trying hard to be," but failing. In the first number of *The Collegian* we find such a poem as this, which starts out better than it ends:

"A purple light  
Was above the bright  
And gorgeous sun,  
Where it begun  
To rise up warm  
Amidst a snow storm,  
And when it rose higher,  
Like a house on fire,  
It blazed with a ruddy light,  
And when it disappeared  
A very great snowstorm was greatly feared."  
A little experience in writing seems

to bring improvement, for when the winter is over and spring comes on we have more polished and musical lines. The metre of this stanza from an "Ode to Spring" reminds one of Shelley's "Sky-lark."

"Like a dream of fleetness,  
Which sleeping eye doth see;  
Like a note of sweetness,  
In sorrow's harmony,  
Upon the ice-clad hills  
Descendeth thought of thee."

It would be rather absurd to take up very many of these verses and treat them in a pseudo-literary way, as most of them are weak or soft. The longer poems especially are mere pages of commonplaces, with little that is striking, except the breaks in metre, or absences of punctuation. Yet one feels convinced of the seriousness and sincerity of the writer in almost every case. Now and then a verse or a stanza appears which witnesses to an occasional visit of the muse, for whom the young poet often writes his plea.

In "Hannibal Dying" there is unusual poetic feeling and faculty. One or two verses have that stirring eloquence of Macaulay in his "Horatius at the Bridge." The two closing stanzas are:

"I curse thee—an undying fire  
My soul with fury fills—  
May fell barbarians light thy pyre,  
Queen of the Seven Hills!  
May Goths and Vandals revel where  
Thy palaces and temples were.

"On thee, be poured all wrathful fate,  
In one devouring flame,  
Thy ruins lie all desolate,  
And blasted be thy name.  
I die, lone, friendless, poor, bereft—  
But this, my scathing curse, is left."

The title "He and She" is not very promising, but under it appears six couplets, whose simplicity, directness and pathos remind us somewhat of the old



English ballads. It is worth quoting in full:

"He was a knight in armor drest;  
She was the lady who loved him best.

"He has gone to the Holy War,  
To cross his sword with the scimitar.

"She in the twilight, gray and dim,  
Drops a tear as she thinks of him.

"He is lying all stark and cold,  
In a shallow grave, in the Turkish mould.

"She in a convent tells her beads,  
And her face is calm, while her warm heart bleeds;

"And she sends up a prayer to the Lord above,  
For the sake of the soul of her long-lost love."

Our humorist comes along with his doggerel, and gives us the sad tale of the melancholy cat who lost her kittens:

"That melancholy cat has come—

The saddest of her kind—

That's lame and maimed, and deaf and dumb;

Her tail cut off behind."

A story in verse, "Midnight Researches," is suggestive of fun which our grandfathers must have found within or without the sombre walls of old Founders. This verse extends over eleven pages, and is liberally illustrated by pencil drawings, which are almost reminiscent of Blake. The ideas here and elsewhere indicate a familiarity with Poe. A more successful piece of work is the "Integral Calculus." The four stanzas quoted may not be the best:

"Ill-favored son of Science, thou  
Wast born when Science's head was heavy;  
When wrinkles covered o'er his brow,  
And he was shorn of grace and glory.

"More horrid offspring ne'er was seen,  
The ugliest visage in creation;  
And form—as crooked, lank and lean,  
As thy own sign of Integration.

"Thou'rt even now but in thy youth,  
Of evil works a new beginner;  
Yet thou, misshapen and uncouth,  
Dost seem an old and hardened sinner.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Astronomers may praise thy fame,

And sometimes seek thy stern assistance;  
But, saith the poet, *Utinam*,  
That thou wert still a non-existence."

The references to the abolition movement are of interest, showing the constant attitude of the young Quaker toward slavery. But when the Civil War time comes there are no articles written on peace, nor are there evidences of debate or discussion on the subject. The reason is clear. The question of war or peace was not an open one. There was so little doubt about the wickedness of war that it occurred to no one to raise the subject. In an early paper about the revolutionary battle of Guilford we see the attitude, especially in the closing sentence: "How dare we boast of our victories, our trophies and our independence—our institutions, both social and political, shedding prosperity and happiness upon the land? Aye, those bones cry in almost audible tones against us."

In a poem addressed to Scotland we have a similar feeling in the closing stanza:

"Yet, Scotland! Warriors' deeds are not,  
Nor chivalry thy brightest gem;  
Are not the names of Burns and Scott  
The fairest in thy diadem?"

Epidemics of amorous poetry, such as the one which affected our college poets not long ago, seem to have been prevented by inoculation, or else violently suppressed. Bryn Mawr College was not founded until years afterward, but this fact may not explain it in any way. No doubt the boys then resembled in most respects the specimens of the species with which we are now familiar. But we must give them credit for restraining their gush of feelings when they wrote poetry; and if the disease were raging, for keeping the symptoms from appearing in the paper.

These papers rose, flourished and died a natural death. When courses in Eng-



lish demanded the literary efforts of the students the societies were more and more poorly supported, until they were discontinued in an active form. The Loganian still exists, but more as a relic than as a living force. The debating team which annually represents it might be more truly called representative of the advanced class in forensics.

Besides the three big journals, a few words about the shorter ones would be in place. Among the papers of an old Haverfordian has recently been found a single copy of what seems to be the earliest attempt at a Haverford School journal. This one copy is entitled *The Erodelphian*. It is No. 11, dated 2nd mo., 28th, 1835. The old manuscript consists of several large sheets pasted on manila paper. One of its poetical attempts is entitled "Napoleon," and is signed by the pseudonym, "Lucian." The date of Napoleon's death being well within the lifetime of the poet, the subject is especially apropos:

"Grim death has marked his manly frame;  
The glow of youth has fled;  
The soul no earthly power could tame  
To Heavenly Realms has sped.

"On the rocky isle his eyes he closed,  
And wept his fatal doom;  
Beneath the sod his bones reposed—  
His fame ne'er found a tomb."

In 1844 appeared *The Budget*, a weekly chronicle of college life. This was the first attempt at a paper which was not

essentially literary. Its course was run after a brief year.

In 1872 *The Grasshopper* was published by the students, but in the end neither the name nor contents found hearty approval with the faculty, and it was soon discontinued.

October of 1879 saw the founding of two institutions, which have continued to thrive since that time. They are the Y. M. C. A. and THE HAVERFORDIAN. THE HAVERFORDIAN differs superficially from its predecessors in that it is printed and circulated, it chronicles current events in college life, it advertises the college and it strengthens the relations between students and alumni. For several years the editors were elected by the college, each class choosing its representatives. But in 1897 this was changed to the present system in order that the Board might be chosen competitively.

Whoever goes back to these old manuscript papers and reads through them will find that their literary excellence varies, and good art is rarely found. But he will learn that the writers of them were thinkers, theoretical, perhaps, and immature, but thinkers none the less. And if he knows the worth of those authors, and the standing which they have to-day he will not be surprised at the sound and deep thought they used to show in their college days, when they were developing the qualities which make men.

D. L. Burgess, '04.

### The Piper.

A shepherd piped till close of day  
Plaintive and soft and true—  
Oh, would that he might pipe alway,  
For, Love, he sang of you.  
No other mortal heard his lay,  
Nor dreamed its tenderness,  
But still he piped till close of day  
Within the wilderness.

W. H. Haines, Jr., '06.



## MY PATERNAL CAPACITY.

IT was late afternoon, yet fortunately the evening homeward rush had not yet begun to overburden the street cars on my line. I say my line, for though not blessed with the possession of a single share of P. D. Q. Traction stock, years of daily use have bred a familiarity which carries with it a sense of proprietorship. From the time when, in knickerbockers and cap, I travelled in and out "the line" between our home in the suburbs and my first school, to these days of longer hours and far harder lessons, still at a desk, but of another kind, I have always felt a selfish interest in my fellow-passengers. So it was that on this afternoon I settled down in a car but sparsely filled, and began to scrutinize my elbow neighbors after my habit of old. The same familiar type, nothing new or interesting—when next to me I became aware of a presence, as it were, even before I turned and saw a young woman. Her face, if nothing else about her, seemed decidedly worth attention. I glanced to the child beside her, a yellow-haired toddler, between two and three years of age, all smiles and dimples, then back to the girl. "No use, old man," I thought; "she's married. I wonder who's the lucky man?" Once more I turned, and watched the baby, who was engaged in demonstrating infant theorems with a sticky finger, on the car window. Having proved the matter in hand to his entire satisfaction, he gave his earnest attention to the process of remodeling the features of his mother's face (in truth, small need had they of it, thought I). Whether with the inherited art of Phidias or with the skill of an infant Dr. Woodbury, the young rascal labored with both hands to stretch her lower lip and nose to the point of contact; yet even this se-

vere test of a mother's patience called forth but a gentle and smiling rebuke. By this time I may say I was at least decidedly interested, and from surreptitiously glancing out of the corner of my eye, I turned in my seat and squarely faced the baby with a "winning" smile. The smile won.

Immediately the baby face was wreathed in a smile of apparent recognition; two little chubby hands stretched toward me, and a cherubic voice cried: "Papa!"

I looked at the girl beside me; she still, though with blushing face, preserved her good humor in spite of ill-suppressed broad smiles all over the car.

But the baby would not be denied; having come to me, he insisted upon staying; and though I will confess I did not appreciate to the full extent this sudden popularity, I made the best of it, after the most approved fashion in such situations (which is to say, I made a fool of myself). What came near being the last straw, however, was a whispered comment which I overheard across the aisle: "Such a little dear; he has his father's nose."

At this point I foresaw release, as the mother of the "bouncing baby boy," who was then justifying the epithet in my arms, rose to leave the car. But not so; where I had conquered I had become a slave, and rather than delay the car I stepped off, and it moved on, leaving us standing in the street. I looked at the girl; she looked at me; we both laughed; the baby crowed copiously. Upon an inspection of my surroundings I was amazed to discover that we were on my own corner.

"It's no use," said the girl; "he gets this way sometimes, and we can't do anything with him till we get him home.



I'm awfully sorry, but if you will come with me—it isn't far—we can dislodge him."

Strange words from a mother, thought I, and fervently wished the child in his downy bed; but once more I looked upon the face of the girl, and followed without a murmur.

Soon she stopped me at the gate next to mine, still further apologizing; but not until we reached the steps of the broad, sweeping verandah did the sticky embrace about my neck relax, and the little curly head pass over to rest upon a feminine shoulder. Murmuring thanks, the girl hurried into the house. As for me, I stood in utter forgetfulness, staring after.

It was the next morning; the dawn of one of those days when one wakes with the sun at one's window, feeling glad to be alive; it found me in our garden, fresh and full of the joy of the dew-covered flowers and grass, which spread about. Over the hedge, in the garden of our new neighbors, some one was astir, too, and I began to wonder who these people were (for they had come but a few days before), when the event of the previous afternoon was recalled by a

clear, low, musical laugh, somehow quite familiar. It was suddenly suppressed, and a face appeared beyond the hedge—it was my friend of yesterday. Again we looked at each other, and again we laughed; clear, hearty peals, as if by common consent. The sounds awoke an echo of a different sort from the house in the background; my curly-haired protégé of the strong attachment on the car was making himself heard in no gentle strain.

A moment she ceased, and listened; then, once more convulsed, she mocked, in baby voice, "Papa!" With a last despairing effort to maintain the few remaining shreds of dignity, I drew myself up, turned away and said:

"Your son seems to need you, Mrs.—Mrs., ah—"

"Not Mrs.—Miss," she replied, and then, as I turned sharply and returned to the hedge on the run, she laughed, with that utter irrelevance which is the privilege of women.

"Don't you like my little nephew? Won't you come over? He might want to see you."

I came.

*S. M. Boher, '05.*

## THE TROJAN HORSE.

### A Fragment.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—During the recent excavations at Mycenæ, a large stone tablet was unearthed, bearing a curious inscription in ancient Greek characters. The statements contained in it are extremely valuable on account of the light which they throw on the much disputed question of the "Trojan Horse." We can assure our readers that these are hard facts and absolutely reliable. This is the first time that they have been made public. The following is a literal translation.]

"**S**ING, goddess, of the strong-footed Achæans! Sing thou of the well-greaved Trojans! Raise thy voice in praise of the heroic Argives, and . . . (here a crack interrupts the voice of the singer, and a great part of the account is lost.—ED.).

A brilliant sight greeted the football enthusiasts on Troy field this afternoon. It was the occasion of the great annual Græco-Trojan game, and the tremendous crowd filled the large stadium to overflowing. The masses of rival colors added a pleasing touch to the scene. Above the heads of the crowd the Trojan arms (a golden apple rampant on a field sable) fluttered in the breezes of shiftY Boreas.

The boxes were filled with the leaders of Troy's smart set, who



had turned out in force for the great society event. Mrs. Helen Paris, formerly Mrs. Menelaus, occupied a prominent box on the Trojan side. She was becomingly attired in a pale blue silk himation with green trimmings. Mrs. Andromache Hector wore a yellow chiton with a lace collar and belt of the same design. Throughout the game the devotees of fashion showed an unwavering interest in the struggle.

Before the appearance of the rival teams, the cheering was almost continuous. The sharp, incisive "Ump! Yah! Yah!" of the Greeks was answered by the slower but more impressive "Woof! Woof! Bow-wow!" of the Trojans. The latter were led by the Satyrs' Municipal Band, while the Greeks were inspired by the Fauns' Symphony Orchestra.

Promptly at 2 o'clock Captain Agamemnon led his team on the field. For a few minutes pandemonium reigned; but when the Trojan team followed, a moment later, Jupiter Pluvius rained.

Captain Hector won the toss of the obol, and elected to defend the north goal. The Greek team was much weakened by the absence of Achilles, their star full-back, who had refused to play, owing to a slight difference with Captain Agamemnon. Patroclus was substituted. At 2.15 the latter kicked off to Paris, who ran the ball back 10 yards. The Trojans were unable to gain, and Hector punted to Ulysses, who was downed in his tracks. After a few short gains, the Greeks were likewise forced to punt. The ball continued to change hands, without much advantage to either side, until near the end of the first half. With only half a minute to play, the most sensational run of the day occurred. Patroclus caught a punt on his own 25-yard line, and, aided by splendid interference, ran through the entire Trojan team. Euphorbus made an ineffectual attempt to tackle him, but only arrested

his career for a moment. The delay was sufficient, however, to allow the swift-footed Hector to overtake him, and he was slammed to earth on the Trojans' 5-yard line. Time was then, unfortunately, called, and Patroclus was carried off the field in an insensible condition.

Between the halves a report was circulated that Achilles had signified his intention of entering the game, after all, in place of the injured Patroclus. The report was confirmed when Achilles appeared on the field, in a suit which he had hastily borrowed from Vulcan. His presence seemed to inspire the team with new hope. He frequently hurdled the centre for long gains; but, in spite of his efforts, the Greeks were unable to score. With only five minutes to play, Achilles broke through the line and started up the field, with no one but Hector in his way. The two met with a terrific crash, and Achilles, carried on by his own impetus, dragged his opponent 7 yards before being downed. Hector was so seriously injured by the collision that he was forced to withdraw. The triumph of Achilles was of short duration, however, for on the next play, in attempting an end run, he was brilliantly tackled by the well-shinguarded Paris, who barely caught the heel of the flying Greek and rolled him in the dust. The Greek outlook was exceedingly gloomy when the star full-back was carried off the field on a stretcher and added to the hospital list.

At this moment the wily Ulysses was seen whispering vigorously to his captain. The ball was at this time in the Greeks' possession on the Trojans' 70-yard line, and there was but a minute left to play. An order was given by Agamemnon to the water-carrier, and a moment later an Ethiopian appeared, leading a large and bony army mule. The mule was put in at full-back for the



Greeks, and immediately dropped back to the 80-yard line, with his posterior extremity directed toward the Trojan goal. Agamemnon and Menelaus each seized an ear of the docile animal, and the signal was given to pass the ball. Nestor, the burly centre, made an accurate snap, and, as the ball touched the ground immediately behind the mule, the two half-backs twisted the ears of the animal vigorously. With lightning-like velocity, the heels of the mule struck the ball, and the terrific impact sent it squarely across the Trojan goal and far out into the blue sky beyond. As the Greeks realized that the game was won, they rushed upon the field like maniacs, and carried off the victorious ass in triumph on their shoulders.

This is the true history of the "Trojan

Horse." May succeeding generations who read this account be mindful of how humble an animal it was which, aided by the craft of wily Ulysses, caused the downfall and destruction of the men of Troy.

The line-up was as follows :

| TROY.            | POSITIONS.                      | GREECE.   |
|------------------|---------------------------------|-----------|
| Sarpedon.....    | Left end.....                   | Idomeneus |
| Pisander.....    | Left tackle.....                | T. Ajax   |
| Euphorbus.....   | Left guard .....                | Machaon   |
| Priam.....       | Centre.....                     | Nestor    |
| Æneas.....       | Right guard.....                | Diomed    |
| Lycaon.....      | Right tackle.....               | O. Ajax   |
| Pandarus.....    | Right end.....                  | Glaucus   |
| Paris.....       | Quarter-back.....               | Ulysses   |
| Deiphobus.....   | Left half-back.....             | Agamemnon |
| Polydamas.....   | Right half-back.....            | Menelaus  |
| Hector (Helenus) | Full-back. Patroclus (Achilles) |           |
|                  | (Asinus Domesticus)             |           |

S. G. Spaeth, '05.

## SKETCHES.

### The Miltonic Sentence.

BY no means the least fascinating, nor, indeed, the least instructive, exercise for the student of Milton's prose is to observe how, in his intricate fashion, and yet with apparently the gracefulest ease and most perfect confidence, he constructs his sentences, now making a momentary excursus, now adding a relative clause, inserting here an adverbial modifier, there a parenthetical explanation or elegant apostrophe, until he seems enmeshed in an almost inextricable maze, when, as finally arraying his hosts (phrases, clauses, modifiers, *et cetera ad infinitum*), forgetting never a would-be deserter, he employs a strategic device which, albeit perhaps confusing for a time, presently sweeps the field and drags the poor exhausted victim, ere he has had time to breathe, to the close of a brilliant—nay! methinks, dazzling—periodic sentence. C. J. T., '05.

### Bluffing as a Fine Art.

(Extract from Congressman ——'s speech to the graduating class.)

THE rapid strides of civilization, in the past few years, have developed possibilities hitherto undreamed of in many of our accomplishments. Among these, one of the foremost is the science of bluffing, which has now proved its right to be numbered among the fine arts. . . . The science of bluffing originated in an innocent card-game, which was popular several years ago, and is still played in some remote regions of the United States. (Applause.) From this lowly origin, it has gradually risen, until now it is the very foundation of politics, the sum and substance of finance, the essence of all business enterprise, and the chief end of education. What would become of a politician who couldn't put up a bluff? What stock broker is not a



bluffer, in the best sense of the word? How could business be carried on without some exaggeration in advertising? What schoolboy can pass an examination without having recourse to bluffing? . . . In these strenuous days it is practically impossible to make any headway without the aid of this new science. It is necessary for our existence; it is vital. . . . Therefore, I would advise every young man, starting out on the road of life, to cultivate the art of bluffing, and assuredly success will follow in his steps." (Prolonged applause.)

*S. G. Spaeth, '05.*

### Concerning Soup.

I LOVE soup. Whether it be that guileless variety, which, in its transparent innocence harms no man and warms many, or whether it be that thick, livid potion which surges down the esophagus like some heavy spring tide along a narrow gulf, I care not. I crave soup. I am never happier than when I perceive the broad smile of a black-face drawing near me, veiled with the cheerful steam of a soup caldron. Sometimes my varying mood demands that soup within whose tender bosom fragments of carrots find a resting place; or, happily, I view delicious morsels of parsnip. But should you ask me just now what variety would delight me, I should say, "Oyster soup, please; make it hot!" Oh, that sacred liquid! Here and there on its surface float those tender little islands and over all, like tropical seaweed on sunny Southern seas, floats a scum of melted butter. And if, perchance, a lifeless crab should cruise peacefully in those sacred waters, then, with folded hands and upturned eye, I murmur: "Ah, this is truly life!"

*Bernard Lester, '04.*

### Love and Death.

"MEN have died," cried the mocking Rosalind, "and worms have eaten them, but not for love." Believe it not, O faithful heart, for men have died and worms have eaten them for love's sake, and for love's sake alone. I loved a daughter of the King, one of those fair flowers which God plants in his favored places to illumine with Heaven's sunlight the dreary desolation of the world. She seemed more high, more holy-sweet than aught that mortal man could hope to call his own. Yet she loved me with all the fervor of her unsullied soul. Ah, Lord of Love! What blissful days sped o'er us then, on pinions swift and strong! Little wonder that envy filled the angels' hearts. . . . She died. Then came pale funeral pomp and many flowers. "Sweets to the sweet. Farewell." They laid her, clad in raiment white as her own stainless spirit, deep in the rock-hewn tomb. My soul went with her and returned no more. Weary nights and long I watched beside the body of my beloved. I learned what the sad prophet Jeremy meant when he wailed, "Thou hast made me to dwell in dark places, as those that have been long dead." I dwelt in dark places, for "my sighs were many and my heart was faint." The wan corpse-light flickered and wavered in the horrid blackness of that sepulchral cavern, and strange shapes flitted past me in the gloom. I drove back with shuddering dread the charnel worms that would fain have feasted to the full on her fading beauty. "The worm is spread under thee, and worms cover thee," I thought, and trembled violently. . . . For "a time, times, and half a time" I watched, and waited, not knowing that I had passed into the land of shadows. For I, too, was dead, and I knew it not.

*W. P. Bonbright, '04.*



### The Old Year.

Tarry, oh, tarry no longer here,  
 Departing year !  
 Speed away quickly, and take in thy flight  
 The spirits of darkness, the shadows of night,  
 Which hover around me so ghastly and drear,  
 Telling the tale of the passing year !  
 Die with the shame, the woe that I fear,  
 Departing year !  
 Fade, fade away in the light of the new,—  
 Welcome the dawn and its roseate hue ;  
 Vanish remorse, a new era is near,  
 Telling of hope in the coming year !

*D. L. B., '04.*

### ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

#### 1890 Reunion.

THE thirteenth annual meeting and dinner of the Class of 1890 was held at the usual place, Boothby's restaurant, Philadelphia, on the evening of November 21st. Nearly all of those present had attended the Swarthmore game at Haverford in the afternoon.

The same warm feeling of loyalty and good fellowship which has so characterized the annual gathering of our class was again evident, and after a very pleasant evening we parted with expressions of keen desire to meet again at the customary time next year.

The following were present : William G. Audenried, Henry R. Bringham, George T. Butler, T. Amory Coffin, Percy S. Darlington, Dilworth P. Hibbard, John F. T. Lewis, W. Percy Simpson, Jonathan M. Steere.

*Jonathan M. Steere,*  
 Secretary.

#### 1902 Reunion.

THE Class of 1902 met for its second annual alumni gathering on Saturday, December 26th, 1903, at Haver-

ford. In the afternoon a friendly game of association football between the College team and a picked team from 1902 was played on Walton Field, and resulted in a score of 3 goals to 0, the Alumni Class having the small end. Lack of team work, combined with lack of training, due to the neglect of the game by the members of that former winning team, largely accounted for the showing made by 1902. Enough, however, cannot be said in praise of the team work exhibited by the College team, and it should win them the championship. The work of C. C. Morris, '04, and Rossmassler, '07, for the 'Varsity, and Gummere and Cookman for 1902, was especially praiseworthy.

The teams lined up at 3 o'clock as follows:

| HAVERFORD.          | POSITIONS.            | CLASS 1902.          |
|---------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Bradley, '04.....   | Goal.....             | Pusey                |
| Priestman, '05..... | Right full-back....   | Balderston           |
| Dickson, '06.....   | Left full-back.....   | Cadbury              |
| H. Cookman, '05 ..  | Right half-back.....  | Stork<br>(Evans)     |
| Kimber, '04.....    | Left half-back.....   | Wistar               |
| Pleasants, '06 ..   | Centre half-back..... | Gummere<br>(Captain) |



Rossmassler, '07...Outside right.....Trout  
 Spaeth, '05.....Inside right.....Thomas  
 H. H. Morris (Capt.)..Centre forward.....Spiers  
 C. C. Morris, '04...Inside left.....Cary  
 Tatnall, '07.....Outside left...A. S. Cookman

Referee—Longstreth, '02. Time of halves—  
 30 minutes. Goals—Tatnall, C. C. Morris.  
 Penalty goal—Haverford, 1.

After the game the team gathered together in Lloyd Hall, and soon other members of the Class put in appearance. At 7 o'clock twenty-eight men had arrived, and dinner was served in the Senior dining-room. President A. C. Wood, Jr., called a meeting directly after the dinner, when much class matter was disposed of. "The Class Paper" was ordered continued, by unanimous vote of those present, and, at the suggestion of the officers of the Class, a Board of Editors was elected, as follows: Editor-in-chief, W. W. Pusey, 2d; Editors, E. W. Evans and C. W. Stork; Business Manager, E. E. Trout. The Treasurer's report was satisfactory and showed a firm basis for future work. R. M. Gummere reported that the Class had responded fairly well to the plea for financial aid looking toward a cricket pavilion on Cope Field.

Vice-President Seiler spoke feelingly upon the subject of more of the Class joining the Athletic Association. His remarks made a good impression, which, we trust, will be heard from later.

The Secretary explained in brief the proposed work of the Committee for the Increase in Numbers of the Undergraduate Body, and his suggestions as to what 1902 should do, as the largest class graduated from College, were well received.

Later in the evening the crowd met in Barclay Hall, when, through the kindness of West and Bradley, '04, they were able to enjoy themselves with music and song, led by Seiler and Stork at the piano.

Twenty men remained over night and enjoyed breakfast in the good old way,

in the Senior dining-room, and most remained about College until noon. By 3 o'clock, however, 1902 had gone and Haverford had regained its usual holiday quiet.

The Secretary wishes to thank the members of 1904-'05 who allowed the use of their rooms in Lloyd and Barclay Halls.

Those present were: A. C. Wood, Jr., Riverton; D. A. Roberts, Moorestown; H. G. Jones, G. S. Garrett, N. A. Scott, H. Newman, E. G. Kirk, Philadelphia; C. Evans, North Carolina; H. L. Balderston, Allentown; W. P. Philips, Albany, N. Y.; G. A. Newlin, Los Angeles, Cal.; C. L. Seiler, E. G. Boles, W. C. Longstreth, P. Nicholson, Haverford; W. W. Pusey, 2d, Wilmington; A. S. Cookman, New York City; G. A. Thomas, Millville, N. J.; A. G. H. Spiers, R. M. Gummere, C. R. Cary, Boston; E. E. Trout, Wayne; E. W. Evans, S. P. Jones, D. J. Brown, Caspar Wistar, C. W. Stork, Germantown; W. E. Cadbury, P. G., Germantown.

*W. W. Pusey, 2d,*

Dec. 28, 1903.

Secretary.

### 1903 Reunion.

THE Class of 1903 held its reunion at the College on the evening of Wednesday, December 30th. After dinner in the Senior dining-room, the Class adjourned to Lloyd Hall for its business meeting, at which several important matters were discussed and letters from absent members were read. The regular old Haverford jollification followed. Of the thirty-two members of the Class, eighteen attended: Barr, Bateman, Cornman, Dominovich, Drinker, Duerr, Garrigues, Greb, Miller, Peirce, Phillips, Snowden, Swift, Warrington, Wilson, Winslow, Worthington.

*H. A. D., '03, Sec.*



'67. Colonel B. Frank Eshleman died at his home in Lancaster, Pa., on December 17th, from diseases brought on by injuries received in a runaway accident in Philadelphia several weeks ago. He was born in Lancaster in 1847, and entered Haverford in 1863, graduating four years later. After graduation he studied law, being called to the bar in 1871. From 1878 to 1881 he served as District Attorney. During the Presidential campaign of 1876 he was a delegate to the convention at Cincinnati which nominated Hayes. He was appointed Judge Advocate General of the National Guard by Governor Hastings, and had held the office until the time of his death. A widow and six children survive him.

'84. Francis A. White, of Baltimore, visited the College on December 16th and

addressed the Y. M. C. A.

For the following note we are indebted to the *Wilmingtonian*:

'01. C. O. Carey is at Ann Arbor taking a course in civil engineering.

'00. C. J. Allen was married at Providence, R. I., on December 11th, to Miss Henrietta G. Benson, of that place. E. R. Richie, '99, was best man, and B. S. De Cou, '99, J. T. Emlen, '00, E. B. Taylor, '00, and D. A. Roberts, '02, were ushers.

'03. E. F. Hoffman was married on October 22d to Miss Sarah W. Tongue.

'03. H. M. Trueblood visited College just before vacation.

The following Alumni have been out to work with the Gymnasium team: F. B. Jacobs, '97, H. H. Jenks, '00, E. C. Rossmassler, '01, C. L. Seiler, '02.

## THE LAWN.

THE supplement which accompanies the present number of THE HAVERFORDIAN shows the original plan upon which the College lawn was planted, and should be of great interest to many old Haverfordians. It has come to light after many years of seclusion, and its discovery will greatly aid in the effort to restore some of their original beauty to the surroundings. The drawing was probably made between 1833 and 1840, by John Collins, and is endorsed "Plan of the Planting of Haverford School." It is in four sections and in duplicate. The original has been carefully mounted and framed, and is hung in the Library, where it invites inspection. A list of the trees, with numbers corresponding to those on the map, is here appended, and will serve to show

with what intelligent care the original selections were made, and how great was the variety obtained.

It is little short of a calamity that such a fine park has so suffered from neglect with the lapse of time. The committee in charge of collecting funds for the lawn make another appeal for support in what they regard as one of the most important fields for improvement connected with the College. Spring will be upon us before we know it, and we are yet a thousand dollars short of the necessary sum to secure the five hundred with which our subscription list was started, the time limit being March 1st. The Campus Club should have at once at least a hundred more annual subscribers, as it is upon the yearly sums received that the work must largely de-



pend. At present we stand as follows:

RECEIPTS TO DATE.

|                                 |          |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| Elizabethan Garden Fund.....    | \$167 00 |
| General Fund.....               | 519 42   |
| Club Subscriptions, annual..... | 265 89   |
| Total.....                      | \$952 31 |
| Expenditures.....               | 23 25    |
| Balance in hand.....            | \$929 06 |

We have two life members and sixteen annual subscribers. Life membership is \$100.00, and annual membership, \$5.00, receipts for which will gladly be sent by Alexander C. Wood, treasurer, Riverton, N. J.

*Amelia M. Gummere,*  
Chairman.

Original List of Trees on the Haverford Lawn, 1833.

- |                                                                     |                                                           |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. <i>Quercus Palustris</i> . The Pin Oak.                          | 48. " <i>Nigra</i> . Black Poplar.                        |
| 2. " <i>Alba</i> . White Oak.                                       | 49. <i>Ulmus Campestris</i> . English Elm.                |
| 3. " <i>Pedunculata</i> . English Oak.                              | 50. <i>Calycanthus Floridus</i> . Sweet-scented Shrub.    |
| 4. " <i>Macrocarpa</i> . Overcup Oak.                               | 51. <i>Lonicera Tartarica</i> . Tartarian Honeysuckle.    |
| 5. " <i>Coccinea</i> . Scarlet Oak.                                 | 52. <i>Salix Babylonica</i> . Weeping Willow.             |
| 6. " <i>Phellos</i> . Willow Oak.                                   | 53. <i>Acacia Julibrissin</i> . Silk Tree.                |
| 7. " <i>Tinctoria</i> . Black Oak.                                  | 54. <i>Liriodendron Tulipifera</i> . Tulip Poplar.        |
| 8. " <i>Cerris</i> . Turkey Oak.                                    | 55. <i>Kolreutusteria Paniculata</i> .                    |
| 9. <i>Fagus Sylvestris</i> . Beech.                                 | 56. <i>Halesia Tetraptera</i> . Snowdrop Tree.            |
| 10. <i>Acer Saccharum</i> . Sugar Maple.                            | 57. <i>Platanus Occidentalis</i> . Western Plane Tree.    |
| 11. " <i>Dasy carpum</i> . Silver Maple.                            | 57a. " <i>Orientalis</i> . Oriental " "                   |
| 12. " <i>pseudo Platanus</i> . Sycamore Maple.                      | 58. <i>Liquidambar Styraciflua</i> . Sweet Gum.           |
| 13. " <i>var. Variegata</i> . Red Maple.                            | 59. <i>Betula Populifolia</i> . White Birch.              |
| 14. " <i>Rubrum</i> . Ash-leaved Maple.                             | 60. <i>Hypericum Kalmianum</i> .                          |
| 15. <i>Negundo Aceroides</i> . Horse Chestnut.                      | 61. <i>Pyrus Aucuparia</i> . Mountain Ash.                |
| 16. <i>Aesculus Hippocastanum</i> . Sweet Buckeye.                  | 62. <i>Fagus Ferruginea</i> .                             |
| 17. " <i>Flava</i> .                                                | 63. <i>Lonicera Xylosteum</i> . Fly Honeysuckle.          |
| 18. " <i>Glabra</i> . Fetid. " "                                    | 64. <i>Castanea Vesca</i> . Spanish Chestnut.             |
| 19. <i>Larix Microcarpa</i> . American Larch.                       | 64a. " <i>Americana</i> . American " "                    |
| 19a. " <i>Pendula</i> . Drooping Larch.                             | 65. <i>Magnolia Grandiflora</i> . Laurel-leaved Magnolia. |
| 19b. " <i>Communis</i> . European Larch.                            | 66. <i>Staphylea Trifoliata</i> . Bladder Nut.            |
| 20. <i>Abies Balsamea</i> . Balm of Gilead.                         | 67. <i>Catalpa Cordifolia</i> .                           |
| 21. <i>Pinus Strobus</i> . Weymouth Pine.                           | 68. <i>Gymnocladus Canadensis</i> . Coffee Tree.          |
| 22. " <i>Sylvestris</i> . Scotch Fir.                               | 69. <i>Gleditschia Triacanthus</i> . Honey Locust.        |
| 23. <i>Abies Canadensis</i> . Hemlock.                              | 70. <i>Ailanthus glandulosa</i> .                         |
| 24. <i>Pinus Rigida</i> . Pitchpine.                                | 71. <i>Magnolia Glauca</i> . Swamp Magnolia.              |
| 25. <i>Rubus Odoratus</i> . Flowering Raspberry.                    | 72. <i>Robinia Hispida</i> . Rose Acacia.                 |
| 26. <i>Pinus Inops</i> . Jersey Pine.                               | 73. <i>Magnolia Tripetala</i> . Umbrella Tree.            |
| 27. <i>Abies Nigra</i> . Black Spruce.                              | 74. <i>Magnolia Conspicua</i> . Yulan.                    |
| 28. <i>Viburnum Opulus</i> . Guelder Rose.                          | 75. <i>Tilia Europæa</i> .                                |
| 29. <i>Pinus Deodora</i> . Himalaya Pine.                           | 76. " <i>Glabra</i> .                                     |
| 29a. <i>Larix Cedrus</i> . Cedar of Lebanon.                        | 77. <i>Cornus Florida</i> . Dog Wood.                     |
| 29b. <i>Abies Communis</i> . Norway Spruce.                         | 78. <i>Robinia Pseudacacia</i> . Flowering Locust.        |
| 30. " <i>Rubra</i> . Red Spruce.                                    | 79. " <i>Viscosa</i> . Clammy Locust.                     |
| 31. <i>Xanthoxylum Fraxineum</i> . Prickly Ash.                     | 80. <i>Juglans Nigra</i> . Walnut.                        |
| 32. <i>Cupressus Disticha</i> . Cypress.                            | 81. " <i>Cinerea</i> . Butternut.                         |
| 33. <i>Malcra Aurantiaca</i> . Osage Orange.                        | 82. <i>Amorpha Fruticosa</i> . Wild Indigo.               |
| 34. <i>Aralia Spinosa</i> . Angelica Tree.                          | 83. <i>Cercis Canadensis</i> . Judas Tree.                |
| 35. <i>Juniperus Virginiana</i> . Red Cedar.                        | 84. <i>Carya Alba</i> .                                   |
| 36. <i>Hibiscus Syriacus</i> . Althea.                              | 85. <i>Carya Amara</i> .                                  |
| 37. <i>Thuja Occidentalis</i> . Amer. Arbor Vitæ.                   | 86. <i>Rhus Typhina</i> . Staghorn Sumach.                |
| 38. " <i>Orientalis</i> . Chinese " "                               |                                                           |
| 39. <i>Fraxinus Excelsior</i> , var. <i>Pendula</i> . Drooping Ash. |                                                           |
| 40.                                                                 |                                                           |
| 41.                                                                 |                                                           |
| 42.                                                                 |                                                           |
| 43. <i>Spiræa Salicifolia</i> . Meadow Sweet.                       |                                                           |
| 44. " <i>Hypericifolia</i> . Hypericum-leaved Spiræa.               |                                                           |
| 45. <i>Populus Dilatata</i> . Lombardy Poplar.                      |                                                           |
| 46. " <i>Balsamifera</i> . " "                                      |                                                           |
| 47. " <i>Alba</i> . Abele Tree.                                     |                                                           |



- |                                                                        |                                                                |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| 87. <i>Cerasus Vulgaris</i> , Double-Flowering<br>flore pleno. Cherry. | 112. " Flava. Yellow Honeysuckle.                              |
| 88. <i>Spartium Scoparium</i> , Common Broom.                          | 113. " Japonica.                                               |
| 89. <i>Syringa Vulgaris</i> , Lilac.                                   | 114. " Parviflora.                                             |
| 90. <i>Chionanthus Virginica</i> , Fringe Tree.                        | 115. <i>Jasminum Fruticans</i> , Yellow Jasmine.               |
| 91. <i>Syringa Persica</i> , Persian Lilac.                            | 116. <i>Hydrangea Quercifolia</i> , Oak-leaf Hydrangea.        |
| 92. <i>Philadelphus Coronarius</i> , Mock Orange.                      | 117. <i>Cydonia Japonica</i> , Japan Quince.                   |
| 93. <i>Symphoricarpos Racemosa</i> , Snow Berry.                       | 118. " var. flore albo.                                        |
| 94. <i>Kerria Japonica</i> , The Corchorus.                            | 119. <i>Crataegus Pyracantha</i> .                             |
| 95. <i>Laurus Bensoin</i> , Spice Wood.                                | 120. <i>Euonymus Americanus</i> , Strawberry Tree.             |
| 96. <i>Symphoricarpos Vulgaris</i> , Indian Currant.                   | 121. <i>Cornus Stolonifera</i> .                               |
| 97. <i>Cytisus Laburnum</i> , Common Laburnum.                         | 122.                                                           |
| 98. <i>Cytisus Alpinus</i> , Scotch Laburnum.                          | 123.                                                           |
| 99. <i>Shepherdia Argentea</i> , Buffalo Bush.                         | 124. <i>Corylus Avellana</i> , Hazel.                          |
| 100. <i>Magnolia Obovata</i> , Purple Magnolia.                        | 125. <i>Cydonia Vulgaris</i> , Quince.                         |
| 101. <i>Rhamnus Caroliniensis</i> .                                    | 126. <i>Armeniaca Vulgaris</i> , Cherry.                       |
| 102. <i>Styrax Grandiflorus</i> .                                      | 127. <i>Prunus Domestica</i> , Plum.                           |
| 103. <i>Euonymus Europeus</i> , Spindle Tree.                          | 128. <i>Cerasus Vulgaris</i> , Cherry.                         |
| 104. <i>Rhus Cotinus</i> , Mist Tree.                                  | 129. <i>Pyrus Americana</i> , Amer. Mountain Ash.              |
| 105. <i>Ulmus Montana</i> .                                            | 130. <i>Rhododendron Maximum</i> , Mountain Laurel.            |
| 106. <i>Philadelphus Inodorus</i> .                                    | 131. <i>Kalmia Latifolia</i> .                                 |
| 107. <i>Ribes Aureum</i> , Missouri Currant.                           | 132. <i>Clematis Vitalba</i> .                                 |
| 108. <i>Bignonia Grandiflora</i> .                                     | 133. <i>Euonymus atropurpureus</i> , Burning Bush.             |
| 109. <i>Wistaria Consequana</i> , Chinese Glycene.                     | 134. <i>Cocculus Carolinus</i> .                               |
| 110. <i>Lonicera Periclymenum</i> , Woodbine.                          | 135. <i>Pyrus Spectabilis</i> , Chinese Crab.                  |
| 111. " <i>Sempervirens</i> , Trumpet Honeysuckle.                      | 136. <i>Amelanchier Botryapium</i> , Snowy Mespilus.           |
|                                                                        | 137. <i>Crataegus Oxyacantha</i> , var. B. Red-flowered Thorn. |
|                                                                        | 138. <i>Cerasus Vulgaris</i> , flore pleno.                    |

### COLLEGE NOTES.

THE gymnasium season opened on December 1. Dr. Babbitt has made a few slight changes, of which a third team is the most important. The second and third practice together after the regular class.

The following is a program of some of the winter events after the Christmas vacation. It is as accurate as it can be made at present:

January 6.—Address by Robert E. Speer, in the Y. M. C. A. Room.

January 7.—College begins.

January 8.—Lecture by Kirby Smith.

January 16.—Gymnastic exhibition with Princeton, Pennsylvania, and New York University, at Haverford.

February 26.—Third Annual Interscholastic Meet.

February 28 to March 5.—Three lectures by President Hyde.

March 12.—Gymnastic contest with Lehigh, at Haverford.

March 25.—Intercollegiate gymnastic contest at Princeton.

"Some Glacial Phenomena Observed on the Line of the Canadian Pacific Railway" was the subject of a highly entertaining illustrated lecture by George Vaux, Jr., '84, in Roberts Hall, on the evening of December 1st. This is the first of a series of six lectures under the auspices of the Scientific Society.

H. P. Beach, F. R. G. S., addressed the Y. M. C. A. on December 2d, on "The Existing Conditions of Missionary Work in India."

On account of lack of water, our pond was not fitted up in time to take advantage of the earliest skating, but the recent rains and snows put it in good condition for the cold snap of December 16-19, and quite a number of people were on the pond daily before vacation.

On December 16th the Y. M. C. A. was addressed by Mr. F. A. White, '84,



of Baltimore, who is president of the Association of that place.

The following announcements have been made by the Football Association:

Football "H's" have been awarded to Thorn, '04 (captain); Lindley, '04, Hopkins, '05, Jones, '05, Pearson, '05, Priestman, '05, Brown, '06, Lowry, '06, Wood, '07, Birdsall, '07, and Haines, '07.

The Scrub "H" was awarded to Schabacker, '04, Kratz, '04, Cox, '05, Doughten, '06, Magill, '07.

The prize cup for the most consistent work on the scrub throughout the season was again awarded to H. M. Schabacker, '04, and the cup for most consistent scrub work among the Freshmen was awarded to J. P. Magill, '07.

Arthur H. Hopkins, '05, was elected captain of the football team for next year; E. C. Pierce, '05, Manager, and R. J. Shortlidge, '06, Assistant Manager.

President Sharpless has been giving a series of historical sketches of places of interest in this locality in morning collections, covering the settlement and troubles during the Revolution and the consequent prosperity of the immediate neighborhood.

The hockey team of the Haverford Freshmen was defeated on the Haverford pond by the University of Pennsylvania Freshmen on December 19th, by a score of 2 to 0.

President Sharpless received last Commencement the honorary degree of L. H. D. from Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.

The Musical Club gave a concert in Roberts Hall on the evening of December 22d, before a gathering of friends and students. The renderings were exceedingly creditable to the club, and met with great appreciation from the audience:

#### PROGRAM.

##### PART I.

1. Prince of Pilsen.....Luders  
Mandolin Club.
2. "Did You Heer'd What  
a Sandman Say?"...Jones  
Glee Club.
3. Violin Solo—"Adoration".....Borowski  
L. Smyth, Jr.
4. "Laughing Water".....Selected  
Banjo Quintet.
5. "In a Cozy Corner".....Bratton  
Mandolin Club.

##### PART II.

6. Medley—Negro Melodies.....Arranged  
Mandolin Club.  
J. M. Stokes, T. K. Brown, Jr., and W. Carson.
7. "If We Didn't Have to Eat".....Rich  
Glee Club.
8. Violin Solo { Cavatina.....Raff  
Moto Perpetuo.....C. Bohm  
L. Smyth, Jr.
9. "Northern Lights".....Weidt  
L. Smyth, Jr., S. G. Spaeth, R. J. Short-  
lidge, E. P. West.
10. Ramona Waltzes.....Anthony  
Mandolin Club.

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL DEPARTMENT.

### Schedule.

- Nov. 28. Philadelphia C. C., 1; Haverford, 2,  
at Wissahickon.
- Dec. 12. Merion, 5; Haverford, 2, at Merion.
- Dec. 19. Germantown, 1; Haverford, 3, at  
Manheim.
- Jan. 9. Philadelphia, at Haverford.
- Jan. 16. Merion, at Merion.
- Jan. 23. Belmont, at Elmwood.
- Jan. 30. Germantown, at Haverford.
- Feb. 6. Belmont, at Haverford.

THE Haverford College Association Football Team, after making a fairly good showing last year, in the second division of the Cricket Club League, was granted admission into the first division upon making application. The members of the league are: Belmont Cricket Club, Germantown Cricket Club, Haverford College, Merion Cricket Club



and Philadelphia Cricket Club. The schedule was arranged so that Haverford would have no games to play until after the Rugby football season was over.

### Haverford, 2; Philadelphia, 1.

After only two days of practice, Haverford met Philadelphia C. C., at Wissahickon, on November 28. During the first ten minutes Haverford was outplayed and allowed a goal to be scored. The team then began to get started, and, toward the end of the first half, scored a goal, which made the score even.

In the second half, Haverford had the ball in their opponents' territory nearly all the time, and Spaeth scored a goal from a good centre shot by C. C. Morris. No further scoring took place. The victory was largely due to the excellent work of the half-backs, Pleasants and Cookman, who not only broke up Philadelphia's attack, but fed the forwards successfully as well.

#### The line-up:

| HAVERFORD.        | POSITIONS.            | PHILADELPHIA. |
|-------------------|-----------------------|---------------|
| Bradley.....      | Goal.....             | Green         |
| Dickson.....      | Right full-back.....  | Le Roy        |
| Longstreth.....   | Left full-back.....   | Donohue       |
| Cookman.....      | Right half-back.....  | Sheppard      |
| Pleasants.....    | Centre half-back..... | Jester        |
| Tatnall.....      | Left half-back.....   | Sparks        |
| Brown.....        | Outside right.....    | Harris        |
| C. C. Morris..... | Inside right.....     | Young         |
| H. H. Morris..... | Centre forward.....   | Ballard       |
| Spaeth.....       | Inside left.....      | Jennings      |
| Reid.....         | Outside left.....     | Stewart       |

Time of halves—35 min. Referee—Hanford.

### Merion, 5; Haverford, 2.

On December 12th Haverford was defeated by Merion on the Cricket Club's grounds by the score of 5 goals to 2. The defeat was due to the excellent combination work of Merion's forwards and to the failure of the Haverford men to play together in the early part of the game. In the first half, Merion had the advantage of both the sun and the wind, and scored 4 goals. In the sec-

ond half, Haverford showed a decided improvement and scored 2 goals, while Merion only made 1.

The game was played on hard snow about two inches in depth.

#### The line-up :

| MERION.           | POSITIONS.            | HAVERFORD.   |
|-------------------|-----------------------|--------------|
| E. Hare.....      | Goal.....             | Bradley      |
| R. Hare.....      | Right full-back.....  | Longstreth   |
| Wetherill.....    | Left full-back.....   | Dickson      |
| Plummer.....      | Right half-back.....  | Cookman      |
| Haughton.....     | Centre half back..... | Pleasants    |
| Colahan.....      | Left half-back.....   | Rossmassler  |
| Houston.....      | Outside right.....    | P. Brown     |
| S. G. Thayer..... | Inside right.....     | Priestman    |
| J. A. Lester..... | Centre forward.....   | H. H. Morris |
| W. Thayer.....    | Inside left.....      | Spaeth       |
| Evans.....        | Outside left.....     | C. C. Morris |

### Haverford, 3; Germantown, 1.

This game was played at Manheim, on December 19th, on a hard, frozen ground. The victory came as a surprise to everybody, on account of the fact that Germantown had played tie games with both Belmont and Merion.

As usual, Haverford was slow in getting started, and was scored on during the first five minutes of play, after a foul kick. C. C. Morris was then put in at goal for a few minutes. Taking advantage of his right to use his hands, he ran all over the field and completely demoralized Germantown's attack.

Haverford soon tied the score, while they made another point at the end of the half. In the second half, Haverford outplayed their opponents and added another goal to the score.

#### The line-up :

| HAVERFORD.            | POSITIONS.            | GERMANTOWN. |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|-------------|
| Bradley.....          | Goal.....             | C. Newhall  |
| Priestman.....        | Right full-back.....  | Pearson     |
| Dickson.....          | Left full-back.....   | Jones       |
| Cookman.....          | Right half-back.....  | Seeds       |
| Pleasants.....        | Centre half-back..... | Sill        |
| Rossmassler.....      | Left half-back.....   | Shoemaker   |
| Brown.....            | Outside right.....    | Lea         |
| C. C. Morris.....     | Inside right.....     | Kelley      |
| H. H. Morris.....     | Centre forward.....   | O'Neill     |
| Tatnall (Spaeth)..... | Inside left.....      | White       |
| Reid.....             | Outside left.....     | Blakely     |

Time of halves—35 minutes.



## EXCHANGES.

THE exchange editor of the *College Student* takes occasion to give us a rather lengthy dissertation on college magazines in general, with his own views as to the proper nature of their contents. We feel sure that what he says is meant well, and without doubt applies aptly to the situation of his own paper. He insists that in small colleges, where but one paper can be published, not more than half of its space be given to "statistics of football, cricket, bowling and the like." He also objects to "reunions and suggestions for the improvement of methods and of property concerned in the college," as "of interest only to those immediately connected with the college and dry dust to every outsider." He is willing that one-half of the space be devoted to this department of "dry dust," the remainder should be filled with "purely literary work."

Surely no one realizes better than we do the pleasure of reading good essays, poems or stories in the columns of our exchanges, and the indifference with which we peruse the "dry dust." Locals, personals, exchange columns composed of clippings from Benjamin Franklin and William Cullen Bryant have long been chronic causes of sanctum ailment with us. We heartily agree with the *College Student* in its hostility toward all unnecessary rubbish, and in its desire for good literary matter in its place. But we feel that the statements of its exchange editor are not phrased with his usual caution and reserve when they tell us right out how much space to give to this, and how much to that. If our subscribers want to read about all the football games we must report all of them, even at the expense of some literary effusion. "A college paper's function is to satisfy the object its supporters have in supporting

it." Arbitrary rules cannot be laid down in all cases about the contents. If the editors hold it up as their ideal to mirror the college life in their publication, and if they are true to this ideal, their duty is done.

If anyone believes that it is impossible to produce a magazine which contains a large portion of local news and is still of interest to outsiders let him read the *Georgetown College Journal*. We may well take this representative of the "Sunny South" as an example of what a good college paper ought to be. The Christmas number is the best we have yet seen. Besides being much larger than usual, it is replete with illustrations and decorations, and contains several special features. We read with interest the personal account of Duffey's success abroad, as a sprinter.

Among the college literary magazines the *Williams Literary Monthly* must be given a very high rank. The short sketches are especially entertaining, and are really of more interest than the longer articles. We cannot see why this fund of literature is not more in evidence in the more pretentious literary magazines. There is certainly nothing equal to a short, amusing sketch, for breaking the monotony of a continuous stream of essays and other dry literary matter. We also recommend the insertion of small verses and short poems, if they are readable. While the *Williams Literary Monthly* excels especially in its shorter articles, the essays and longer stories are also worthy of notice, and fully up to the standard of the important college monthlies.

Another magazine of merit is the *Amherst Lit. Monthly*. We are pleased with



the "Window Seat" and "Sketch Book" departments.

We have received, for the first time, *The Vassar Miscellany*. Its appearance is neat and attractive, and its contents are well arranged. The December number contains one small sketch which deserves especial mention, for it is really an oasis in the desert of literary matter, more or less interesting. We refer to "The Mission Loidy," in the department entitled "On and Off the Campus." It is a humorous monologue in Irish dialect, which may seem to most readers merely an instance of the usual college wit. Yet it has a peculiar merit in its admirable connotation. By means of a few Irish words and phrases we are made to see the whole interior of a disordered room and all the details in the appearance of its inmates, without having one word of description before us. In our opinion the author exhibits great talent in this little sketch, which is really the best thing of its kind that we have seen for some time.

Since we have spent so much space in reviewing monthly magazines, it may not be out of order to pay a little attention to the weeklies. We find that there are two classes of the latter, which, for convenience' sake, may be called "Those with covers" and "Those without covers." Of course, this classification relates only to the main characteristic of each. "Those without covers" are in the majority. In fact, nearly all the college weeklies are in the form of a four-page newspaper, consisting entirely of local news. It seems to us that a little more care might be expended even on a weekly paper, at least to the extent of furnishing it with a cover. When we compare the usual weekly with the daily paper of the big college we find very little difference, and if there is any, it is often in the daily's

favor. Now, a weekly should surely be superior to a daily, just as a monthly should be superior to a weekly. The prosperous career of *The Dickinsonian*, the most regular of our exchanges, proves the possibility of a higher grade of weekly papers. Dickinson is not a very large institution, but its paper always manages to come out on time with a large stock of interesting news. It is inexplicable to us why *The Dickinsonian's* example cannot be followed by other college weeklies. *The Bowdoin Orient* is also a shining light, although not so pretentious as *The Dickinsonian*. Both these papers are supplied with neat covers and usually consist of at least ten or a dozen pages. They are, in fact, superior to several small college monthly magazines which we have seen. *The Dickinsonian* adds to its attractiveness by the insertion of interesting clippings and a column of notes on the doings of other colleges.

S. G. Spaeth, '05.

## A REVIEW.

WE have received Vol. I, No. I, of *The Journal of the Friends' Historical Society*, published in London, November, 1903. It purports to be the organ of the newly-founded Friends' Historical Society. This society will devote itself to investigation in the history of its denomination, and to gathering archeological information. *The Journal* will appear not oftener than four times a year, and will be sent to members of the society and to subscribers. The first number is very interesting and instructive to Friends, containing a number of able and valuable treatises. Communications in this country may be addressed to Rufus M. Jones, 718 Arch Street, Philadelphia.



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## HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXV, No. 9

FEBRUARY, 1904

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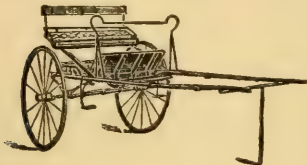
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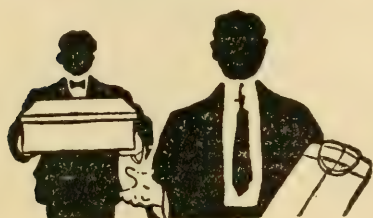
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VOL. XXV.

HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1904.

No. 9.

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

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Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-third of the month preceding the date of issue.

*Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*

IT is customary at this time for the Senior editors to resign their duties to their successors. Accordingly, in this, our last editorial word, we wish to bid all readers of the paper farewell, urging them at the same time to support the next Board as loyally as they have ours.

In looking over the past year we feel that whatever success has been achieved is due much more to the support of our friends than to our own efforts. The Alumni have been very faithful, both with their subscriptions and with their encouragement and helpful criticism; the undergraduates have supported us un-

usually well, furnishing considerable material from which to select the contents of the paper; the College has been kind enough to provide us with an office for our headquarters.

It would seem that all these advantages should have brought forth more effort from us, and the efficiency of the paper should have been greater. In one department, especially, we are told, we have been unusually weak, namely, the Alumni Department. We have found difficulty in getting as much information and as many notes as we have secured, and then the notes have often been incomplete. On the whole, most of us are really unfit for the position of Alumni editor, as our acquaintance with old Haverfordians is not wide enough. If the Alumni feel that their interests in THE HAVERFORDIAN could be represented better by a new arrangement, perhaps an Alumnus could be found who would be able and willing to edit this most important department.

Before closing we should like to say that our hearts have been in this work, and the relief at leaving our task is nothing compared with the regret we feel at severing our connection with THE HAVERFORDIAN. We thank all its readers for their interest, and ask them to stand by the paper always, for we feel that it is, or should be, an institution of great value to Haverfordians.

PROBABLY there is no one good thing in College which is overdone. We have no reason to believe that we are devoting too much time to the demands of the curriculum. While a great deal



of interest and time is given to athletics and music, we hesitate to say that these are overdone. In truth, we feel like urging that, as a college body, we are taking up too many branches of activity, and doing no one of them with sufficient thoroughness. It has become more difficult for the older institutions of Haverford to maintain their efficiency since the recent growth of the Musical Association. As its demands have increased, other organizations have, in some measure, suffered by not receiving a more undivided attention. But we cannot protest against music at Haverford, for its great value here has been proved for several years. We cannot advise giving up any of our present organizations, for all seem to meet a need. It is useless even to protest against new movements, such as chess tournaments, bowling and basketball teams or hand-ball, for these things struggle and survive very much as other things in the world do, and live or die, according to their own worth. One thing, however, does require protest, and that is work half-done. The more we undertake, the better, if we do all thoroughly and well. But we seem to be falling into half-hearted and desultory habits of doing a little here and a little there, and never really putting our whole souls into anything. Unless we show more vigor in our lives, we may defeat our own ends in coming to college.

**I**N college there are peculiar temptations to selfishness. A man comes here at considerable expense of money and precious time. He feels that he must by all means get enough out of these four years to compensate him for what they cost. So he is very likely to throw himself into his studies, or his athletics, or his loafing, with a zest, and forget about his duties to other people entirely. Provided he chooses a legitimate field for his activity, he may be spending all his days

quite profitably, and yet some time he may wake up and realize that he is living a life which is entirely self-regarding. In the home, especially if there are brothers and sisters, there are little duties and kindnesses to be shown towards one another, which give one constant practice in unselfishness. But here in college it is very easy to live almost entirely to ourselves; and we find ourselves, by imperceptible degrees, lapsing into this condition. That great apostle of righteousness, William James, has this significant passage in his *Psychology*: "Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test."

Just as it is well for anyone to do hard and heroic and self-denying things every day, for the sake of disciplining his will, so it is well and advisable for us here at college to go out of our way, every day, or oftener, for the sake of gaining a habit of unselfishness and regard for others. And our lives will be richer for the sacrifice.

**F**IRST-CLASS material for athletic teams was never more plentiful at Haverford than it is now. If we could discover half as much energy in College as we can material, we would do a year's work that would be worth while. The gymnasium team, especially, is fortunate in having so many good candidates for it. Though we do not have more than one or two experienced men, there are a good many ambitious ones who should be developed in the course of a season's work. The showing made with Princeton, Pennsylvania, and New York University was altogether creditable,



although the tricks of the visiting gymnasts were much harder than our own.

The importance of gymnastics here in the winter time should not be underestimated. Haverford probably is known farther for her gymnasium work than for any other branch of athletics, save cricket. Our gymnasium will compare favorably with that of any of the teams we meet. An abundance of material such as we have this year, together with good instruction and our good gymnasium, should bring results.

AT the request of an alumnus we print the following information which was not included in an article in the January HAVERFORDIAN dealing with old Haverford papers :

About 1854-5, and extending at least to 1856, there was a society known as "The Haverford Lyceum," which issued a periodical called *The Excelsior*. Also, about that time, there was another society, called The Euethean, the object of which, as indicated by its name, was not literary.

### THOMAS CHASE.

FROM the time of its founding in 1833 Haverford School was fairly abreast of American colleges in the quality of its teaching and in the subjects which it taught. That is not a random statement. In 1889 the writer of this sketch was asked to prepare a brief history of Haverford College for publication by the National Government in a work meant to cover higher education in the country; and a careful comparison of the courses of study here with those of the usual academic programme, showed that only modesty and an inherited Quaker distrust of the college and its pagan ways kept our earliest students from their degrees. Hence the change from school to college, so far as studies were concerned, was nominal; what was real about the change was an assumption of academic dignity and of what we should now call college sentiment. It is not too much to say that this real change was the work of Thomas Chase.

He came from a successful student career at Harvard, making a close run for the leadership of his class; and he brought the inspiration of some of Harvard's famous teachers with him—Felton, Channing and many another. He was tutor there in Greek and Latin, and had pupils

like the late Bishop Brooks. I remember a ride on the platform of a Cambridge horse-car in 1881, when Dr. Brooks, then overseer and preacher to the college, waked the echoes of the "Port" as he laughed and told his kindly stories of "Flutter" Chase. We never called him that at Haverford. True, the nervous, abrupt, now and then uncanny fashion clung to him; yet, whatever its results at Harvard, I know that we of Haverford took it as part of the tradition and the man, and noted it with respectful awe. Nobody ever indulged in counter demonstrations here. We could not even say, as Du Chaillu said of his first encounter with a gorilla: "Gentlemen, I was not fright; I was only excite!" We were mainly "fright." He once ordered a fellow out of the room for some unintended slight of the ancients; and I think his manner has always been my idea of Cromwell in the House of Commons: "Take away the bauble." Professor Chase was unwilling, at Harvard and at Haverford alike—Dr. Brooks is responsible for the Harvard end—that the class should see his feet; and in each place fate assigned him an open desk. He was wont to curl back his feet, almost beyond human experience, under and behind his chair. A respectful



and expectant gaze of concentrated eyes in that direction was the nearest approach we ever made to a "grind;" and if we did nothing more, what class did? I had the honor and privilege of belonging to one of the most insubordinate aggregations in the history of this noble college. In 1871 we put "February" on our cards of invitation to the Junior Exhibition; the exhibition was indefinitely postponed, and we were close upon rustication. But I am not writing a tragedy.

Professor Chase had traveled extensively in Europe, sojourned in Greece, and had written a little book: "*Hellas*," by Thomas Chase." We used to gaze at it on the library shelves and say to ourselves that there could be no doubt about it; there it was, with easy references to Lord Byron on the opening page, I think, and agreeable comment of every sort. Professors in those days were not required to write one book and six learned articles per annum, as now, and make at least one sensation in the newspapers. A book was a book. He had also edited Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations*; and in the latter part of his service at Haverford he prepared his share of the Chase and Stuart Latin texts, famous in their day, and still, I suppose, in use. He was a sound classical scholar of the old school. Nobody, I think, could have done better work in the kind which was then needed. He taught little actual Latin or Greek, but he taught his subject. Men who took up that work afterwards in university courses were wont to rail at the insufficiency of Chase's drill, at his neglect of aorist and subjunctive; but I am sure the average student who had to do with him holds to-day more of the classical spirit, "feels" his Horace and his Homer as part of his intellectual assets far better than he would do had he merely droned through grammar and composition.

Greatest service of all, though, was

Chase's *ex officio* teaching of English Literature. He had a splendid voice, a fine literary tact and taste; and even if one could always work him out of a tough bit of Thucydides with recollections of Tennyson and quotations from *Maud*, what of that? It betokened intellectual agility on the part of the student, and it had its own reward. We flocked to the library in those days and read poetry, essays, histories, everything but novels, simply because we wished to do it, not because some babbler of a professor set us at the task. I have the best of reasons for thinking that there is a deal of clap-trap and often a surplus of convenient would-be science and depressing enthusiasm in the teaching of literature under our present system. We were discoverers then, not colonists; and the library was our new world.

Professor Chase had his own academic system. He rarely noticed freshmen. To sophomores he nodded with a frown, and often an enigmatical "Huh!" With juniors he would talk pleasantly, joining them at the end of the study-room of a winter afternoon, telling them why he had been an old-line Whig in politics, and narrating anecdotes without end of Webster and other heroes whom he had seen in the flesh. With seniors he was familiar; a kind of comrade; and if, O my learned brother of this wise age, if he now and then put silly notions into very commonplace minds, if he praised too highly and predicted of about ten per cent. in every class that they would become great scholars, great poets, great men—what is that to thee? We were provincial in those days; but the real old provincial note is never amiss in literature or in life. It was part of our provincialism that we sat at the feet of Thomas Chase and believed him one of the greatest of the great; but whom has it harmed? The world soon administered its anti-



dote; and I, for one, have no pleasanter memory of the Consulship of Plancus than the sight and hearing of Chase as he read us *Maud* in the old Loganian Society, or when, in more robust mood, he lectured on "Bryant, Wordsworth and Tennyson," while the literary senior leaned

over and nudged a sleepy comrade: "Sit up, will you, and listen!" he would say; "Do you know, I'm told that Tommy wrote that for the North American Review?" The North American Review! Well, the fellow sat up and listened.

*F. B. G. '72.*

### The Sorrowful King.

I wandered, happy-hearted, through a wood,  
Where oaks and beeches cast a pleasant shade  
And song-birds warbled blithely in the trees.  
The air was full of joy, and all the leaves  
Danced in the bright beams of the morning sun,

The while a merry breeze made sport among  
The branches fresh and green. Onward I went,

At peace with all the world. Then suddenly  
There burst upon my gaze a wondrous sight,  
A tiny lakelet, in a frame of flowers,  
Water as clear and lucid as the eyes  
Of my true-love, tender and sweet and blue,  
Save where the lightning of Apollo's wain  
Rippled it into silver. On the shore,  
Sitting with head bent low, and hands close clasped

Across his knees, I saw a human form,  
A man he seemed, of noble birth and nurture,  
But utterly disheartened and weighed down  
By black and inextinguishable woe.  
"Alas," I said, and nearer drew to him  
Who sat thus sorrowful upon the strand,  
"What pale enchantment presses on thine heart

And bows thy kingly forehead to the dust?"  
Slowly he lifted up his weary head  
And pierced me with his melancholy eyes,  
Eyes that could dart consuming flames in years

Gone by, but now wan, lustreless and dim.  
"O thou who comest through the happy wood

And seekst to know my story—" thus he spake,  
With voice so low and mournful that me-  
thought

The tenant of some tottering tomb had stepped

Forth into daylight—"I was once a king,  
Lord of a goodly realm where peace and joy  
Made their perpetual dwelling. Happy I lived

In that sweet land, beloved by all the souls

I ruled and guarded. But one summer day  
(May the Dread Powers of the Underworld  
Blacken and blast that day) with horse and hounds

I rode a-hunting through this forest green.  
All day we chased and speared the savage boar.

When evening came, o'erwearied with our sport,

Homeward we toiled, nor thought to find grim woe

Brooding above the city. When we gained  
The massy gates of bronze and carven stone  
We found them swinging wide. Onward we rode

Through silent, empty streets, where never foot

Pressed the cold marble. When at last we reached

The public square, the heart and centre of  
The city's life, we found assembled there  
A weeping multitude, who wrung their hands  
And cried in bitter anguish 'Love has gone,  
He left his temple, where with tender moan  
The choir of maidens worshiped him in state.  
Dear Love has fled, and left us desolate.'

And so, O stranger, from that dolorous town  
Whence Love had ta'en his flight,

I, the great King, my robe of purple rent,  
My sceptre shattered, and my crown cast off,  
Have come to dwell beside this lonely lake,  
Hoping with fervent prayer and strong desire

At last to win the dear Love back again,  
For life without him is a bitter thing,  
And all the dwellers in that woeful town  
Are crazed with sorrow." As he ceased, he sighed,

And sunk his head once more upon his breast,  
While echo whispered sadly, "Love has fled."  
O poor pale King, thine anxious quest is vain,

For when Love goes, he ne'er returns again.

*W. P. Bonbright, '04.*



## THE WOOD OF DREADFUL SILENCE.

## I.

AT the ford I turned aside from the track and crossed a field to where an old man was chopping on a fallen tree at the edge of the forest.

"Father," I asked, "whither goes the path yonder?"

The old man stopped his work and peered at me with his red-lidded eyes, while I repeated thrice my question.

"Turn back," he gasped, finally, in a strained, hoarse voice.

I laughed at him, for I well knew the superstitious nature of the peasantry.

"This, father," I returned jauntily, "is my *wanderjahr* and I am come abroad to see the world. Threats of wild beasts and silly old wives' tales of the unseen people have no terrors for me. So tell me whither this path leads."

"Turn back," he croaked again.

"Then I will go without knowing," I said, and started toward the path.

But the old man ran after me, seized my shoulder in his feeble grasp and turned my face away from the ford.

"It is sure death," he said, wringing his trembling hands.

"Death it is, then," I replied. "Now or never, tell me what lies beyond the ford."

"Beyond the ford is a great marsh."

"And at the end of the marsh?" I questioned.

"Few men have passed to the other side of the marsh," he wailed.

"And at the end of the marsh?" I repeated.

The old man seemed dumb from sheer terror. A long time he choked and licked his lips with his dry tongue.

"Beyond the marsh," he continued, at length, in a senile whisper. "Beyond the marsh—God forgive me" (crossing himself)—"there lies the Wood of Dreadful Silence."

"What are the terrors of the place?"

I questioned. "A demon wolf, or is it a bear, or, perhaps, it is some wild man?"

"'Tis none of these," he replied. "Men have crossed the marsh and entered into the wood and those that have come back alive are haunted by an evil spirit. They shriek at the slightest sound, and the spirit preys upon them until they die."

"Whence got the wood its sinister name?" I asked, little impressed by his recital.

"In the ravings of those stricken souls that have come living out of the wood the word *silence* plays an unintelligible part, and when they come to die it is the last word on their lips. So men have come to call the place 'The Wood of Dreadful Silence.' And, sir, now that you know the worst, turn back and venture not across the ford."

I went down to the ford, the old man attending my steps and begging me with each one to reconsider my decision, and turn back ere it was too late. And in the end, when he saw that it was useless, he tore open his shirt, took his scapular from off his neck and handed it to me with his blessing.

"If you will go, then God go with you, and may the Holy Virgin be mindful of you."

"Farewell, father," I said, shaking his hand, "do not fear for me. If I die, then so be it. I had rather have seen something of the world and in the seeing have found an early grave than have passed a dull existence in valetudinarian retirement. Death comes at some time to every man, whether he be abroad tasting of life, or whether he cower at home by his study fire with the door doubly locked."

I crossed the ford on stepping stones and went on my way with many a back-



ward glance at the pathetic white-haired figure who stood on the other side with upraised hands, until, at length, a bend in the path hid him from view and I looked back no more.

## II.

At length I came into the marsh. All the ground was covered with soggy moss which sank with every step, so that the water percolated to my ankles; and sometimes for half a dozen rods I walked knee deep in fetid pools. All around, far as eye could fathom, dead saplings stretched their white shafts upward, looking for all the world like the arm bones of men who had lost their bearings and sunk with uplifted hands into the swamp; and, from time to time, I waded icy streams which went sullenly on their way through the moss, making no sound. It seemed truly a desolate land. No sign of living creature was there, except once I saw a fish-hawk wing its way swiftly overhead; and from the swamp came the deep-mouthed croaking of frogs. The kindly spirit of Nature had utterly fled the place.

Sometimes, I thought of the ominous words of the old man, and a chill struck my heart at what lay before me; but the journey I had light-heartedly undertaken I kept on with, in dogged perseverance. Sometimes I lost the track and wandered off into the marsh, but I always found it again and always progressed slowly forward. I saw, after a while, that the way led between two great hills whose summits and bases were covered with trees. Just before I entered this forest I came out on the bank of a stream too wide and deep to wade.

After a vain search for a log, I plunged in and struck out for the opposite shore. My wet clothes weighed me down and my limbs, tired out with the journey over the marsh, almost refused to move. I was tempted to give up and end it once

for all; but, at last, I reached shallow water and struggled wearily to the bank.

The wood I had come into was of hemlocks, set so close together that a man's body could scarcely pass between them. Every tree was centuries old; their lowest limbs were thirty feet above the ground, and their tips appeared to brush the clouds. But no bird sang in their branches and no living thing moved about their shadowy trunks.

As I walked on into the wood I felt my senses strain after something that was lacking. I had been before in forests where there was no animal life, but in those forests it was far otherwise than this. I looked up at the branches above me. Each individual needle that my eye encountered hung motionless. There was not the slightest murmur of the wind in the trees, a thing which is usually so evident in the woods on even the calmest days. No dead branches dropped to earth. My feet, treading on the fallen needles, gave forth no sound. Terror, pure terror, struck into my inmost soul. There was a silence in this place such as no man had ever dreamed of, a silence that had dimensions and reached forth a ghostly hand and grasped me by the throat.

Singularly enough I remembered a time in my childhood when I had been punished by being locked in a dark closet. Left alone with the knowledge of my wrong-doing I had screamed and fainted. But vivid as were my sensations at the terror of that silence, they were but a dim foretaste of what I now felt. And, then, as if from association with this thought of my youthful error, there came into my consciousness every wicked thing that ever I did. Sins long passed out of memory came back and stood out as vividly as the sins of yesterday. Deeds of unkindness committed against my parents, lies, evil thoughts, and evil acts, each one took upon itself an unforgetta-



ble individuality and seared my brain like a red hot iron. My sickened senses rocked like a ship in a hurricane. I tried to shriek aloud, but my dry throat and dry mouth gave forth no sound. I ran madly along the path between the trees. But it was not like running from objective terrors. Myself I took with me, and every moment my remorse and horror were augmented. I was being torn into shreds by the force of my emotions. I was going mad. At last, from sheer exhaustion, I sank down and huddled against a tree trunk. And there in that dreadful silence I waited, yes, I waited, longed, prayed for forgetfulness, for death, for very hell.

### III.

And then, lying in that awful place, there came a vision that soothed me as a severe burn is soothed by a cooling balm. It was of one, whose very name I dared not take upon my lips, whom I had loved and whom the gods had loved so exceedingly that they had called her back to them in the first flush of her maidenhood, while she yet knew no sin.

I could scarce credit my senses, when on my hot forehead a cool, soft something was gently laid. I thought it heralded my final dissolution and for a long time I lay with closed eyelids. Its sudden removal caused me to rise; but what I saw brought me instinctively to my knees.

She stood before me in all her former beauty; and it was the touch of her hand that had given me new life. A fillet of violets bound her golden hair, and the heart of the violet lurked in her eyes, and her robe was of pale, shimmering violet such as no mortal maid might wear. And from her face there shone "the light that never was on sea or land."

No word she uttered; but placed a finger on her lips and motioned me to fol-

low her. Hour after hour the way led over the silent pine needles; but she never turned her head; I dared not try to overtake her, and her violet draperies gave forth no sound, only once in a great while my senses detected a delicate faint perfume which was compounded of the violet fillet and that fine-spun hair of hers that even in the crepuscular reaches of the wood sparkled like glittering gold.

Everywhere and over all the same mortsome silence hung like a shroud, and sometimes my former terror came back to me; but always when I directed my mind to the figure ahead my shaking limbs became again firm and I was enabled to continue the journey. Finally, and it seemed after many days, we came to the edge of the wood. She stood and pointed along the road and waited for me to pass; but she uttered no word. At last, my speech came back to me; and with outstretched hands, and with her name upon my lips I made toward her. But with a smile that was infinitely sad and at the same time infinitely tender, she vanished from my sight and my arms clasped nothingness.

As one who walks in a dream I made my way along the road, and as I walked I pondered on what a thing was man and his strange destiny, but chiefly I considered the experience through which I had just passed. Why had those other men that had come into the Dreadful Wood gotten this death, while I had been permitted to taste the horrors of the place and come out sane and whole? And, then, I saw it all. I, too, had been wicked and lustful; but, unlike them, I had known a love that was stronger than death. And she who possessed a purity so absolute that it was proof against even the Wood of Dreadful Silence, for otherwise no one could have come unharmed within its gloomy confines, even though he were a spirit and immortal, had been allowed



to come back from the place of the dead and lead me forth.

After many months and sore trials I came again to my own land and among my own people. I, who had gone forth a youth, came back an old man, and my servants exclaimed at my wrinkled brow and my hair already flecked with gray. And like Proserpina I still owe some tribute to gloomy Dis; for with the return of night I find myself again in the wood and I taste again the cold agony of fear until my spirit is soothed by the sound of gentle music, or my mind again reverts to my celestial guide. Sleep at night with me has long been a thing undreamed of and unlooked for, and belated travelers in passing see the lighted windows of my house, and the music of my harp goes floating out to them on the air of night.

My strange story has spread among the peasantry, and if they meet me walking in the twilight, they hastily cross themselves and pass by; and sometimes I hear it whispered of me, as the people of Florence were wont to whisper ages ago on the passage of an austere, sad-faced figure: "There is a man who has walked in hell."

But lately I have been less fearful, and I see my changed condition reflected in the faces of my servants. What they hail with joy, I also welcome, for I know it is the coming of death. I have drained the cup of life to its bitter lees, and I look forward as a maiden hearkens for the voice of her lover, to the blessed coolness of the grave, and beyond, perhaps, the presence of the only woman that I ever loved.

*R. P. Lowry, '04.*

## SKETCHES.

### The Observatory.

**B**YOND the old, familiar arch, out at the very edge of that comparatively unknown region of the campus, lies the observatory. Prompted by a strange curiosity, I sought the odd, mysterious building in the midst of the pines. Beneath the low twin domes, the structure has that unique architectural appearance given by perpendicular weather-boarding, and its windows, with their bleached, tattered blinds, especially contribute to the deserted air of the place. The door creaks rustily, and I am within, staring about the dimly-lighted interior. Along the wall a stairway rises to that chamber above where reposes the telescope in uninterrupted solitude, like some deity guarded from the defiling touch and profane vision of mortals. I am told it is there, yet all knowledge concerning its existence is but secondary, inasmuch as no living man has ever actually beheld it. I pass further on, and before me rises,

chimney-like, its brick foundation, in the centre of a room full of nondescript articles; old chests, boxes, lawn benches, and chairs, weighted down with piles of yellowed pamphlets, magazines and books; coils of rope sprawling here and there; old tools in spare corners; draughting desks, warped and colored with age. Upon an old table slumbers a copy of the "Haverfordian" for March, 1890, and an unopened letter near it loses its first look of freshness when I note the postmark, "November 2nd, 1896." As I pick up an old lunar chart a cloud of black, powdery grime is sifted by a bar of sunlight pouring through a hole in the shade. On window-sills, shelves, tables and instruments, lay, in all its pristine thickness and abundance, the fine gray dust of years. I sadly heave a sigh and unconsciously stepping carefully lest I disturb the dead, softly close the door behind me.

*S. M. Boher, '05.*



**Winter.**

WINTER is the season when our love of home is cultivated to a greater extent than at any other time. It is the glorious period of the open fireplace, with the cheerful warmth of its blazing log fire. The boy home from his snowball fights, the young girl from her sleigh ride, the mother from her shopping and the father from his business, all gather around the open fire, and beneath its genial glow eagerly recount the day's happenings. Or perhaps a crowd of young people are gathered around in a semicircle, exchanging the latest jokes, or telling ghost stories, with the lights turned out—while they toast marshmallows between times. And for building castles in the air, what can surpass the dying wood fire, as we sit alone in our room, crouched down in the big leather chair, our feet on the fender, dimly conscious of the north wind howling around the corner of the house, and thankful that we have this place of refuge? The red embers in some mysterious way seem to adjust themselves to our mood—if we are happy, they seem to crackle joyously; or if sad, they fall heavily, with dull thuds, and die out. *W. T. Hilles, '04.*

**A Picture.**

OUR train struggles onward in the night. Without, all is blackness, save for the occasional flicker that betokens a local station. No stars are visible; a pelting rain, driven by the wind, beats against the window-panes. Inside the dimly-lighted coach, with its dirty seats and ancient equipment, there sits a varied aggregation of passengers. In the seat directly ahead is a poor Hebrew woman with a child in her arms. The infant wails, and the mother is frantic with anxiety. Across the aisle I see a laborer and his wife sometimes attempting to sleep, sometimes softly conversing with each other in a foreign

tongue. Farther up in the car is a tired business man with the invariable wide-awake small boy. The youngster must needs quench his burning thirst, and as clambering over his father's knees, he reaches the aisle, the train turns a sharp curve; he is cast into the lap of a sleeping dame and henceforward bears—nay, enjoys,—her disfavor. Now, behold! the pair across from me prepare to enjoy their midnight lunch; from a basket they draw forth viands, and munch, long and heartily. They finish with apples, and with great care place the cores beneath their seat. The light in the nearest lamp sputters and goes out; someone in the front seat snores; again the infant utters its doleful cry. In disgust I turn again to the window. All is dark; the rain continues; and the train still toils onward through the night.

*H. M. Schabacker, '04.*

**Under the Lights.**

WHEN I look out toward the southeast at night and see the lights of the city reflected in the sky, I often think of the many things which are happening under those lights. Under that reflection a million beings, thinking and feeling as I do, are acting in a million different ways. A million hearts are throbbing in a million breasts, beating the moments which shall lead to a million graves. A million there are, happy or sad, hopeful or hopeless. O, lights, tell me not all you see. I can hear your story of the thousands around the evening lamp, of the thousands resting after a day of labor. I can hear of those dreary homes, those districts of filth and utter poverty. But tell me not that under your brightness there is the blackness of the blackest hell, the sorrow which is neither joy nor sorrow, but utter nothingness. Let me not think you spot a hideous, festering sore, but a centre of life and light. *H. H. B., '04.*



**Betsy Trotwood Copperfield.**

OF all the generations of the unborn, there is no known individual whose influence upon society would have been so great as that of Miss Betsy Trotwood Copperfield. How much could we not have expected of one born under so propitious a star, nourished under conditions so favorable to precocious maturity, and under bringing up and training so methodical! Her education would have been perfect. All the painful experiences under the cast-iron rule of Aunt Murdstone would have been shunned, and her primary lessons would in all probability have been learned at the feet of Mr. Dick. Under the mild tuition of that excellent gentleman she would have advanced rapidly, especially in history, and as a result of her gentle influence it seems probable that the literature of the world might have been enriched by that scholarly and exhaustive treatise on Charles I. To acquire the higher branches of learning, the idea of a co-educational institution would have been, as it should have been, preposterous. She would have entered some restrictive seminary and come forth full-fledged and resolute in her antipathy to matrimony. That she would have preserved a rigid and unsurmountable barrier to all masculine charms during her school career is indubitable; that she would have followed Janet's example in a complete and final surrender is equally well

established. In all probability Traddles would have failed to meet the parson's daughters and our heroine would have assumed the high-sounding and alliterative name of Betsy Trotwood Traddles (for the Trotwood, from the nature of things, would be indispensable). Of course it is obvious that Miss Copperfield's advent would have been in some ways detrimental. The existence of her brother David under such circumstances seems doubtful, and then we should have lacked Dora and Jip, and a host of other celebrities. The loss of David's books would have been more than atoned for by the "History of Charles I," so mankind would have been none the worse on that account. If we take into account, however, the good she would have done, we are almost induced to prefer her to her brother David. Of one thing we are certain. If there had been in her character one iota of strength, if there would have been one thing in her make-up that would have remained fixed and unmovable as the Rock of Gibraltar, it is that she would have preserved an implacable hatred for donkeys, as a lasting and immortal monument to the efficiency of her aunt's system of raising children. A character containing all these beneficent qualities could not have lacked an influence, and the disappointed world may mourn, in its failure to materialize, the loss of a powerful exponent of femininity.

*F. R. Taylor, '06.*

**Verse.**

Born in the midst of visions and of dreams,  
 Entranced to rapture by thy light blue eyes,  
 That seem in truth to be but heaven's gleams  
 Trustful and loyal, cognizant and wise,  
 Yield I to love, the passion of the skies.

*W. H. H., Jr., '06.*



## The Cavern of Shadows.

He dwelt beneath a cavern's spacious walls  
In darkness where the sunlight never falls,  
And never beam of moon or heavenly fire  
Reveals the gauntness of unearthly halls.

And he, with others, day and night did spend  
In slothful speech or silence, friend with  
friend  
Conversing, or in heavy sleep content—  
Careless of life's beginning or its end.

But never did they guess their voices' sound,  
Reverberating through the rocky round,  
Was merely echo spring from the wall,  
And mocking them—fond dwellers under-  
ground.

When rising, walking, running, they would  
go,  
They saw each other's forms move fast or  
slow,  
They never for a moment dreamed that all  
Were empty shadows, flitting to and fro.

At times a passing, misty, conscious gleam  
Of thought would picture images, and seem  
To show a better cave. They were deceived,  
For never did they think, but ever dream!

Away on high there shone a feeble glare  
Of radiance, illuming everywhere,  
The topmost arches of that rock-bound roof—  
Indeed, a mystery revealing there.

But no one looked to find it, for the rain  
Of soft and gentle brightness gave them  
pain;

And on the darker, dimmer floor below  
Lived on, and shunned the overhanging bane.

He often paused to gaze upon that light,  
And wonder why it glimmered, fair and  
bright,  
And why a longing throbbed within his  
breast,

Up and away—away to take his flight,

'Till once, when all his comrades were asleep,  
He rose up from that cave, so dark and deep,  
And to a sunny region, high above,  
All painfully and fearfully did creep.

Behold, a new world lay before his face,  
On nature's canvas painted; beauty, grace  
Were everywhere; alas! he could not see,  
But, blinded, fell in terror on the place.

He saw no real thing; but on the ground  
Perceived the gliding shadows all around.  
His ears, not yet accustomed to the air,  
Heard but the echo of the real sound.

Indeed, he guessed not whence the brilliant  
flow  
Of blinding light proceeded, 'till below  
He saw the sun reflected in a lake,  
And there, the source of sunlight learned to  
know.

He many things discovered in this way  
Of sights revealed by light of common day,  
'Till, looking twixt the shadows and the sun,  
There burst into his mind a brilliant ray

Of knowledge; and with joyful, leaping heart,  
He understood the cause whence shadows  
start—

Reality between the earth and sun—  
And now of higher vision learned the art.

At last he gained a newly conscious ear,  
Availing more than echoings to hear;  
Now revelling in worlds of sight and sound,  
A treasure! it was his, priceless and dear!

A treasure, aye, a treasure dearly bought,  
Which out of dreamy consciousness is  
wrought.

No longer in the shadowland of dreams  
He passed the threshold, passed and entered  
—thought!

Oh, far beyond is left the cavern grim;  
The dreamy life, forsaken, now is dim,  
And in a land of seeing, hearing, thought,  
His soul with rapture filled. 'Twas heaven  
for him!

But quick his memory returned again  
To cavern-bound and shadow-stricken men.  
His very soul, it burned to save their souls  
And bring them from that echo-haunted den.

As with new eyes he sought the entrance  
place,

A revelation shone before his face;  
Oh, what a phantom picture there he saw!  
A picture full of sorrow, but of grace.

For strange, angelic forms which cast no  
shade

Upon the earth, in radiance arrayed,  
Stood looking at the ground, and wrung



their hands,  
 And wept in silence, and in silence prayed.  
 "Oh, tell me, lovely creatures, what dread  
 fears—  
 What woe or anguish, or what loss of years  
 Can make you grieve thus bitterly, while yet  
 You moan so silently and shed no tears?"  
 The question asked so eagerly ne'er stirred  
 Reply; nor by a sign was answered, nor a  
 word;  
 Their sobs, oh! they were bitter, and their  
 shrieks  
 Of agony were uttered—but not heard.

Now at the figures, motionless before,  
 He looked; then at the sun and at the door  
 Of that black cave, which opened wide, and  
 lo!  
 Beheld the shadows on the cavern floor!

Enough, enough! No longer to abide,  
 He hastened thro' the gloomy entrance wide,  
 And passionately to his friends below,  
 With wild and ringing voice, the warning  
 cried:

"Awake! Awake! from deadly sleep, awake!  
 Nor heritage of higher life forsake!  
 Ye are but fleeting shadows here below—  
 Above, your truer selves grieve for your  
 sake!

You are but shadows of true selves above,  
 While here you dream in darkness, care-  
 less of  
 That higher life, where consciousness is won,  
 And hollow mockery gives place to love!

Oh, look above, and see them moan their

fate;  
 They know that time is short, the day is late—  
 Oh! do not perish with them; but arise!  
 The sunset comes, the twilight will not wait!  
 Fear not the pangs of brightness, but on high  
 Ascend with courage; groan and pain and  
 sigh  
 Are worth the prize you win of real life;  
 Oh, lie not grovelling here, in shame to die!"  
 The echo of his voice they heard alone;  
 They merely saw his shadow on the stone;  
 They heeded not his warning, and replied  
 With no remorseful sigh, repentant moan.

One gazed a moment through the rocky veil,  
 But, pained with brightness, cried with angry  
 wail  
 That he loved *this* much better than the pain;  
 The cavern's gloom preferred to daylight  
 pale.

At once resounded through the rocky vast  
 An angry, hissing echo, as they cast  
 The prophet out, and forfeited for aye  
 The meeting with their better selves at last.

He rose, and vanished in the light away;  
 The sun was setting, fading was the day;  
 The strange and weeping forms, when eve  
 was nigh,  
 Lay down and perished in the twilight gray.

Now darkness gathered 'round the cavern  
 door;  
 And fainter fell the shadows on the floor;  
 And inky blackness settled in that gloom,  
 Where sleep the shadows—ever—evermore.

*D. L. Burgess, '04.*

## FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

PRESIDENT SHARPLESS has re-  
 cently returned from a visit to  
 Western schools and colleges. He met  
 Haverfordians at Pittsburg, Cincinnati,  
 Chicago, Minneapolis, Oskaloosa and  
 elsewhere. They were all anxious to  
 hear about the College and the changes  
 since their day. Several, like F. B. Hill,  
 of Chicago, Dr. J. H. Stuart, of Minne-  
 apolis, and J. R. Hubbard, of Wichita,  
 date their connection with the College  
 about a half century back, while those of

the past decade were not lacking. Every-  
 where a warm appreciation of the College  
 was expressed.

The Friends' colleges of the West were  
 the especial objects of the visit. In the  
 Mississippi Valley there are four—Wil-  
 mington, Earlham, Penn, and Friends  
 University. They have all made great  
 progress in recent times, having practic-  
 ally cleared themselves of debt, and in-  
 creased their attendance. They receive  
 an excellent class of students, and the



coming of their graduates to Haverford was felt to be a gain to both sides of the arrangement.

The large universities of the West are attending most successfully to the higher education of the people. When three thousand men and women of Minnesota are enjoying and using collegiate opportunities the effect on the State is tremendous. Politically, socially and morally, these young people become centres of light and leading. The competition with the denominational colleges is most keen, and yet there seems to be a place for both sorts of institution.

Education is much cheaper than with us. Two hundred dollars will carry

along an economical student almost anywhere, while an occasional break for earning money simply enhances the value of the advantages offered by the college. One can understand the statement we so often hear from England, that the real American, the real democracy, is found in the Mississippi Valley.

Many boys, especially from the cities, still come to the old endowed universities of the East. Tradition, association, dormitory life and scholarship all draw them. Were the opportunities and conditions at Haverford fully known, some would doubtless prefer the small college, and this is, just now, the problem for Haverfordians.

### ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

**T**AKING advantage of President Sharpless' presence in the city, the Haverford Alumni of the Pittsburg District met at a banquet at the Union Club on Saturday, the sixteenth of January, 1904. A good representation of the local Alumni was present, and three invited guests, representing the educational interests of Pittsburg, together with the guest of the evening, joined in the dinner. The Haverford men present were:

E. B. Taylor, '69; J. S. Brown, '70; H. G. Brown, '71; C. S. Howland, '72; F. H. Taylor, '76; L. B. Whitney, '83; E. H. Binns, '88; D. L. Mekeel, '91; B. C. Hubbard, '92, A. M.; G. K. Wright, '93; E. B. Taylor, Jr., '00; R. J. Ross, '02; S. M. Whitely, ex-'02; O. E. Duerr, '03.

The guests were: President Sharpless, Dr. Brashear, of W. U. P.; Dr. Crabbe, of Shadyside Academy; Prof. Lewey, of East Liberty Academy.

The material interests of the guests had been looked after by Taylor, '76, and a very elaborate and enjoyable menu was provided. Taylor, '69, being the Dean of the Alumni present, acted as

toastmaster, and introduced President Sharpless. This was a somewhat difficult task, as the speaker was already so well known to all, but the toastmaster successfully overcame the difficulties, by treating the subject historically, going back to a time before many of those present were born.

President Sharpless talked very happily on the aims of the College, laying especial stress upon the fact that Haverford occupies a peculiar place, in that it is and intends to remain a small college, and yet its course, its faculty, and its instrumentalities are equal to the best of the large colleges. He stated that the cost of education per student was the greatest among all the colleges of his acquaintance, and double that expended at the large universities. His talk was listened to with profound interest, and formed the text for the other talks of the evening.

The toastmaster then called on several of the Alumni, starting with the antediluvians, Brown, '70, and Taylor, '76, taking in the middle ages, Mekeel, '91, and Wright, '93, by the way, and ending



with the youngster, Duerr, '03. The Haverford spirit was evident in all of the talks, and the impressions gained at the old College were shown to be lasting and strong.

Dr. Brashear was then called on and responded very happily. He spoke for the non-college and self-educated men, and said that they above all others appreciated what a college education meant. He paid a glowing tribute to Haverford, her campus and her men, and said that one of the first of the great telescopic lenses which he made was for our equatorial telescope, and that he took it on and mounted it; that the impressions he received at that time were so lasting that he cannot pass the College without straining his eyes to see the towers and halls and longing to visit them once more.

Dr. Crabbe and Dr. Lewey followed Dr. Brashear, and confessed that they had been traveling in error and darkness up until then, as they had never impressed upon their boys the absolute necessity of a Haverford course. Upon promising amendment in this respect they were forgiven with a round of applause.

The suggestion having been made that an organization of the Alumni of the Pittsburg District be formed, informal discussion of the project was indulged in, and all showed themselves in favor of it. Taylor, '69, was elected President and Wright, '93, Secretary.

Upon motion unanimously seconded and overwhelmingly carried, President Sharpless was elected the first honorary member and invited heartily to be present at every meeting. All the full professors of the College were then elected honorary members, and also Dr. Brashear.

There were then several motions made and carried unanimously: that a dinner and meeting be held each year during the month of January; that different members of the Faculty be asked to join

us at these meetings; that a report of this meeting be sent to the HAVERFORDIAN; and, finally, that a committee of three be appointed to inquire into the feasibility of furnishing pictures and literature of the College to the different preparatory schools of Pittsburg. The President appointed the Secretary, Mekeel, '91, and Taylor, '00, upon this committee.

It being by this time close upon Sunday morning, the gathering reluctantly broke up, feeling that the tie that binds us so closely together had been made even closer by the events of the evening.

### 1901 Class Reunion.

THE third annual reunion of the Class of 1901 was held at the College, Saturday, January 2, 1904. The fellows gathered in Lloyd Hall during the afternoon, and at half-past six adjourned to the Merion Cricket Club, where dinner was served.

At the business session which followed, methods for securing more students for Haverford, and the raising of funds for the cricket pavilion were discussed. Also, officers for the coming year were elected as follows: Walter H. Wood, President; Lawrence W. DeMotte, Vice-President; William E. Cadbury, Sec'y-Treas.

The members of the Class present were: C. W. Bankard, E. Y. Brown, Jr., H. V. Bullinger, J. W. Cadbury, W. E. Cadbury, J. K. DeArmond, L. W. DeMotte, G. B. Mellor, Jr., W. Mellor, R. H. Patton, E. C. Rossmassler, E. M. Scull, J. H. Webster, J. L. Winslow, W. W. Woodward, W. H. Wood, A. R. Yearsley.

*W. E. Cadbury, Sec'y-Treas.*

### Notes.

'37, William Yarnall died at his residence, West Philadelphia, December 30, 1903, aged 84. He was a hardware merchant, but had been retired from business



for some years. He was the youngest brother of our friend and neighbor, Ellis Yarnall. Mr. William Yarnall was number eight of the twenty-one youths who presented themselves at Haverford on the opening day of the institution, 1833. Of these, three, according to last accounts, still survive,—Samuel B. Parsons, of Flushing, N. Y., aged 85; Benjamin R. Smith, of Germantown, aged 79 (who entered the Academical Department), and J. Howard Lewis, of Swarthmore, aged 88.

'55. Richard Price Hallowell died at Norwood, near Boston, Mass., January 5, 1904. Mr. Hallowell was of Philadelphia birth and family. He was active in the Abolition cause, and was a co-adjutor with Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. He was the author of "The Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts" (7th edition, 1887), and of "The Pioneer Quakers" (1887). These thoroughly historical and authoritative books did more to bring about a true knowledge of the treatment of the early Friends by the Boston authorities in 1656-1682 than any other treatises on the subject, and were largely instrumental in reversing what had been, before their publication, the prevailing opinion regarding the Quakers in Massachusetts.

'56. B. W. Beesley addressed the College Y. M. C. A. on Sunday evening, January 30th.

'65. John R. Bringhurst died suddenly at his residence near Wilmington, Del., December 7, 1903.

'65. The publishers of Professor Allen C. Thomas' History of the United States have recently shipped on order 2000 copies of his History to the Philippine Islands for use in the schools in those islands.

'72. Dr. F. B. Gummere is the author of three articles appearing in *Modern*

*Philology* for June and October, 1903, and January, 1904. The subject is "Primitive Poetry and the Ballad."

'85. Rufus M. Jones has edited "George Fox: An Autobiography" with an introduction. This book, which should be of great value to Friends, is now for sale.

'94. An article appeared in the October *Modern Philology* by Dr. W. W. Comfort, entitled "Notes on the Poema del Cid."

Ex-'94. LeRoy Harvey was married to Miss Renée de Pelleport du Pont, on January 9th, at Wilmington, Delaware.

'95. The engagement of Miss Alma Groves, of Wilmington, and C. H. Cookman, of New York, has been announced.

'00. W. W. Justice has been made a partner in the firm of Justice, Bateman & Co., of Philadelphia.

'02. H. L. Balderston is in the employ of the Allentown Rolling Mills, Allentown, Pa.

'02. E. W. Evans is in the employ of Haines, Jones & Cadbury, Philadelphia.

For the following note we are indebted to *The Guilford Collegian*:

'02. K. E. Hendricks is studying civil engineering at Johns Hopkins University.

'02. W. W. Pusey, 2d, is in the purchasing department of E. I. duPont Co., powder manufacturers, located at their Wilmington, Delaware, offices.

Ex-'02. S. M. Whitely and Miss Hester Hopkins, of Baltimore, were married December 16th, 1903. Mr. and Mrs. Whitely will live in Pittsburg.

'03. C. R. Cornman who was injured by the kick of a horse, has recovered, and is back at his business.

M. A. '96. A. M. Charles, who has been studying for his Doctor's degree in the universities of Berlin and Munich,



will become Professor of German and Acting Professor of French at Earlham College.

On December 31, 1903, President Sharpless spent an evening in company with several Haverfordians in the rooms

of the Reynolds Club at the University of Chicago. Those present besides President Sharpless were: F. B. Hill, '59; W. W. White, '86; R. R. Tatnall, '90; H. J. Webster, '96; F. E. Lutz, '00; J. S. Fox, '02; A. B. Caswell, ex-'02.

## COMMUNICATION.

*The Haverfordian,*  
*Haverford, Pa.:*

I BEG to take exception to an editorial which recently appeared in THE HAVERFORDIAN, in regard to Association Foot-ball. It was therein stated that the team of two years ago was not really organized or recognized by the College athletic authorities. It is true that the Undergraduate Association refused to award colors to the team, but if reference is made to Mr. Edward Bettie, Jr.'s report as Chairman of the "Joint Committee on Athletics" for the year 1901-2, as published under the Abstract of the Proceedings of the 46th Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association, held in Alumni Hall, June 11, 1902, it will be found that the following duly recognizes the team, a recognition which is higher than that of the undergraduate body: "A very interesting feature of last Fall and Winter's work, was the organization

of a team, under the captaincy of R. M. Gummere (1902), to play association foot-ball. This was largely the work of the Class of 1902, but it is hoped that the game thus introduced will be continued. The College team belonged to a league made up of teams from the leading cricket clubs of Philadelphia, and played five games, winning four and losing one, and tying with the older, more-experienced team of the Belmont C. C. for first place. In the game lost, only three of the regular Haverford team were able to play."

I think that the above will conclusively show a slight misunderstanding of the matter by the Editors of the College paper, and I simply wish to take this opportunity to place that first team in its true light before present and future Haverfordians. Yours sincerely,

*W. W. Pusey, 2nd, '02.*

*Wilmington, Del., 1st mo. 23, 1904.*

## GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.

THE first meet of the year was a joint exhibition with Princeton, Pennsylvania and New York University. It was thoroughly successful, both as regards the actual gymnastic work and the manner in which the entertainment was conducted. In spite of the unfavorable weather, an enthusiastic crowd witnessed the exhibition, and the many difficult feats performed were loudly applauded. Especially worthy of recognition was the work of Kempf, U. of Pa. and Peck, N. Y. U., on the flying rings, and that

of Blakeman and St. John, of Princeton, and Karow, of Princeton, on the trapeze. The Haverford College Mandolin Club played several selections which were well received. The following is a list of events and of the men who participated:

### PART I.

#### HAVERFORD COLLEGE MANDOLIN CLUB

##### *Horizontal Bar*

|            |           |           |             |
|------------|-----------|-----------|-------------|
| Princeton  | N. Y. U.  | U. of Pa. | Haverford   |
| Dunning    | Belcher   | Krause    | Brown       |
| Holzhauser | Bartelmez | Suiter    | Edsall      |
|            |           |           | Ewing       |
|            |           |           | Rossmassler |



*Trapeze*

|          |           |       |
|----------|-----------|-------|
|          | Princeton |       |
| Blakeman | St. John  | Karow |

*Side Horse*

|          |           |           |
|----------|-----------|-----------|
| N. Y. U. | U. of Pa. | Haverford |
| Peck     | Krause    | Carson    |
| Belcher  |           | Cary      |
|          |           | Thomas    |

*Club Swinging*

|           |           |            |
|-----------|-----------|------------|
|           | Haverford |            |
| Burgess   | Kratz     | Downing    |
| Bonbright | Withers   | Seely      |
|           |           | Edsall     |
|           |           | Shortlidge |

*Flying Rings*

|          |           |            |           |
|----------|-----------|------------|-----------|
| U. of P. | Haverford | Princeton  | N. Y. U.  |
| Kempf    | Haig      | Dunning    | Peck      |
| Krause   | Morris    | Hemmingway | Prochazka |
|          | Lee       |            |           |
|          | Bushnell  |            |           |

## PART II.

## HAVERFORD COLLEGE MANDOLIN CLUB.

*Parallel Bars*

|           |            |           |           |
|-----------|------------|-----------|-----------|
| Haverford | Princeton  | N. Y. U.  | U. of Pa. |
| Haig      | Hemmingway | Belcher   | Dieterle  |
| Ewing     |            | Bartelmez | Krause    |
| Brown     |            |           | Suiter    |
| Stratton  |            |           | Kempf     |

*Club Swinging*

|           |   |          |
|-----------|---|----------|
| Stevenson | - | N. Y. U. |
|-----------|---|----------|

*Tumbling*

|            |          |           |           |
|------------|----------|-----------|-----------|
| Princeton  | N. Y. U. | U. of Pa. | Haverford |
| Holzhauser | Eunson   | Suiter    | Brown     |
|            | Hardy    | Dieterle  | Ewing     |
|            |          | Kempf     | Haig      |
|            |          | Artressi  |           |

## COLLEGE NOTES.

ON January 8th, Dr. Kirby Flower Smith, of Johns Hopkins University, delivered an entertaining and scholarly lecture on "The Mediæval Legend of Virgil," before the students and friends of the College, in Roberts Hall. Dr. Smith sketched in a charming way the influence that Virgil had over the superstitious minds of the Middle Ages, and illustrated the wide-spread knowledge of his works by the fact that *the* universal watch-word is "Arma virumque."

On January 6th the Y. M. C. A. was addressed by Mr. Robert E. Speer. Although College had not at that time reopened, a large audience assembled, and Mr. Speer amply repaid the students for their early return.

In the *American Friend*, for January 14th, appeared an article entitled, "The Epistle of the Corinthians to Paul," by Howard H. Brinton, '04. The paper was prepared for a course in Philosophy, and Dr. Jones found it worthy of publication.

On January 12th, the second lecture of the Scientific Society Series was delivered in the chemical recitation room by

Dr. G. F. Stradling, before the members of the Society. The subject of the lecture was "Radiation." In the business meeting, which preceded the lecture, a number of new men were voted in as members.

Professor Mustard gave a public lecture on "Classical Echoes in Tennyson" at the Johns Hopkins University, January 30th.

A. J. Phillips, '03, addressed the Y. M. C. A. on the evening of January 20th, in the little room in Founders' Hall.

Caspar Wistar, '02, has returned to College to complete a course in electricity, interrupted by sickness during his Senior Year.

A chess tournament is now in progress to bring to the front the best players in College for the chess team. Games are to be played with U. of Pa. and Mt. Airy Seminary.

Results of the recent elections of Class officers may be seen in the Directory on the inside of the front cover.

It has been decided not to give an operetta this year.



## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

OWING to the Christmas vacation and to the inclemency of the weather, very little association foot-ball has been played at Haverford. Games were arranged for January 9, 16, and 23, but only one of them was played. On the ninth the ground was covered with deep snow, while on the twenty-third rain and soft ground prevented a game with Belmont.

**Merion, 6; Haverford, 2.**

The only game was played against Merion Cricket Club, on January 16th. Merion succeeded in scoring two goals before Haverford had made a point. The College team then for the first time in the game began to play together. They kept the ball in front of their opponents' goal and made two goals before the half was over. This made the

score 3 to 2 in Merion's favor.

In the second half the game was evenly contested until J. A. Lester, the Merion centre forward, carried the ball unassisted up the field and shot a goal. He repeated this feat twice, and the game ended in a victory for Merion by the score of 6 to 2.

The line-up:

| MERION.                    | POSITIONS.            | HAVERFORD.   |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|--------------|
| E. S. Hare .....           | Goal.....             | Bradley      |
| Wetherill.....             | Left full-back. ....  | Dickson      |
| R. G. Hare.....            | Right full-back.....  | Cox          |
| Colahan.....               | Left half-back.....   | Rossmassler  |
| Haughton.....              | Centre half-back..... | Pleasants    |
| Sayres.....                | Right half-back.....  | Cookman      |
| Evans.....                 | Left wing.....        | Reid         |
| W. Thayer.....             | Left inside.....      | Spaeth       |
| Lester.....                | Centre forward.....   | H. H. Morris |
| S. G. Thayer.....          | Right inside.....     | C. C. Morris |
| Plummer.....               | Right wing.....       | P. W. Brown  |
| Time of halves—40 minutes. |                       |              |

## EXCHANGES.

AN exchange editor is in grave danger of taking himself too seriously, of allowing his own personality to enter too much into his criticisms. An exchange will point out some obvious flaw in his paper, glad no doubt at having found something on which to expatiate. The exchange editor takes it as an affront to his own dignity and in the next number replies with offensive personalities. This betokens a deficient sense of humor, and is always in very bad taste. The exchange column is not a place for carrying on petty squabbles, or for ill-nature of any sort. It should be a window through which the readers of the magazine may get a glimpse into the great world of college literature. It should have a broad educational influence. Few persons save exchange editors realize what high-grade literary work is done in the colleges.

It is true that the individuality of the

writer must enter to no inconsiderable extent into his work. This cannot be prevented, nor is it desirable that it should be. But it would really be of more practical use in most instances, if he would give us information concerning the contents of his contemporaries, rather than his own opinions as to their relative merits. Usually he has some purely arbitrary standard in his mind by which he makes his comparisons and his ratings. Occasionally he will arrange the names of his exchanges in groups, and say: "These are first-class, these are second-class," and so on. Perhaps they are, according to his subjective canon, but who gave him authority to choose an ideal toward which all college magazines should aspire? Each paper has a purpose of its own to fulfill, and in as far as it is fulfilling that purpose it is a good paper, and a successful one. Which is better, a pair of specta-



cles or a fountain pen? "Better?" you say, "better for what?" Just so with the college papers. Before a man can intelligently criticise a paper and call it good or bad, first-class or fourth-class, he must know how well it is fulfilling its functions. And it is hard to see how most exchange editors can gain sufficiently accurate and extensive information for this. Let us cease then the business of comparing magazines and saying that one is better than another, and one is worse. We do not know. Let us call attention to praiseworthy features, prose or verse, and let us try to give our readers a comprehensive view of college journalism. It is a broad field, and an interesting one.

We were interested in reading the account in the *Penn Chronicle* of President Sharpless' visit to Penn College, and of the address which he delivered there. We quote the following:

During the first week in January President

Isaac Sharpless, who has been connected with Haverford College for more than thirty years, made a short trip through the Middle West and spent three days visiting Penn College and her friends. On Tuesday evening he addressed an interested audience in the chapel upon "The Place of the Small College." President Sharpless was so direct in his style and so utterly unaffected in manner that he quite won his hearers in the first few remarks. Although many in the audience took exceptions to some of the conclusions drawn, they could not but admire the skill of the speaker and the great resources upon which he drew with much facility. He maintains that there should be an aristocracy of education or culture, that those students who show the greatest aptitude in their studies should be coached and forced at the expense of the students whose abilities are mediocre. Students who progress slowly should never go to college, and if they do such a thing they should be urged to discontinue their efforts toward the acquisition of a degree.

These sentiments may be orthodox in the East, but they are not at present popular in the unfettered West, where every man counts for one.  
W. P. B. '04.

### To the Invincible Courage.

"He set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem."

\* \* \* \* \*

If Christ, while sitting at some evening's close,  
Had seen a gnarled tree grown like a cross,  
Would He have ceased from speaking, at a loss  
His sweet discourse to finish in repose?  
Or did He wince at thorns beneath a rose,  
Red-tipped as though from blood that dripped  
across

His brow? Or seemed the ocean's ceaseless  
toss

An echo of His heart's long suffered throes?

Ah, no! Though seeing in the trees and  
thorns,  
His pain, He shunned not living thing nor  
dead.

A tenderness His every act adorns  
From knowing well the hour wherein He bled.  
He saw His cross in earth and sea and sky.  
He bore his cross all pain to sanctify.

—*Williams Literary Monthly.*

### As a Flower.

Where are the roses of yesterday?

The vanished joys of the long ago?  
The sun is hidden, the skies are gray,  
And naked branches to and fro,  
Wavering mournfully, seem to play  
A miserere soft and low.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where are the roses, you seek to know?

The joys and sorrows of other years  
Are buried deep in the garden of Hope  
And watered by our tears.

And the sun of Faith shall throw his beam  
On our secret lives, low buried there,  
And the winds of Mercy scatter far  
The clouds of doubt and care.

Until in the dawn of eternal Spring  
We bud and blossom like the rose,  
And give out fragrance to our God  
In every breeze that blows.

—*Georgetown College Journal.*



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